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By Norman Mingo

From "The Soul of MAD" Collection

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MAD *Spoofs* **MOVIE** **CLASSICS**

BY
"THE USUAL GANG OF IDIOTS"

EDITED BY
JOHN FICARRA
AND
CHARLIE KADAU



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MAD THANKS

Special thanks to Al Feldstein and Nick Meglin, who originally edited many of the articles in this book, and to John Putnam and Lenny Brenner, who art directed them. Extra special thanks to Bill Gaines, who started it all and whose spirit lives on in the MAD offices. And of course, thanks to Max Korn.

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COVER ARTIST: MARK FREDRICKSON

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"Drawn Out Dramas"
throughout by Sergio Aragonés

And now, here is MAD's version of the recent motion picture about those two loveable zany outlaws who captured the hearts of the West! Unfortunately, along the way, they didn't capture any *laughs*! But they certainly tried and tried and tried! No, we're not talking about "Bonnie and Clyde"! We're talking about...

BOTCH CASUALLY AND THE SOMEDUNCE KID



No, I haven't got any sevens!

Then "Go Fish"!

Hey, Somedunce, we'd better go! You're cheating again, and that means trouble!

I am NOT cheating!

Sure you are! You're spending time with other men, aren't you?

Yeah...?

Well, to me that's cheating! You know how jealous I get!

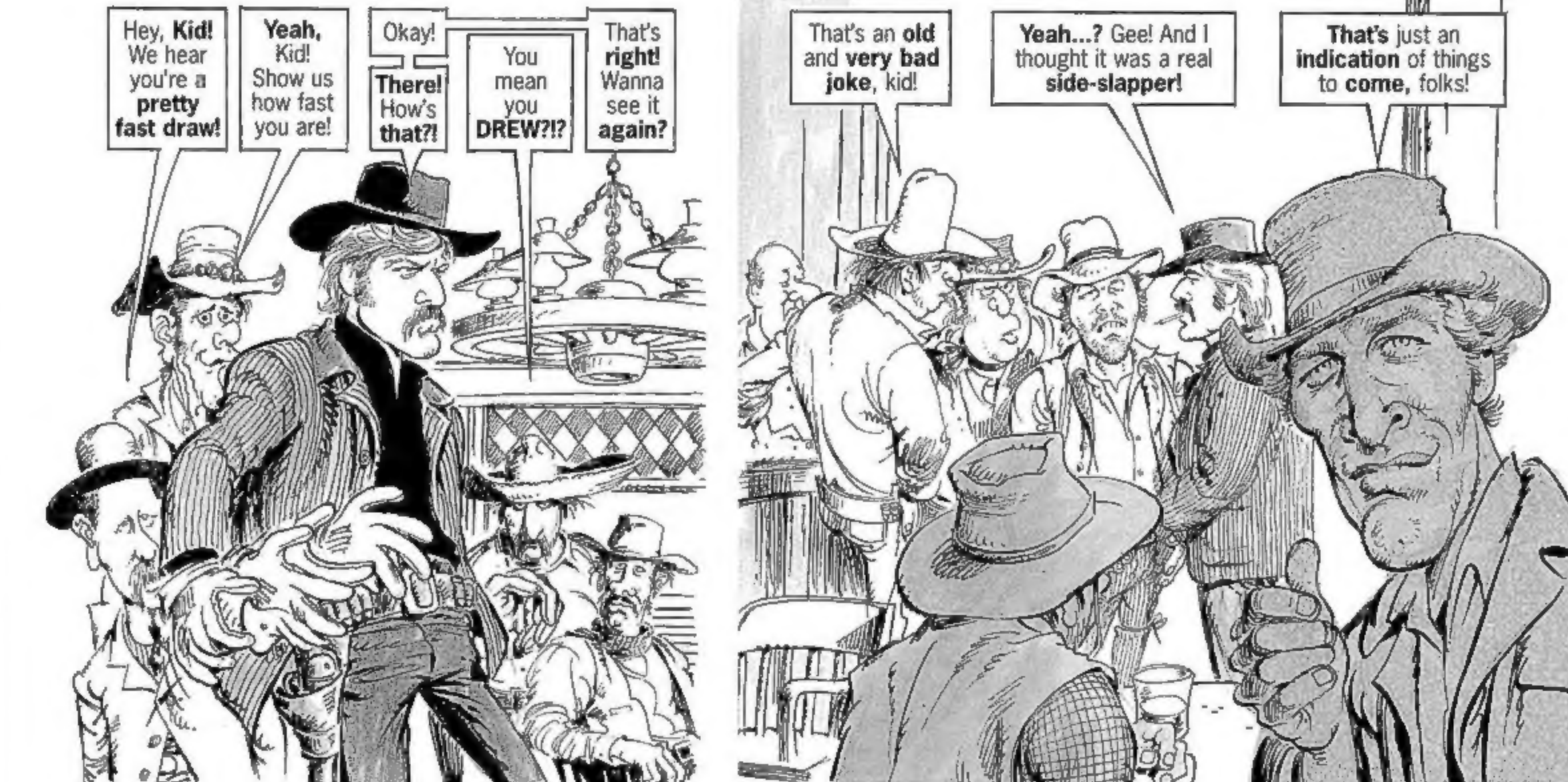
You — gulp — you mean he's the Somedunce Kid!?

That's right, Mister! And I'm his famous partner, Botch Casually!

YOU'RE Botch Casually?!?

Who'd you think I was? Wyatt Earp? Billy The Kid??

Well, you look so cute and precious with those baby blue eyes, we all thought you were Calamity Jane!!



Hey, Kid! We hear you're a pretty fast draw!

Yeah, Kid! Show us how fast you are!

Okay! There! How's that?!

You mean you DREW?!?

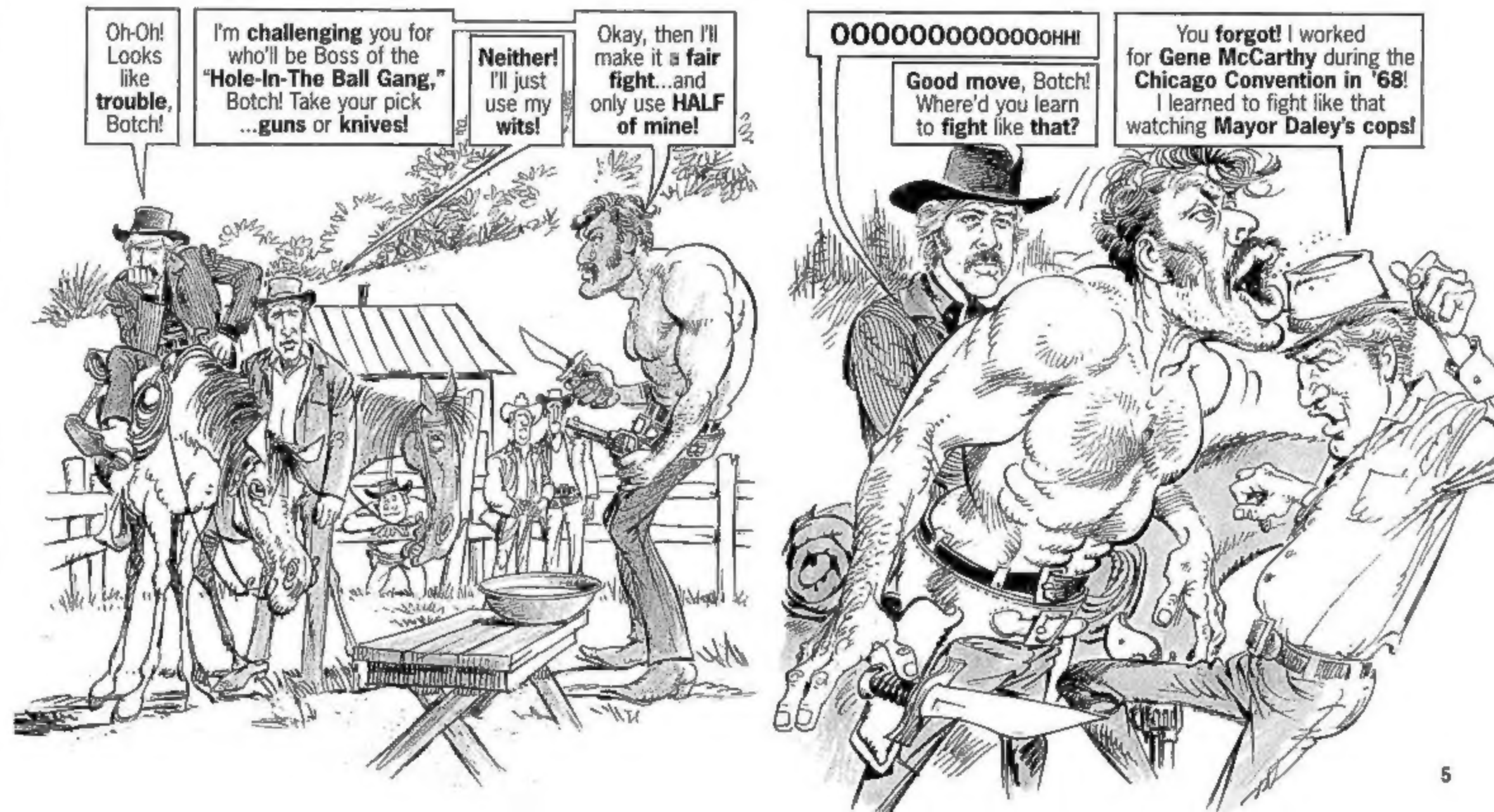
That's right! Wanna see it again?

That's an old and very bad joke, kid!

Yeah...? Gee! And I thought it was a real side-slapper!

That's just an indication of things to come, folks!

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN



Oh-Oh! Looks like trouble, Botch!

I'm challenging you for who'll be Boss of the "Hole-In-The Ball Gang," Botch! Take your pick...guns or knives!

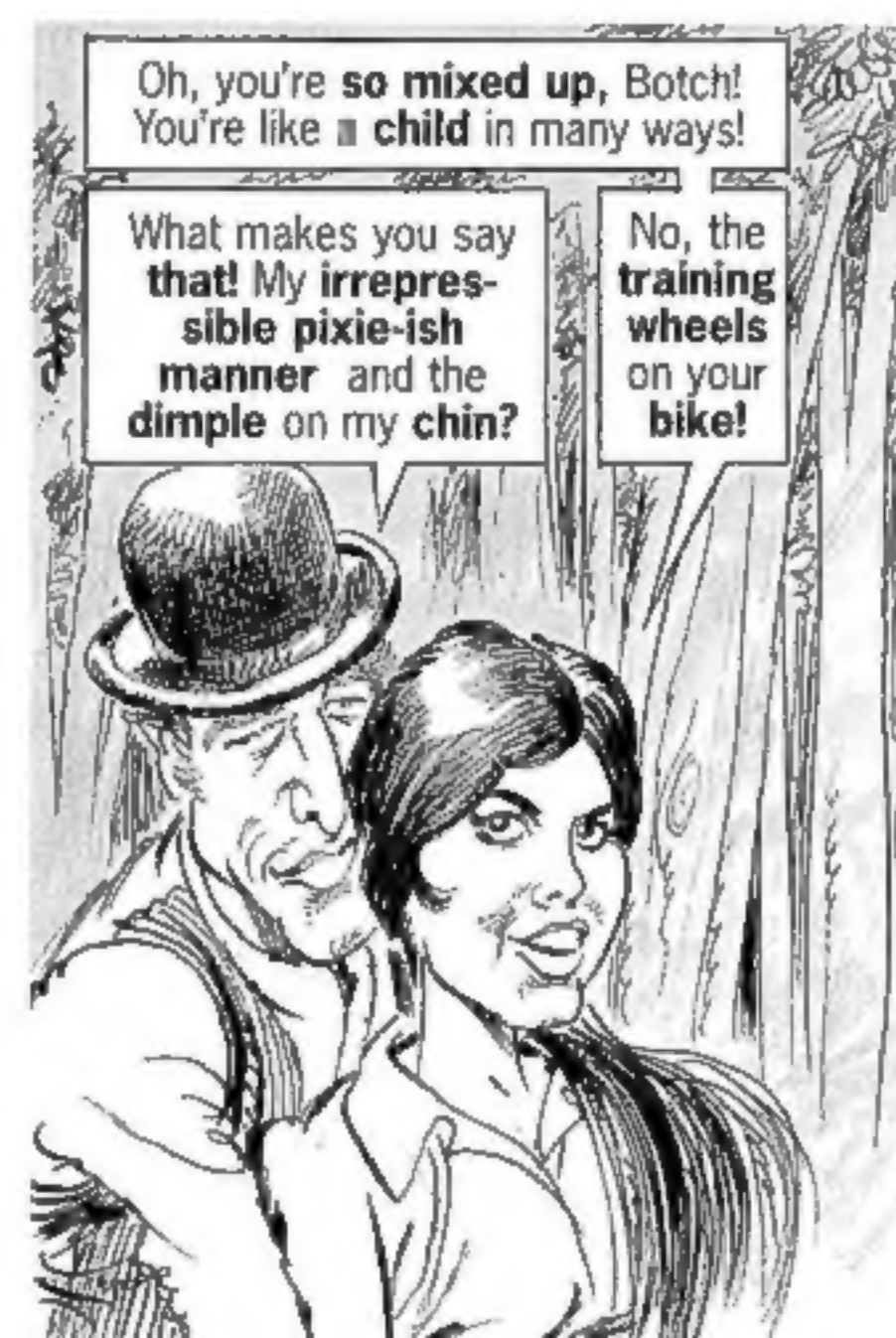
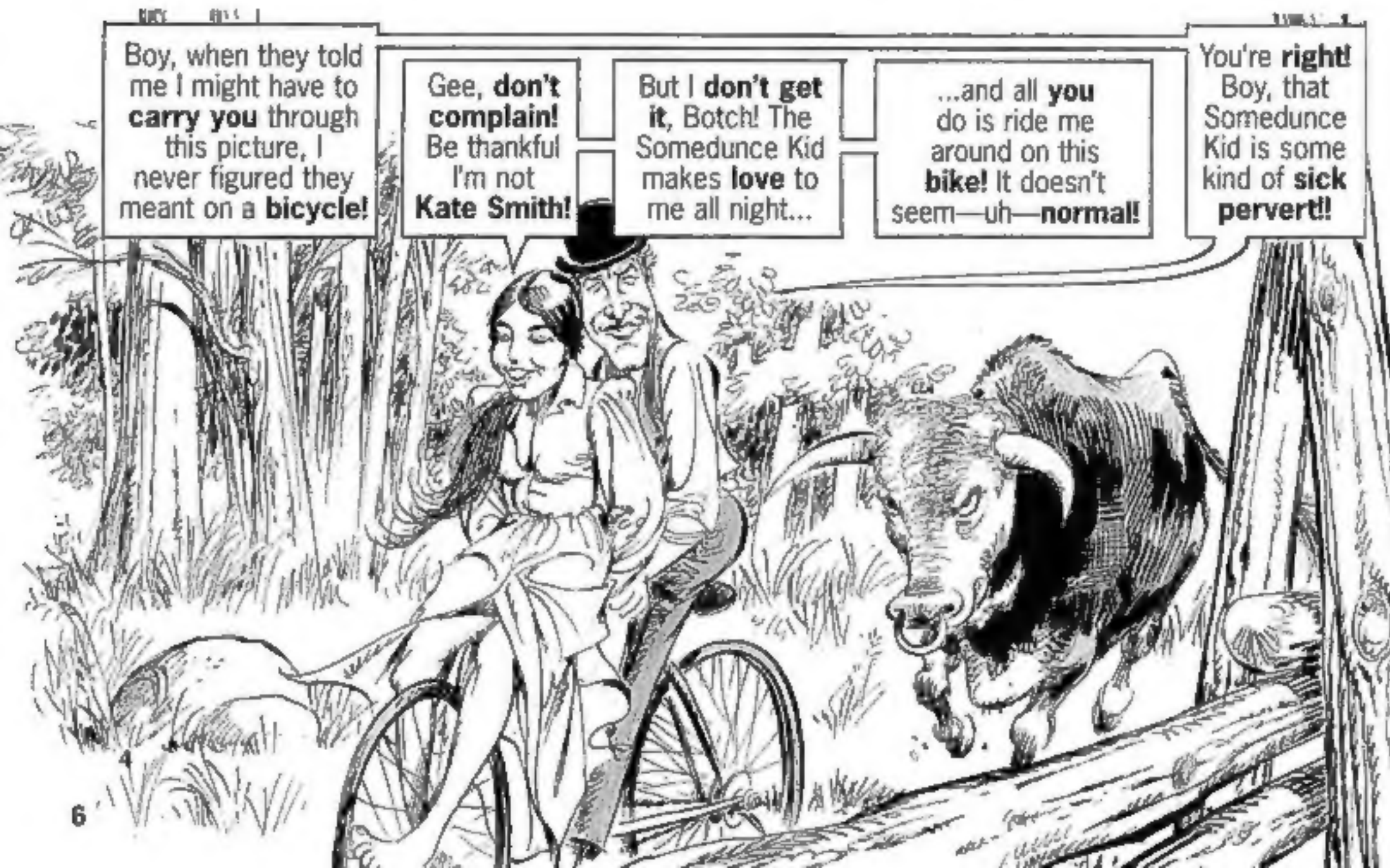
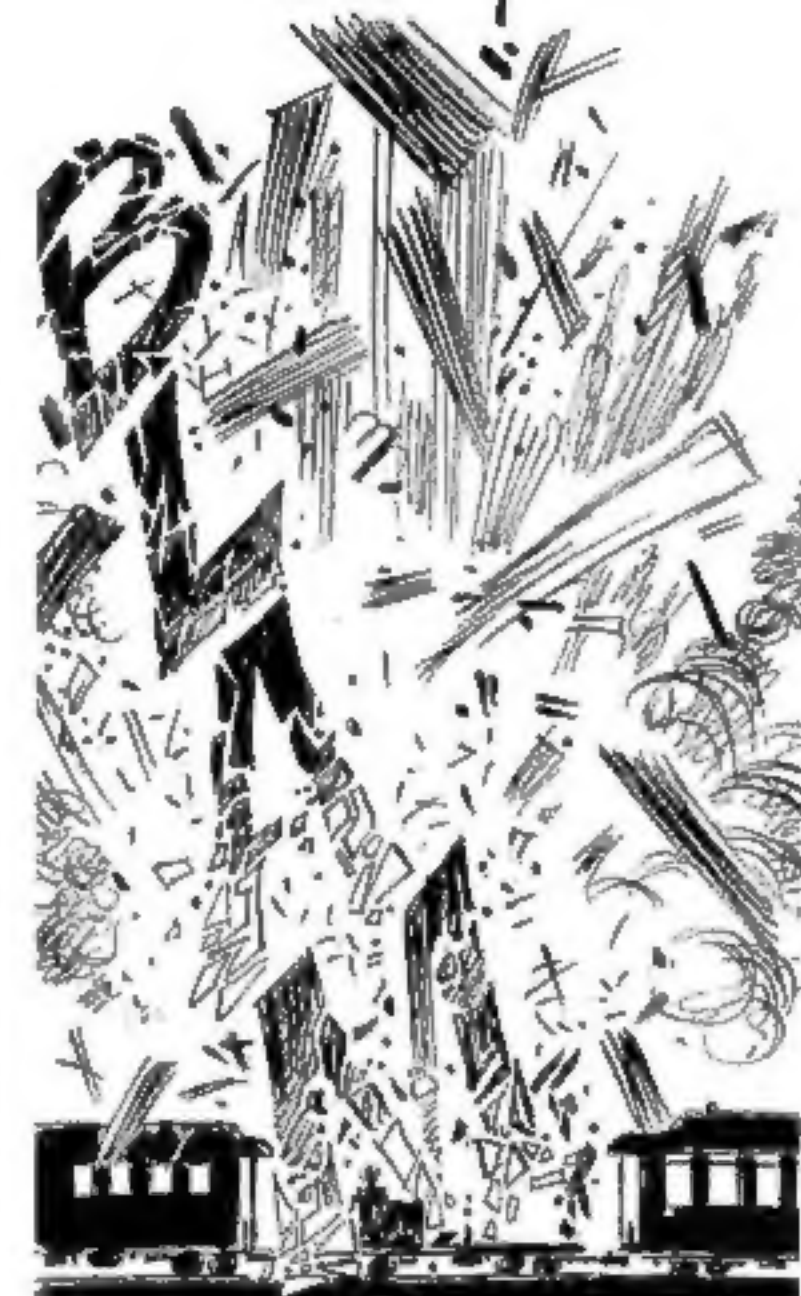
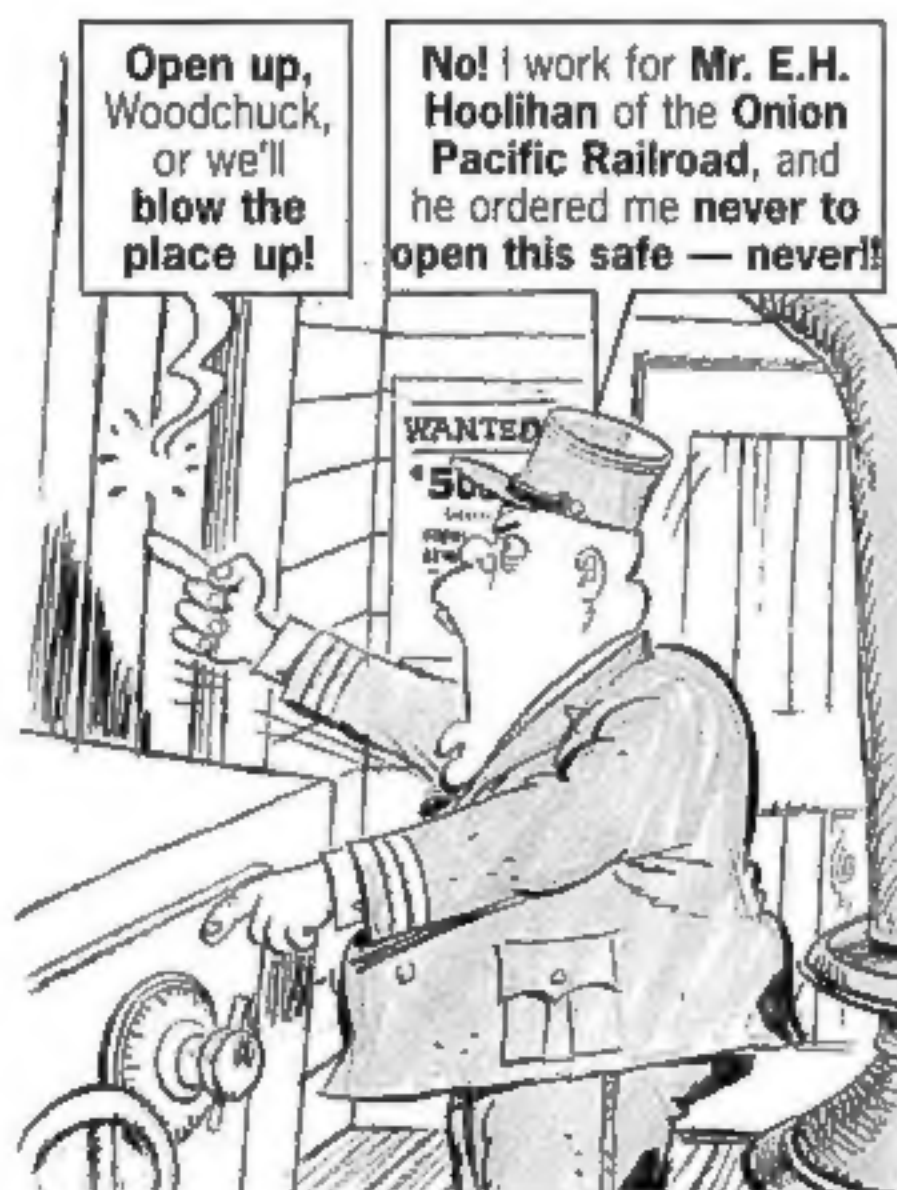
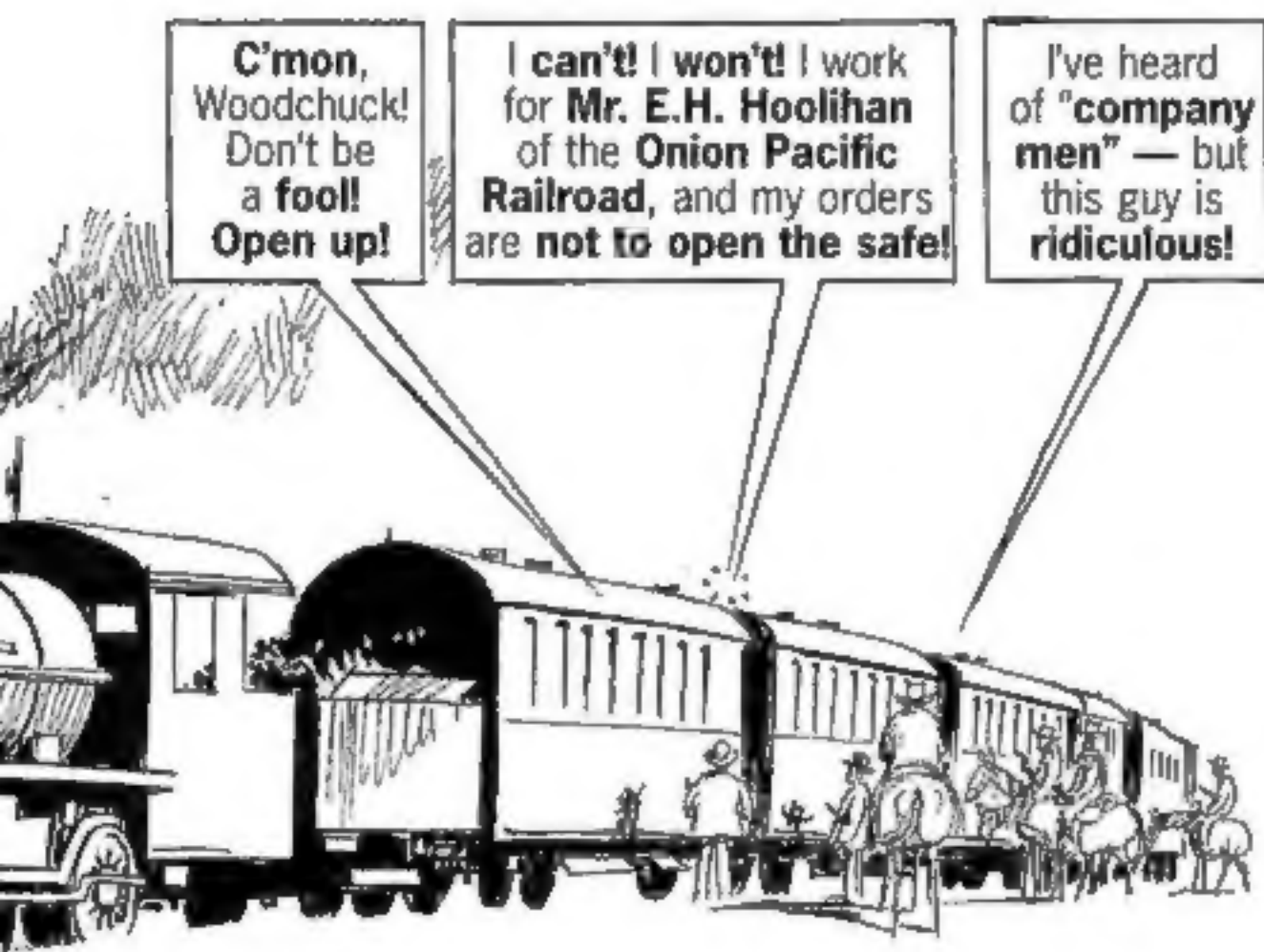
Neither! I'll just use my wits!

Okay, then I'll make it a fair fight...and only use HALF of mine!

OOOOOOOOOOOOHHH!

Good move, Botch! Where'd you learn to fight like that?

You forgot! I worked for Gene McCarthy during the Chicago Convention in '68! I learned to fight like that watching Mayor Daley's cops!





Don't look now, but we're being chased by a mysterious posse, Botch!

How many of 'em are following us, Somedunce?

Say, that was pretty good! Now let me try one: Er — it was so hot today, when I passed Boot Hill all I could see was open-toed shoes!

It's times like these that I miss the biting, satirical humor of Roy Rogers and Dale Evans!

Let's try to fool the posse with a clever trick... two men jumping on one horse!

Too late! That posse is wise to us! They've got 16 men...and they just jumped on eight horses!



Phew! It's been three days...three days of riding together in the hot sun! And we haven't lost 'em yet!

It was a big mistake when I let you talk me into stealing the Onion Pacific's payroll!

It was a bigger mistake when you let somebody steal your Right Guard!!



What a shot, Somedunce! You shot a rattlesnake right between the eyes!

No! I shot a COBRA right between the eyes!

But the nearest Cobra is 8000 miles away in India!

See what a great shot I am!



Let's face it, Somedunce! We're nothing but a couple two-bit outlaws running from the law! There's snakes and dust and a posse that may kill us! It's frightening!

Well, why not look at the bright side?! I still have my sense of humor!

That's the thing that frightens me the MOST!!



They're right behind us, Botch! Our only chance is to jump for it!

No! Nothing in the world can make me jump!

Hey, did you hear the one about these two traveling salesmen —?

I'LL JUMP! I'LL JUMP!!





It says here that the posse has **sworn** to chase you until they **kill** you! What are you gonna **do**?

Botch is the brains of **this** gang! He'll think of something!

I say we head for **Bolivia**!

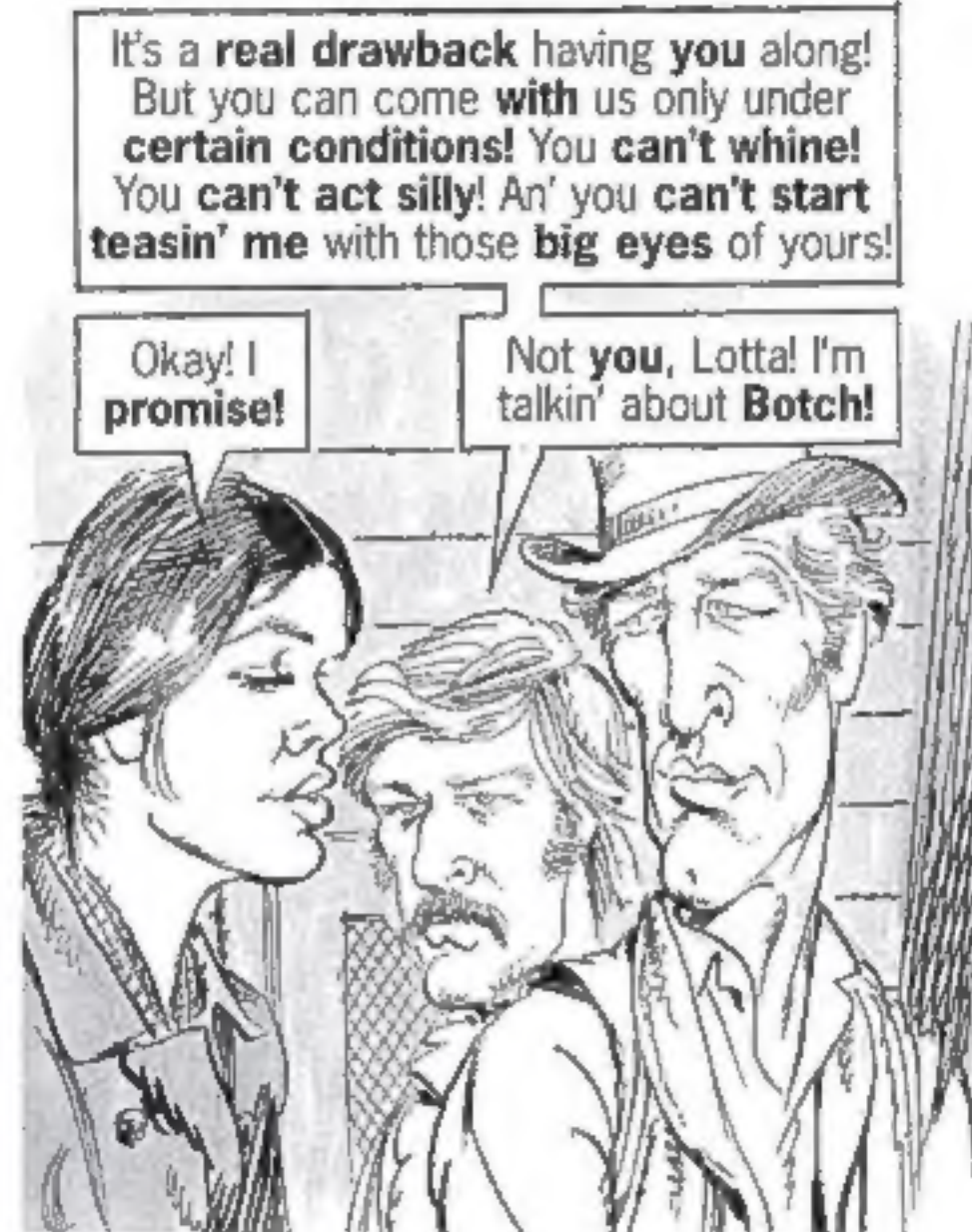
That's a **great** idea! I've never **been** to **Europe**!

I can **SEE** why **Botch** is the brains!

And we'll **take** **Lotta**! She speaks **German**!!

Idiot! They speak **Spanish** in **Bolivia**!

I know! But we may want to make a **side trip** to **Argentina**!



Okay! I **promise**!

Not you, **Lotta**! I'm talkin' about **Botch**!



Isn't this montage something!

Yes! It's a **daring** breakthrough in **Motion Picture History**! It's called "**Still Photos**"!

It ranks with the best of **Fellini**, **Antonioni**, **Bergman**, and **Polaroid**!

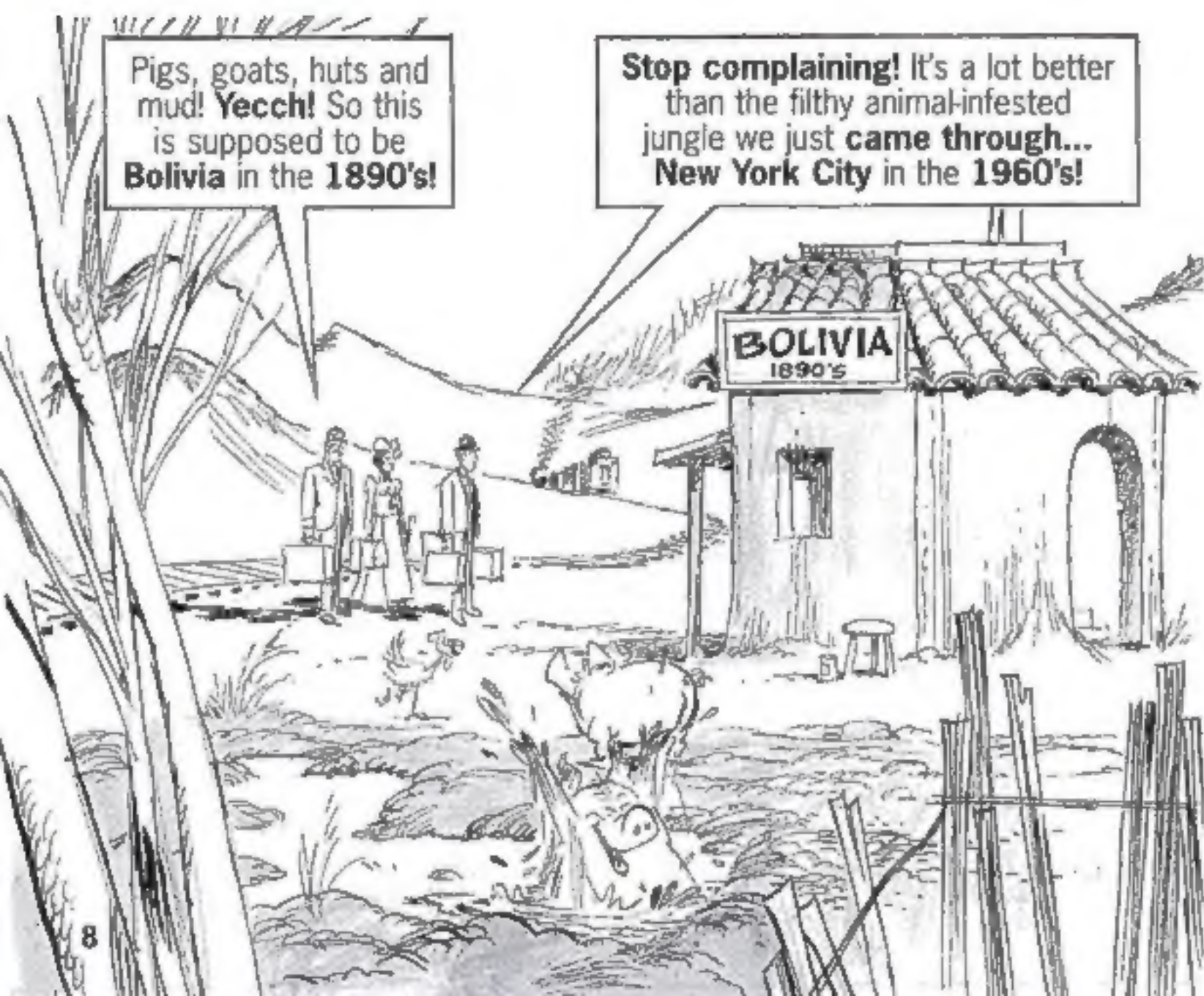
They're almost as good as my **Bar Mitzvah** slides! But, of course, they lack the **symbolism**!

I haven't seen such artistry since the 1964 album of photos of "**Irene and Herbie Astrow's Wedding**"!

I understand the photos were developed in **60 seconds**!

That's more than you can say for the **plot**! It **hasn't** developed at **all**, and it's been **60 MINUTES**!!

SHH!



Pigs, goats, huts and mud! **Yecch!** So this is supposed to be **Bolivia** in the **1890's**!

Stop complaining! It's a lot better than the filthy animal-infested jungle we just **came** through... **New York City** in the **1960's**!



Now, if you're going to rob the banks here in **Bolivia**, you have to learn the **language**! Botch, say "**This is a robbery**"...

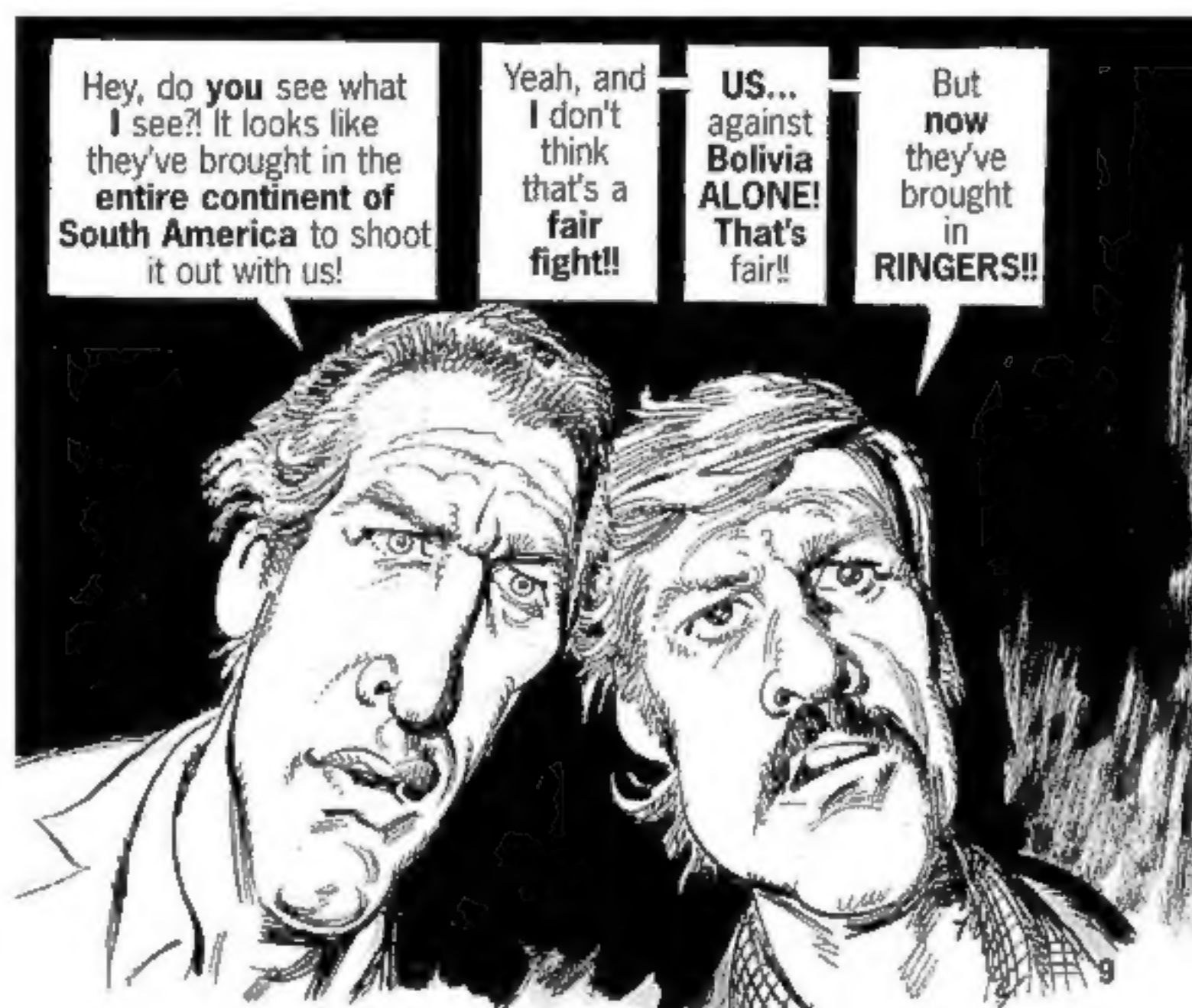
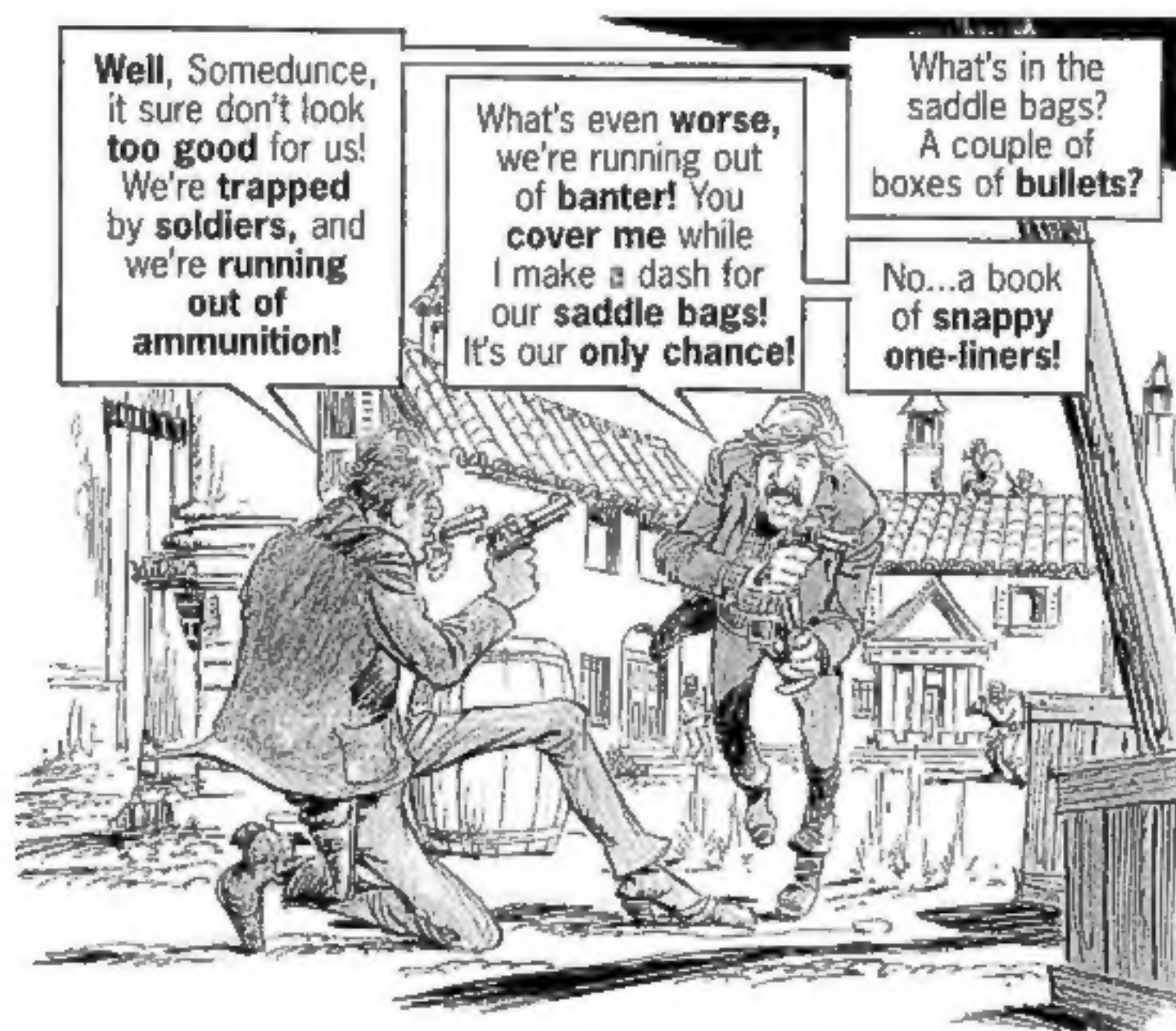
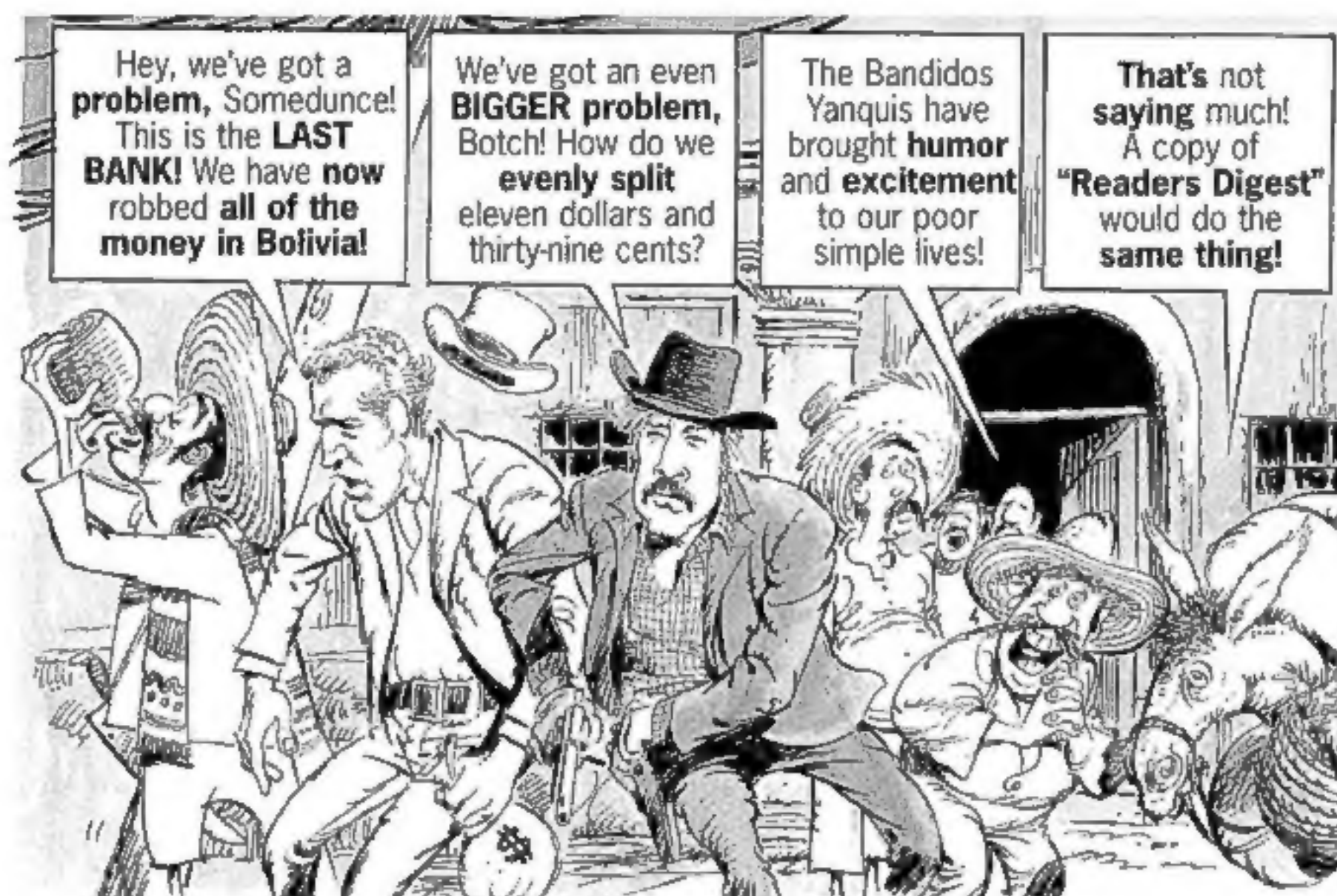
Esto es un robo!

"This is a **stick-up**!"

Esto es un heisto!

"This is a **dull scene** and it's **ruining** our careers!"

Esto es un escena obtuso y es arruinar nuestro carreras!





There's the
Peruvian Army!

And the whole
Venezuelan Navy!

And Simon Bolivar!
And Carmen Miranda!
And Juan Peron!

And Yma Sumac
and her agent!

He probably
doesn't
REALLY want to
kill us! He's **only**
following orders!

Do you
think we
can **take**
them all,
Botch...?

YOU'RE the
fantastic shot,
Somedunce!
You mow the
bulk of them
down...and I'll
try to wing Yma
Sumac's agent!

And the
Chilean
Marines!

And the **entire**
Santiago Tactical
Police Force!

And Sergio Mendez,
and Brazil 66!

And **Martin Borman**
leading the
Argentine army!



We're
dying,
Somedunce!
What are
we gonna
do now?

You're the
brains,
Botch! You'll
think of
something!

There's **one**
thing I **still**
can't figure
out! Who **ARE**
those **guys**??

Yeah, the ones
who **trailed** us
through this
whole picture
...across **two**
continents!!

I'LL tell you
who we are
Dum-Dums!

It was
US!!

We had to put ■
stop to you two!

You were giving
Comedy ■ **bad name**!!



Hi, War Movie fans! I'm John Wayne! I just want to say, after making such distinguished War Pictures as "Sands Of Iwo Jima," "Flying Leathernecks," "Back To Bataan" and "The Fighting Seabees," that I found this recent War Movie an affront to good taste!



Hi! I'm Dana Andrews! I just want to say, after making such distinguished War Pictures as "Purple Heart," "The Best Years of Our Lives" and "A Walk In The Sun," that I found this recent War Movie an affront to good taste!



Hi! I'm Adolph Hitler! I just want to say, after making such distinguished Wars as "The Rape of Poland," "The Fall of France," "The Siege of Britain," "The Invasion of Russia" and "The Genocide of Millions," that even I found this recent War Movie an affront to good taste! So it MUST be ecchy!!



With these comments in mind, MAD Magazine now brings you an even worse affront to good taste! Mainly, our version of...

M*I*S*H M*O*S*H

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

Hi, buddy! My name is Squawkeye! I'm a new replacement Surgeon!

Hi! My name is Kook! I'm a new replacement Surgeon, too!

Great! Hop in! We'll start off the picture by stealing a Jeep, thereby showing complete irreverence for authority... and also pulling the first of many outrageous pranks!

What's so outrageous about stealing a Jeep?

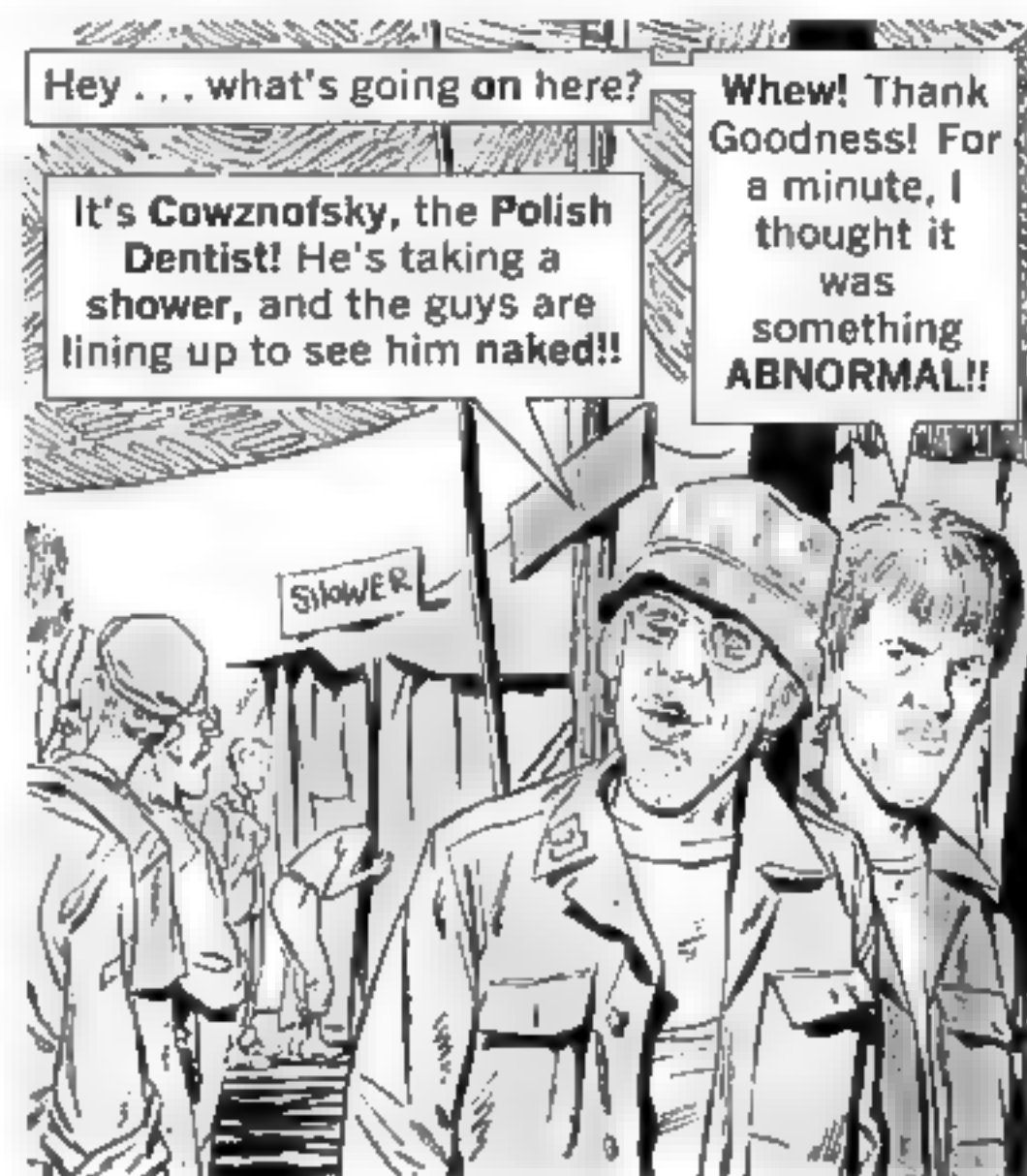
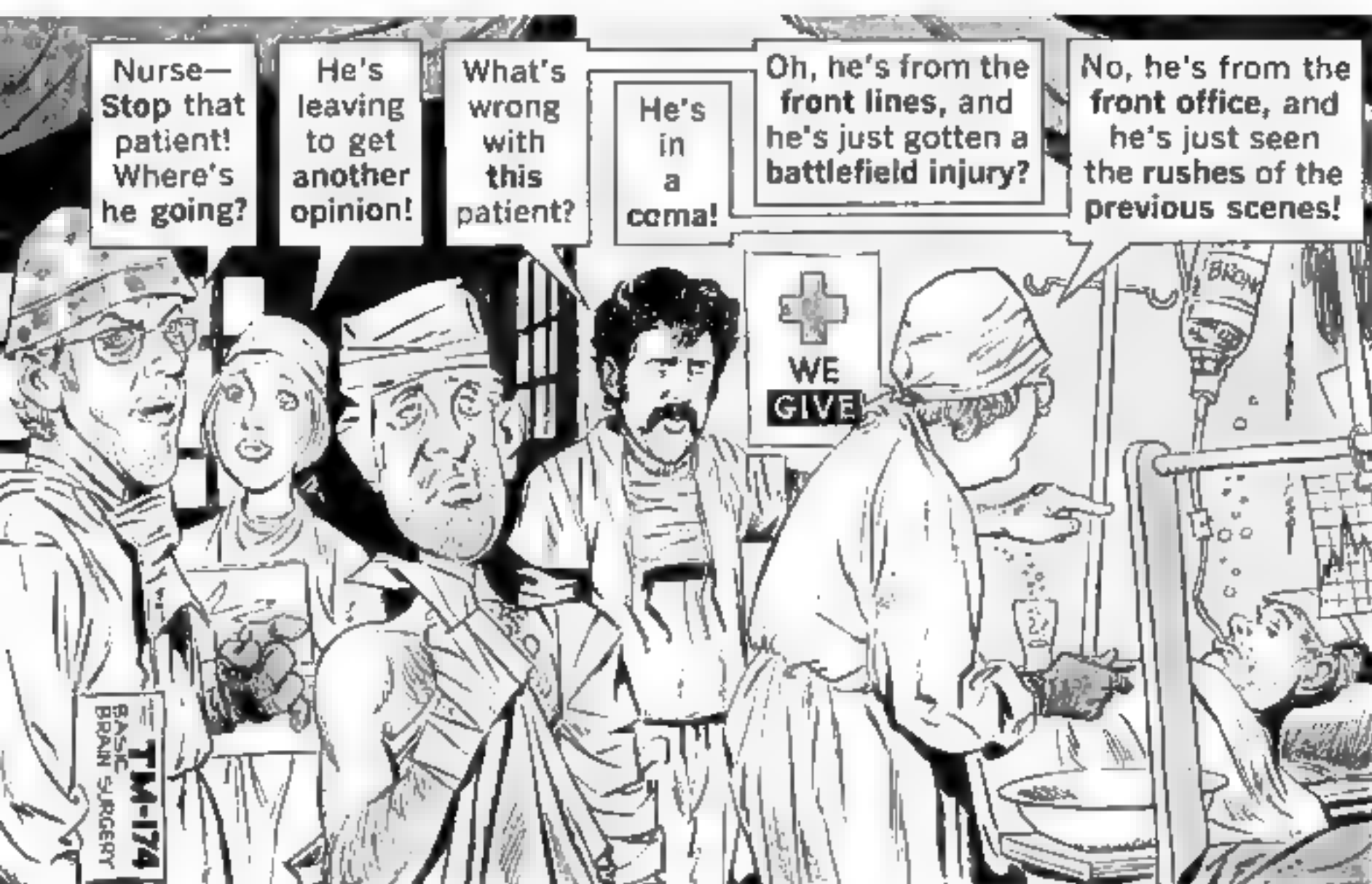
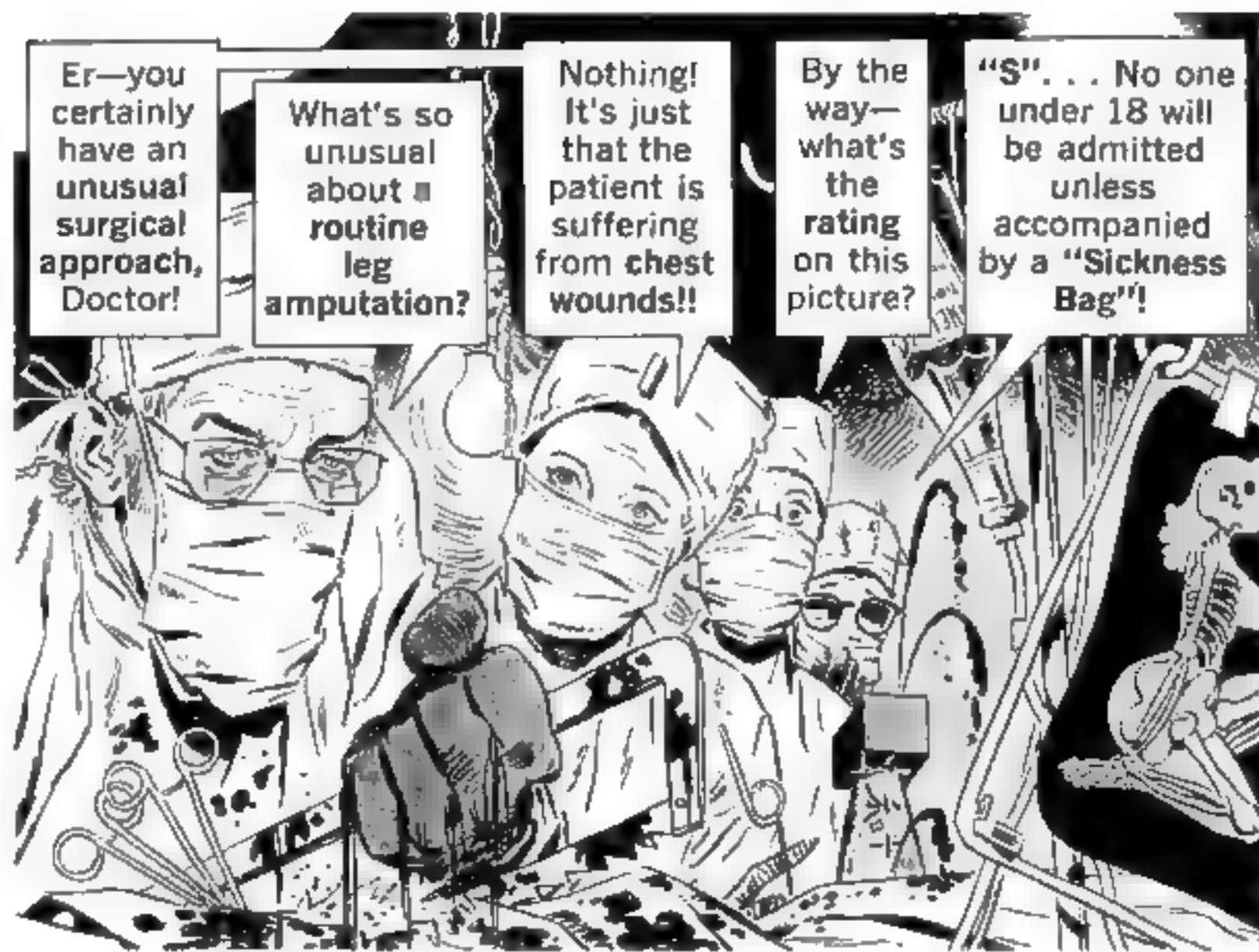
This one belongs to President Truman!

There they go... trying to cash in on the "Youth Market" with another anti-Establishment, low-budget picture!

What's so low budget about the Korean War?

Well, when you compare it to the War in Vietnam...





SOCK



Shlepper, you zany! What did you punch Major Burned for?

We had an empty bed in Ward B, and I wanted to FILL it.

... with HIM!!
For an Officer, such behavior is absolutely DISGRACEFUL!

Oh—pardon me! This is our new Head Nurse, Major "Hot Lobes" Holdahand!

I am for strict adherence to the Military Code! My philosophy is: "An Army is Efficient!", "An Army is Disciplined!", and "An Army travels on my Stomach!"

Don't you mean "An Army Travels On ITS Stomach"?

Listen, it's MY philosophy—so don't butt in!!



Here we go again with another one of our unbelievable pranks!

Radio Unruly has planted a mike in Hot Lobes' tent and we can hear her and Major Burned making love!

Ooooooh! Ahhhhhh! Ooh! Ah! Oooooah! Hoo! Hah!

I'll level with you ... it sure beats listening to Coneirad!

The record sounds great! I can't wait to see the album cover!

Listen to those moans and cries! That's some passion!

Ahh, that's not passion! That's pain! If I know those two, they're making love with their medals on!

It never ceases to amaze me! The gags we pull?

No—the stuff that's allowed in movies these days!



What a stroke of genius ... using Leonardo Da Vinci's "The Last Supper" as a symbol!!

As a symbol of WHAT?

What ELSE? A Polish Army Dentist's loss of virility and his attempted suicide!

That's taking quite a poke at Religion! Are you sure the "man upstairs" will approve?

Are you kidding?! Danny Thomas saw the rushes and he LOVED it!

This is Chipped Beef on Toast we're eating! No wonder they keep calling this "The Last Supper" scene!

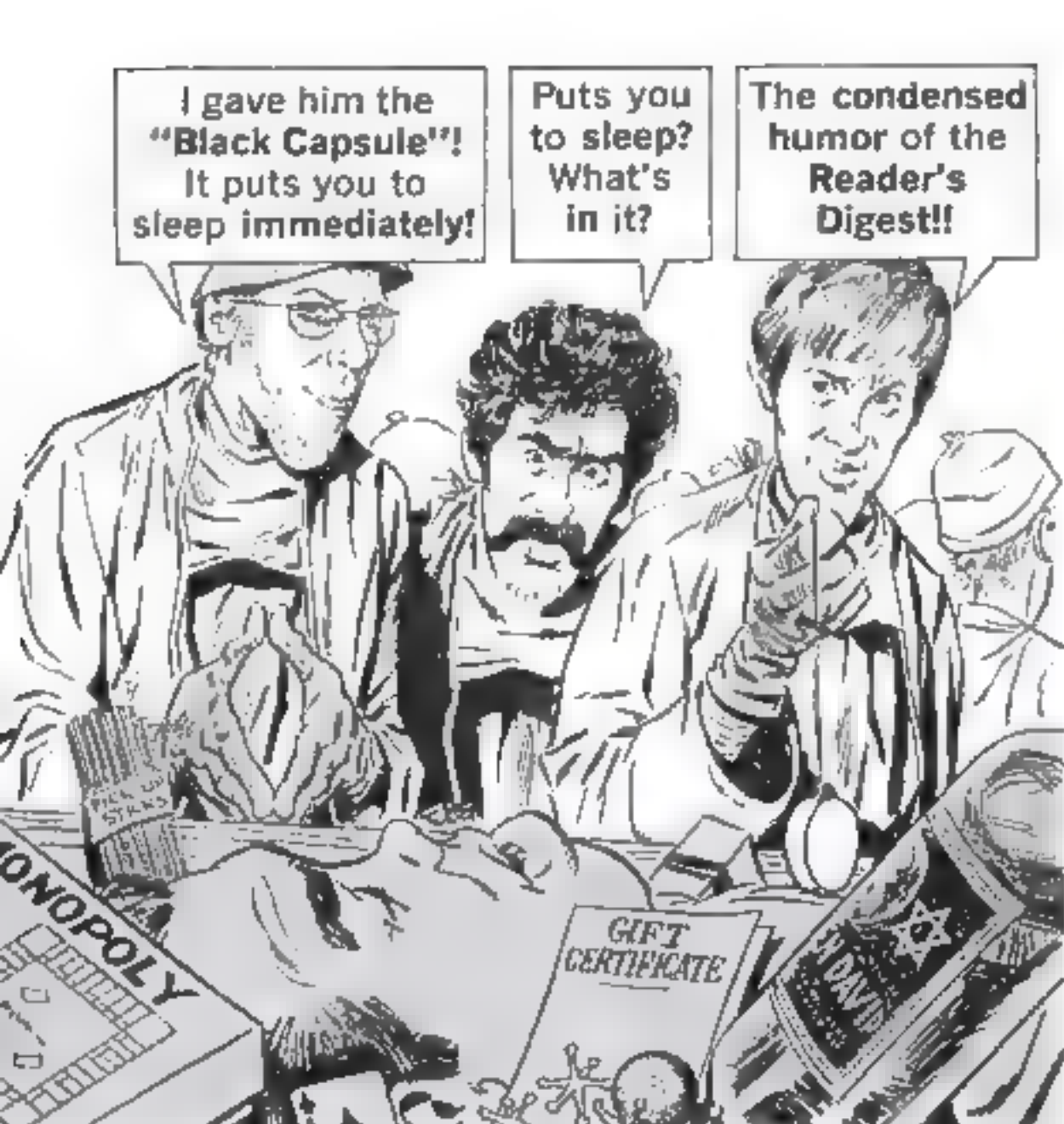
Remember! There are no atheists in fox-holes!!

Now, what in heck does that have to do with this scene?

Nothing! I just threw it in for nostalgic fans of the OLD war movies!

CHE INFAME!

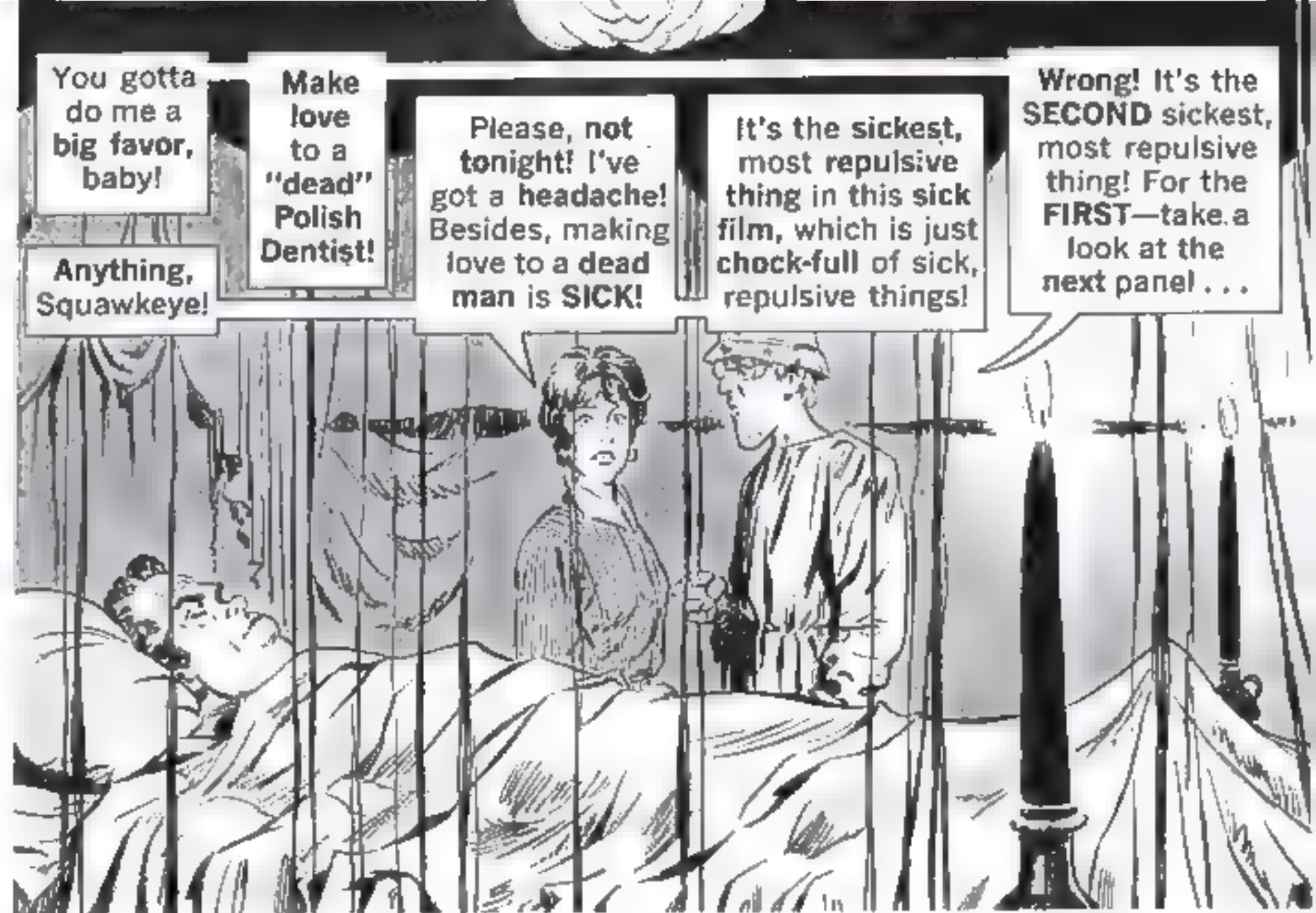




I gave him the "Black Capsule"! It puts you to sleep immediately!

Puts you to sleep? What's in it?

The condensed humor of the Reader's Digest!!



You gotta do me a big favor, baby!

Make love to a "dead" Polish Dentist!

Please, not tonight! I've got a headache! Besides, making love to a dead man is SICK!

It's the sickest, most repulsive thing in this sick film, which is just chock-full of sick, repulsive things!

Wrong! It's the **SECOND** sickest, most repulsive thing! For the **FIRST**—take a look at the next panel...



Hmm! Another one of your unorthodox surgical procedures, Doctor?

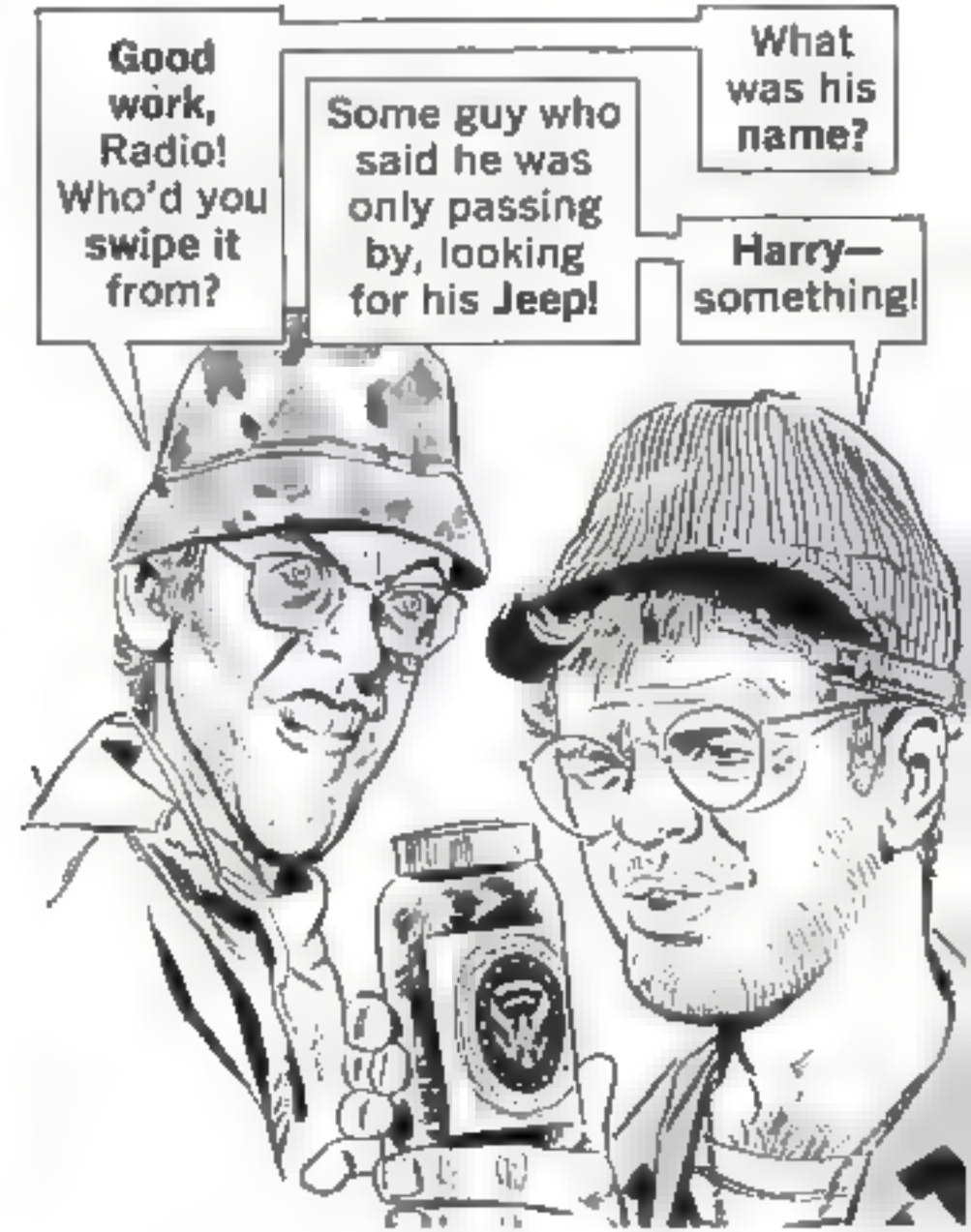
Don't be silly! It's nothing but a routine amputation!

What's so routine about amputating a head?

We need plasma—in a hurry!

Sorry! We're all out of plasma!

Well, then, there's only one thing to do! Let's pull another one of our hilarious practical jokes and siphon some blood from an unsuspecting victim!

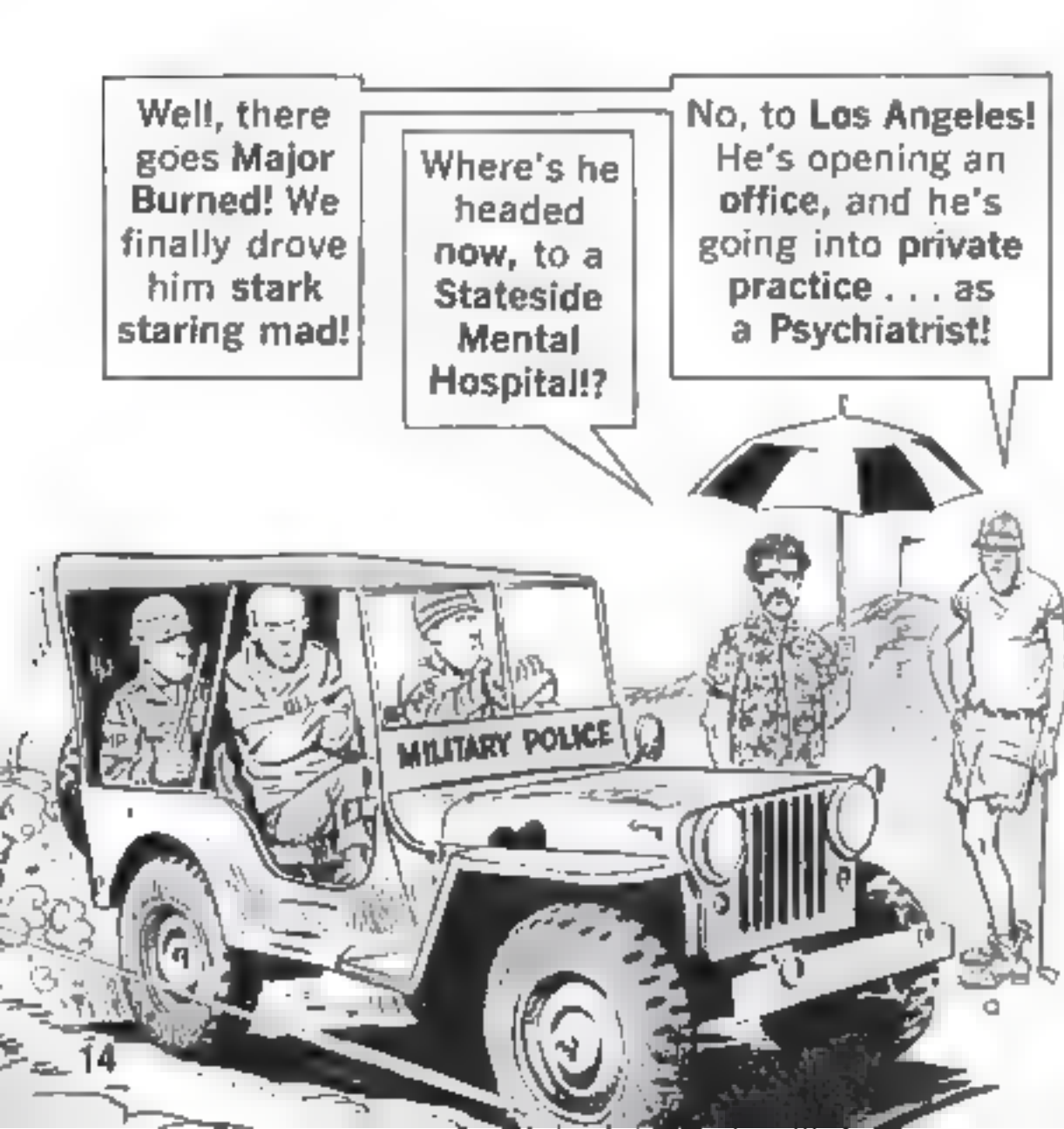


Good work, Radio! Who'd you swipe it from?

Some guy who said he was only passing by, looking for his Jeep!

What was his name?

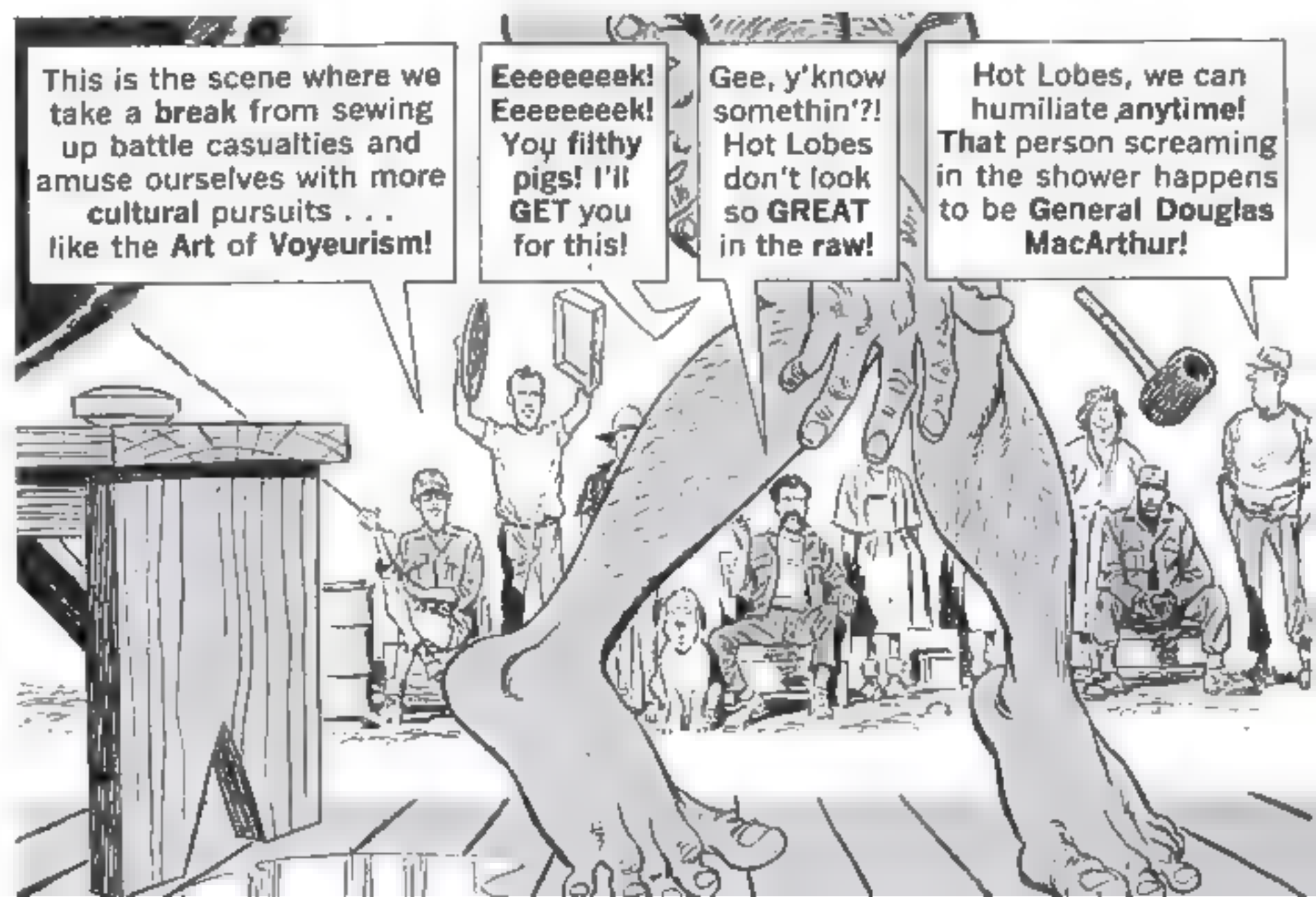
Harry—something!



Well, there goes Major Burned! We finally drove him stark staring mad!

Where's he headed now, to a Stateside Mental Hospital!?

No, to Los Angeles! He's opening an office, and he's going into private practice... as a Psychiatrist!

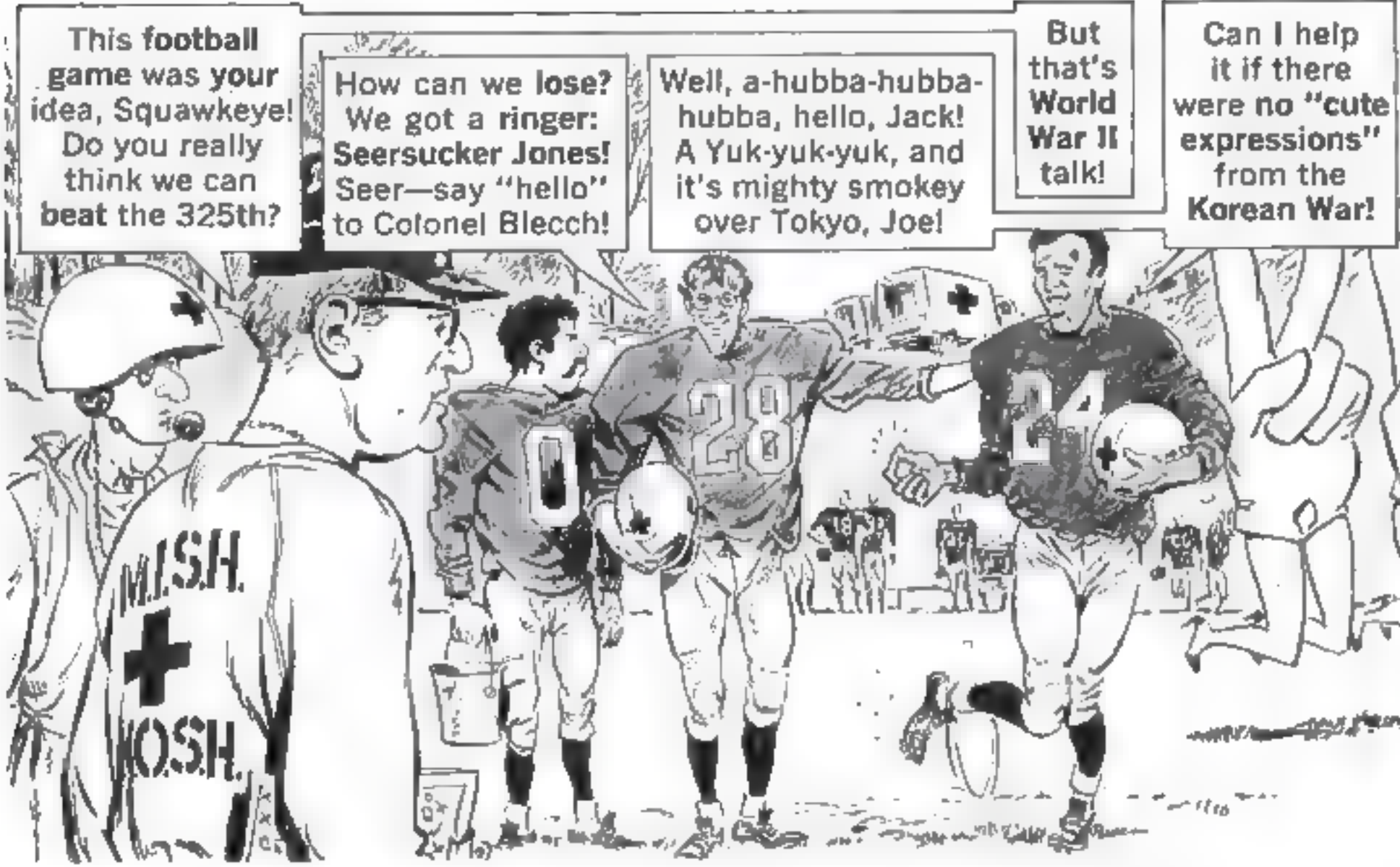


This is the scene where we take a break from sewing up battle casualties and amuse ourselves with more cultural pursuits... like the Art of Voyeurism!

Eeeeeeeek! Eeeeeeeek! You filthy pigs! I'll GET you for this!

Gee, y'know somethin'?! Hot Lobes don't look so GREAT in the raw!

Hot Lobes, we can humiliate anytime! That person screaming in the shower happens to be General Douglas MacArthur!



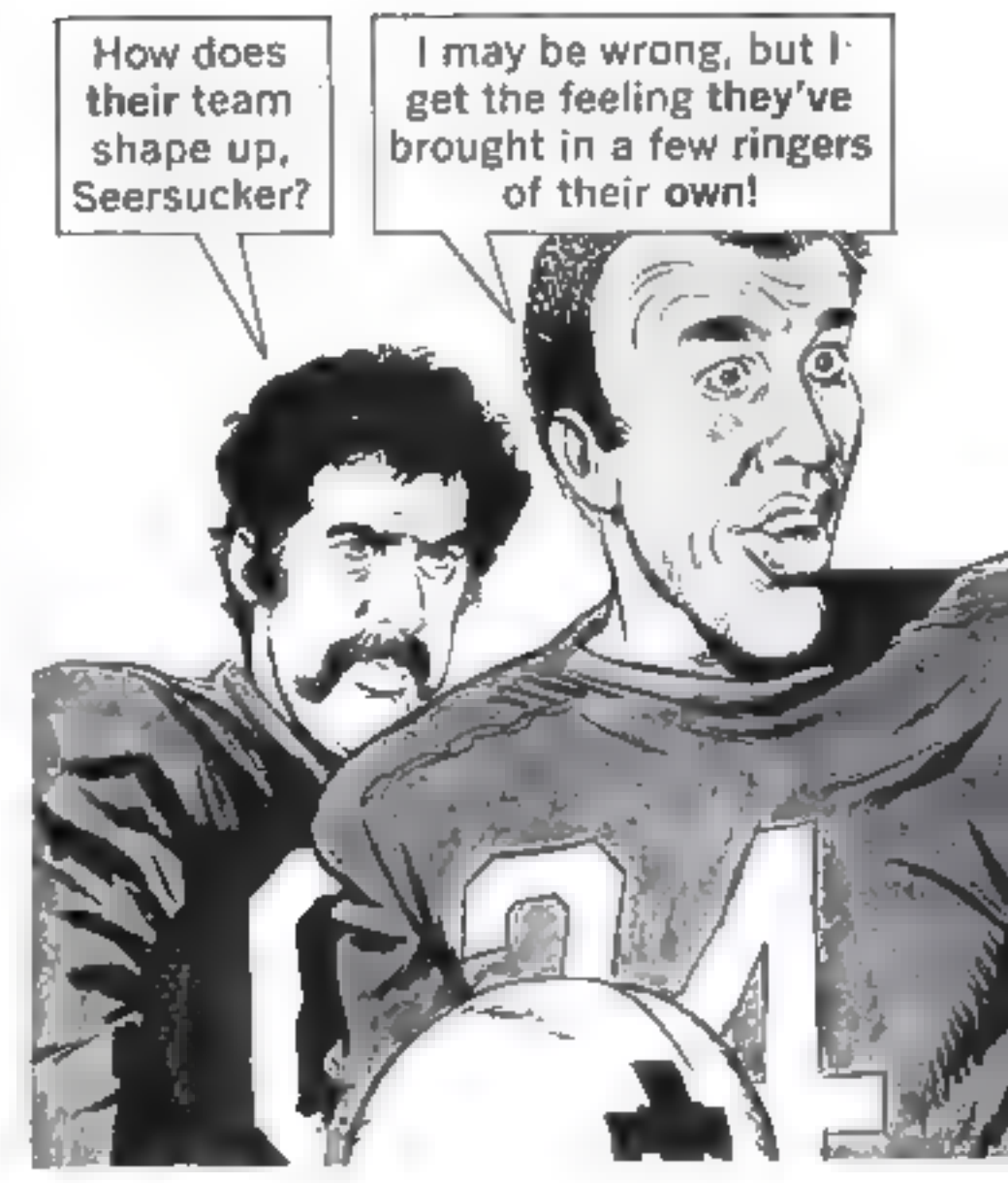
This football game was your idea, Squawkeye! Do you really think we can beat the 325th?

How can we lose? We got a ringer: Seersucker Jones! Seer—say "hello" to Colonel Blecch!

Well, a-hubba-hubba-hubba, hello, Jack! A Yuk-yuk-yuk, and it's mighty smokey over Tokyo, Joe!

But that's World War II talk!

Can I help it if there were no "cute expressions" from the Korean War!



How does their team shape up, Seersucker?

I may be wrong, but I get the feeling they've brought in a few ringers of their own!



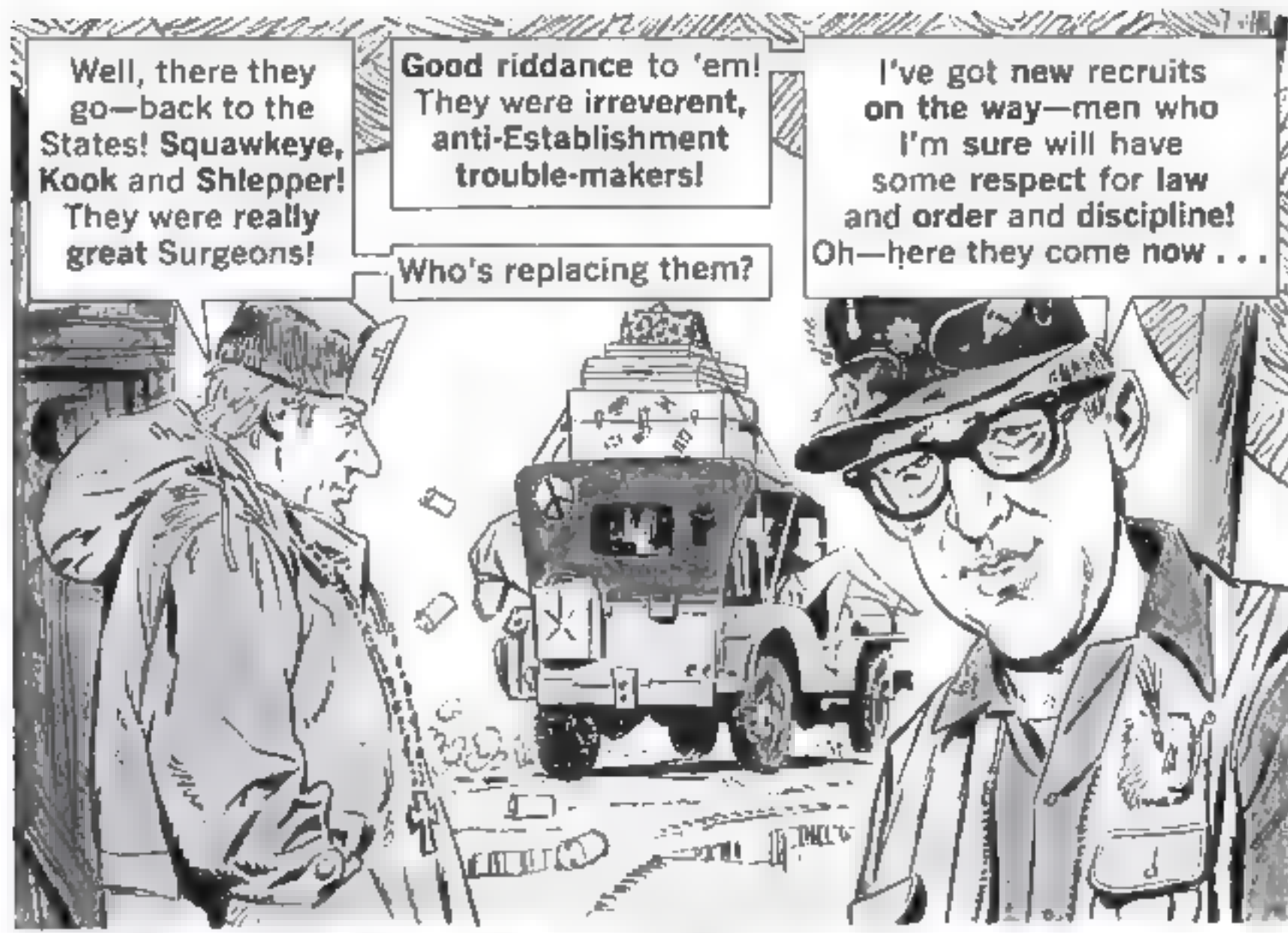
GRANGE

325th



How do you like that?! We won the game, and the players on the other team are carrying off our men on their shoulders!

That's what happens when a team smokes funny cigarettes!



Well, there they go—back to the States! Squawkeye, Kook and Shlepper! They were really great Surgeons!

Good riddance to 'em! They were irreverent, anti-Establishment trouble-makers!

I've got new recruits on the way—men who I'm sure will have some respect for law and order and discipline! Oh—here they come now . . .

Who's replacing them?



Colonel . . . I think your problems are just beginning!!

3 DAY PASSES NOW!

DISCHARGE FREE THE CHICAGO 7

PINK

TAKE THREE! DEPT.

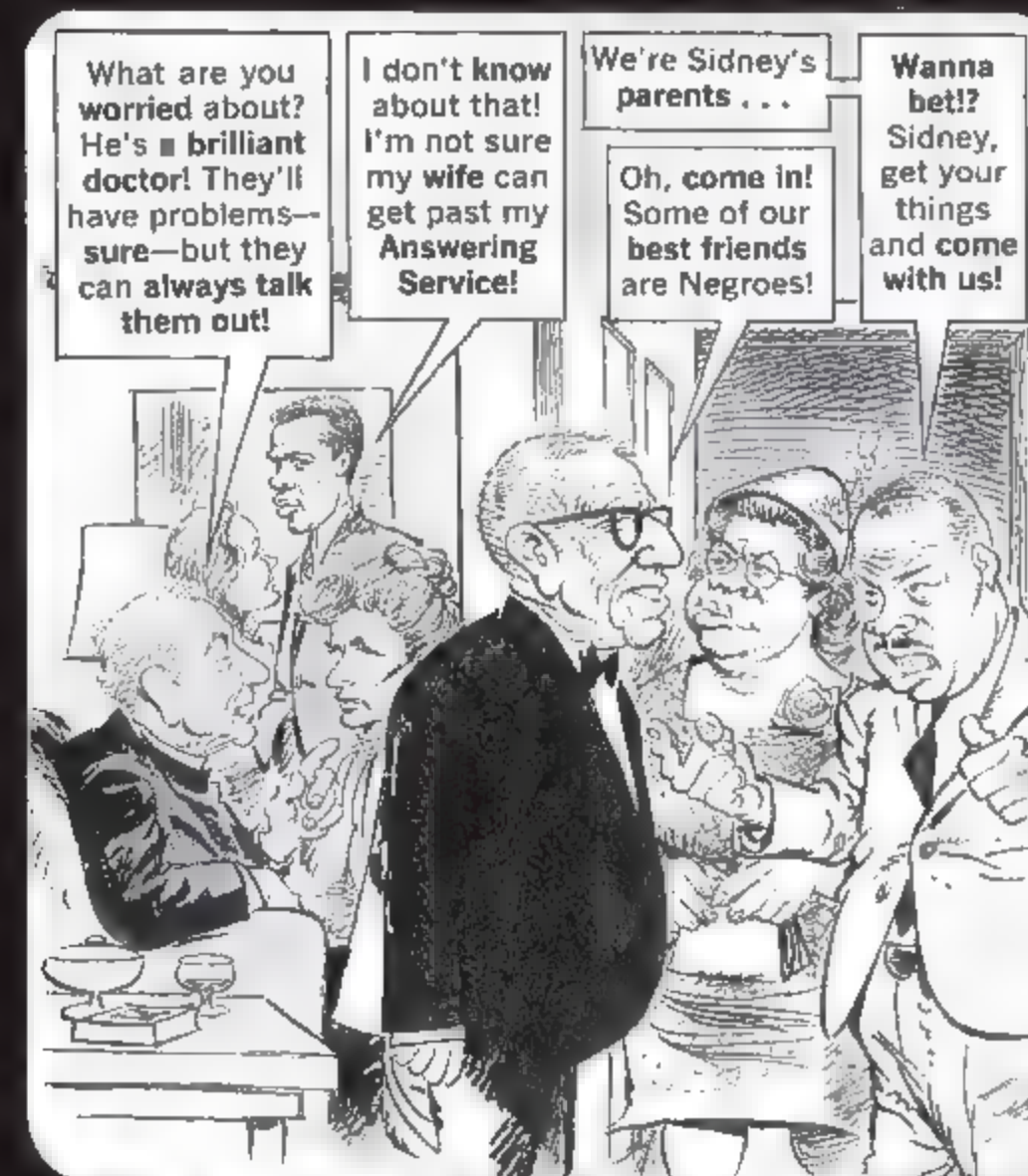
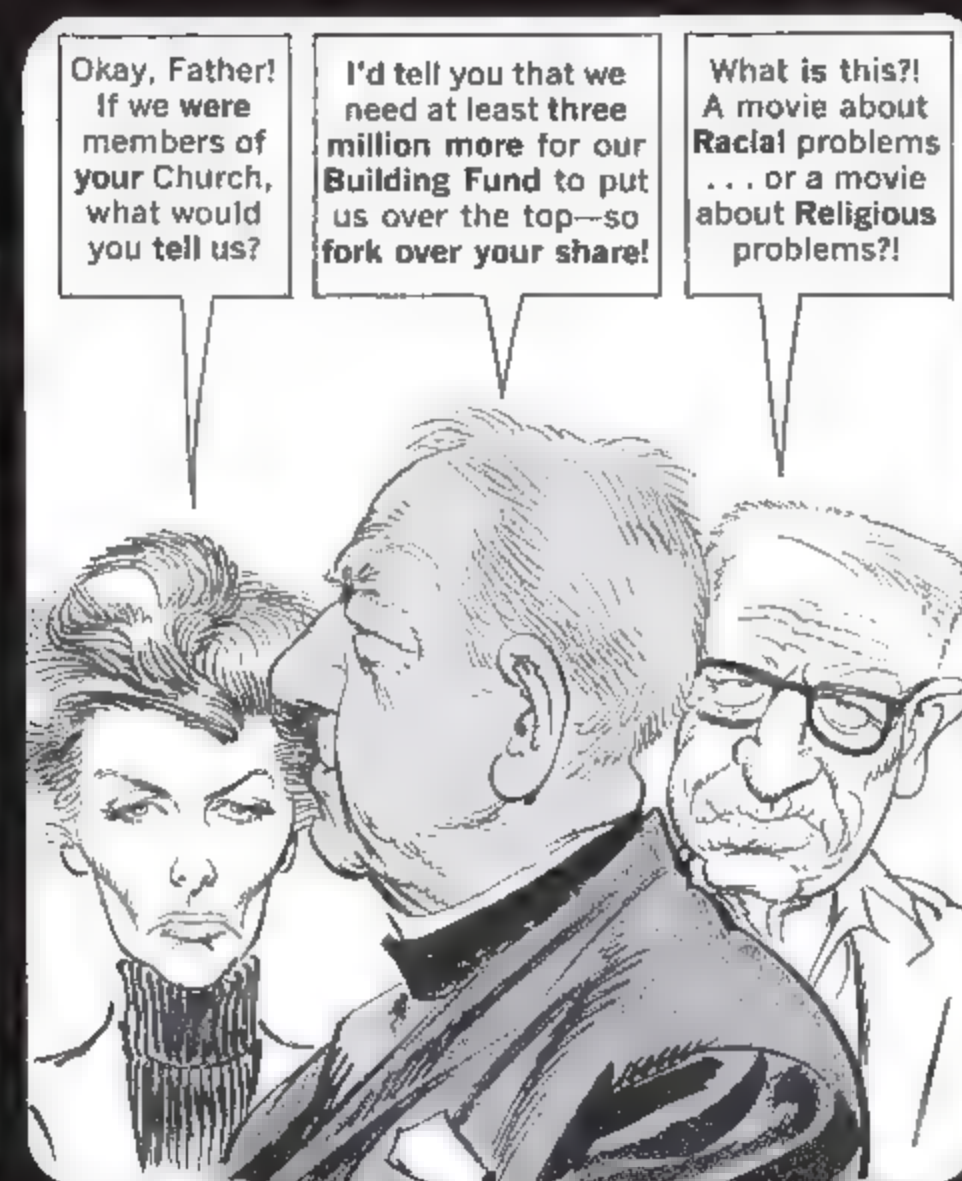
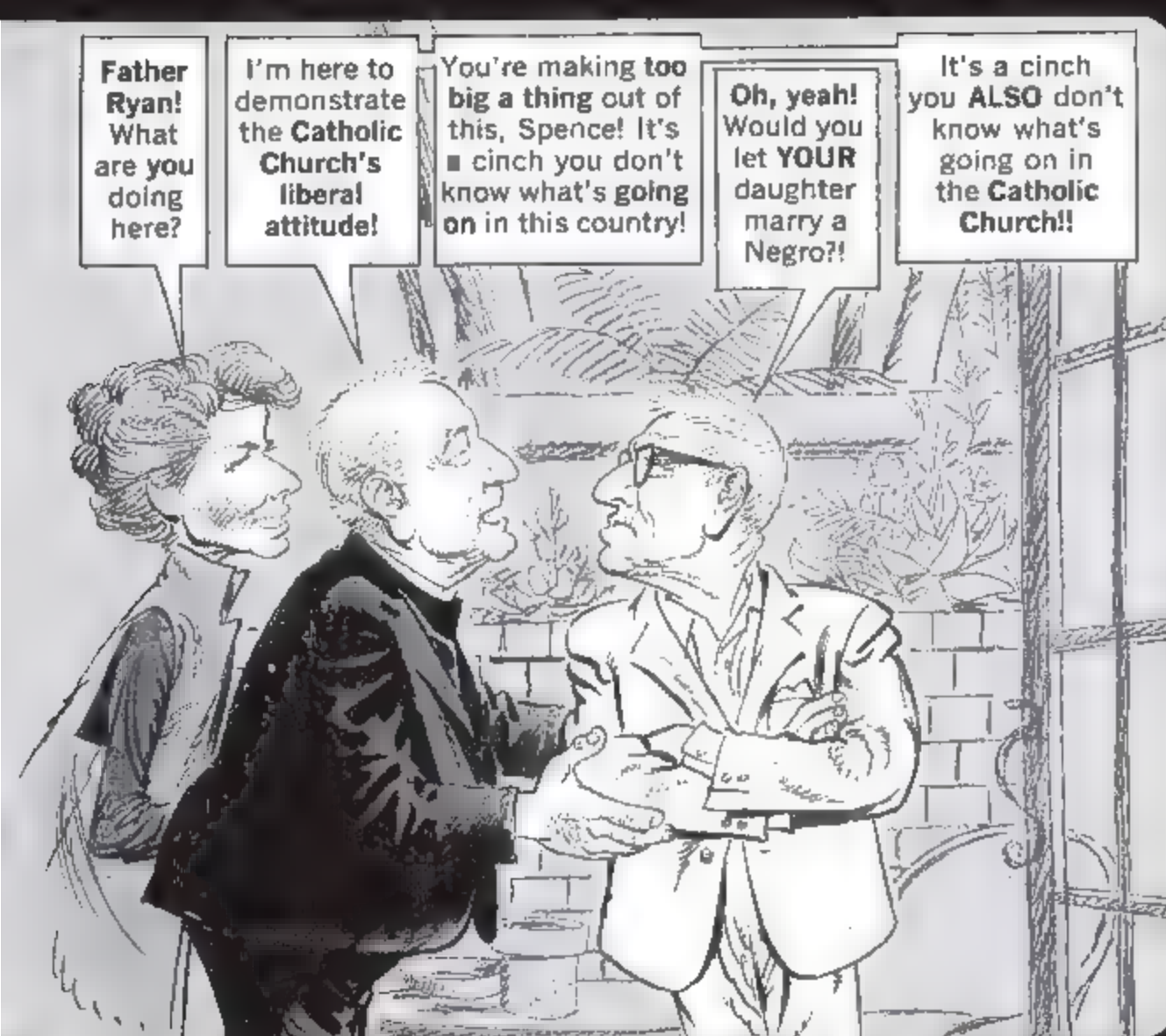
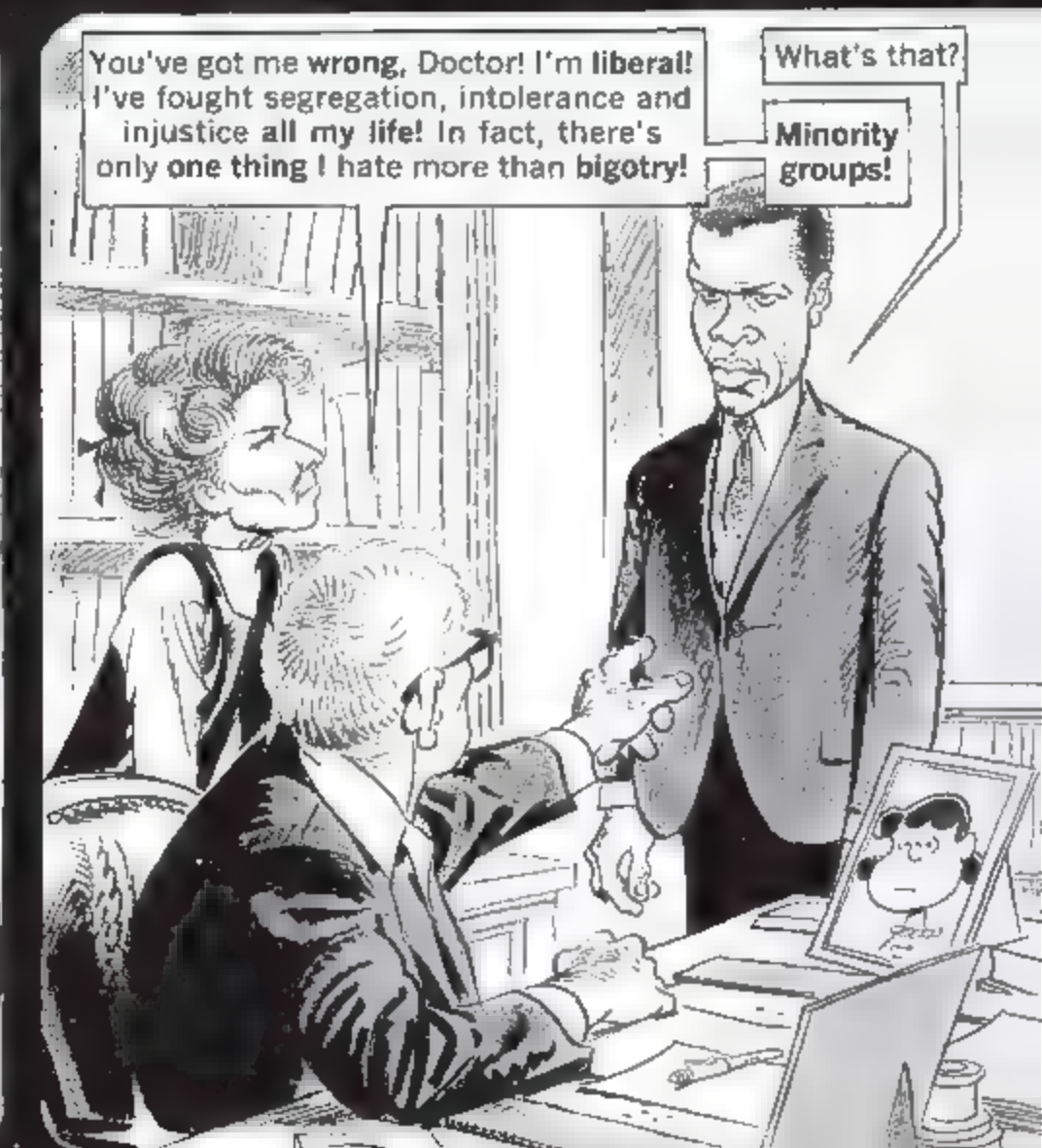
Once again, we proudly present our "Annual Summer Cinematic Satire Special" which saves you the trouble and expense of seeing several movies at one time. (too bad if you already saw them!) Mainly, here we go with three idiotic...

MAD MINI-MOVIES

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: STAN HART

GUESS WHO'S THROWING UP DINNER?



IN COLD BLECCH!

Can you imagine?! Four people in a house . . . with **TEN GRAND** in the safe!

Are you sure of your figures?

I'd hate to drive over four hundred miles to kill only **TWO** people!!

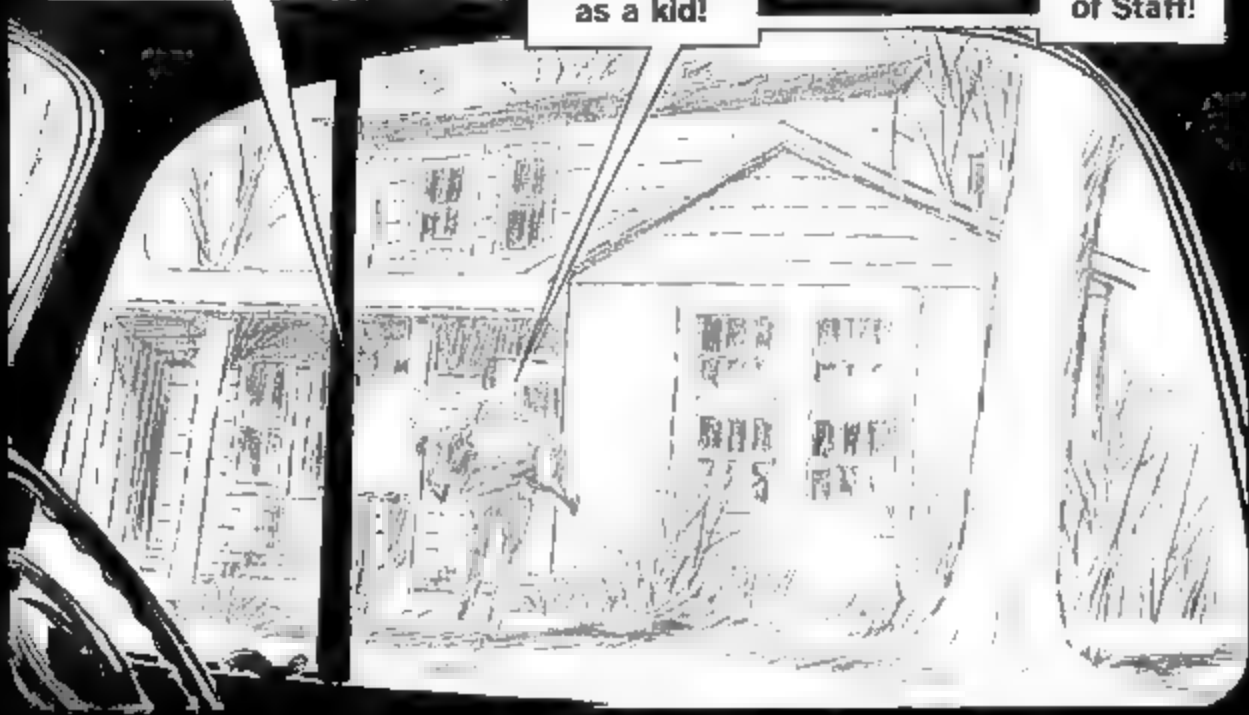


You're fantastic, Percy! You can kill without any regard for human life and without any moral compunction!

Yeah! I was always that way . . . even as a kid!

What did you want to be when you grew up?

One of the **Joint Chiefs of Staff!**



I'm going into town tomorrow and march in the **Elks Club Parade!**

I'm staying home and practice my **Baton-Twirling** for the **Statewide Championships!**

I'll be reciting the **Pledge of Allegiance** at my **Boy Scout meeting** all day tomorrow!

I'm just going to lie here and think about how wonderful it is to be sick in this great country of ours!



This ain't gonna be murder! This is gonna be self-defense! It's either them or us!

What makes you say that?

If we don't kill them, they're liable to **BORE** us to death!



Did you look in kitchen? It's horrible! It's enough to make you throw up!

You mean the bodies?

No, the smell! The garbage hasn't been taken out in six days!

Well, you told the men not to **MOVE** anything



We know who did it!

By clever deduction? By brilliant police work? By painstaking examination of clues?

No . . . a friend of theirs squealed!

You're not a very good detective!

And you're not a very good Truman Capote!



My boy is a good boy! A little wild, maybe, but basically he's a good boy!

He killed four people!

Yeah? How many times has he done **THAT**?

See!? A kid does something wrong just once and you guys never let him forget it!



What made you turn to a life of crime and murder?

When I was a kid, I saw my mother hugging and kissing a dirty, disgusting old man!

Did you tell your father?

It was my father!



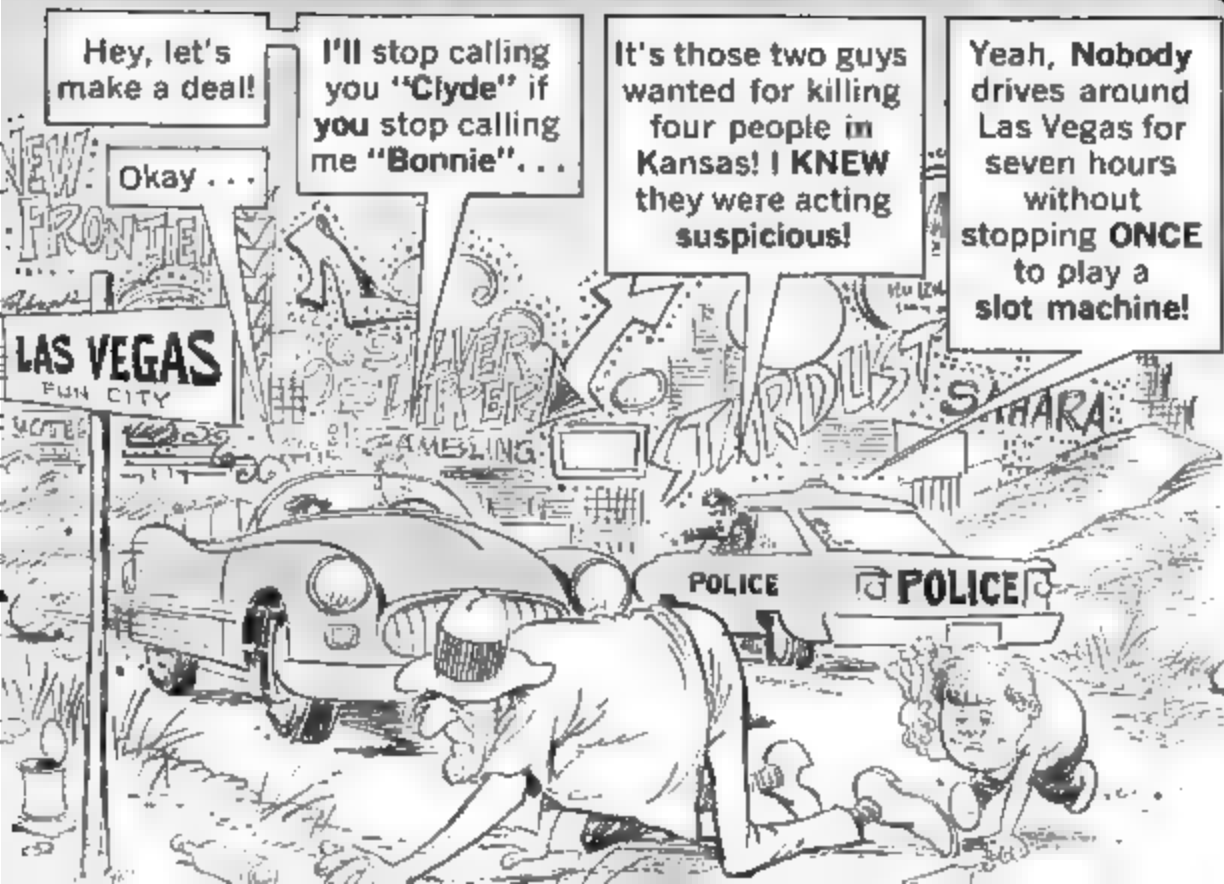
Hey, let's make a deal!

I'll stop calling you "**Clyde**" if you stop calling me "**Bonnie**" . . .

Okay . . .

It's those two guys wanted for killing four people in Kansas! I **KNEW** they were acting suspicious!

Yeah, Nobody drives around Las Vegas for seven hours without stopping **ONCE** to play a slot machine!



They've been grilling Hiccup for six straight hours in there! That's enough to make **ANYBODY** confess to murder!

Stop it! Stop all these questions! I can't stand it any longer! I'll confess! **I DID IT! I DID IT!!**

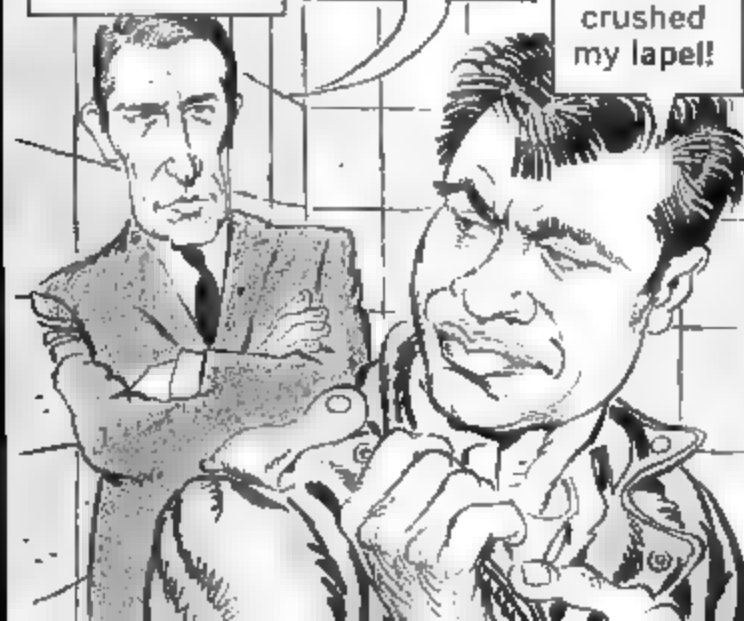
They just don't make cops like they used to any more!



Okay, Copper! Call in a **Stenographer!** I'm ready to make a **statement** . . .

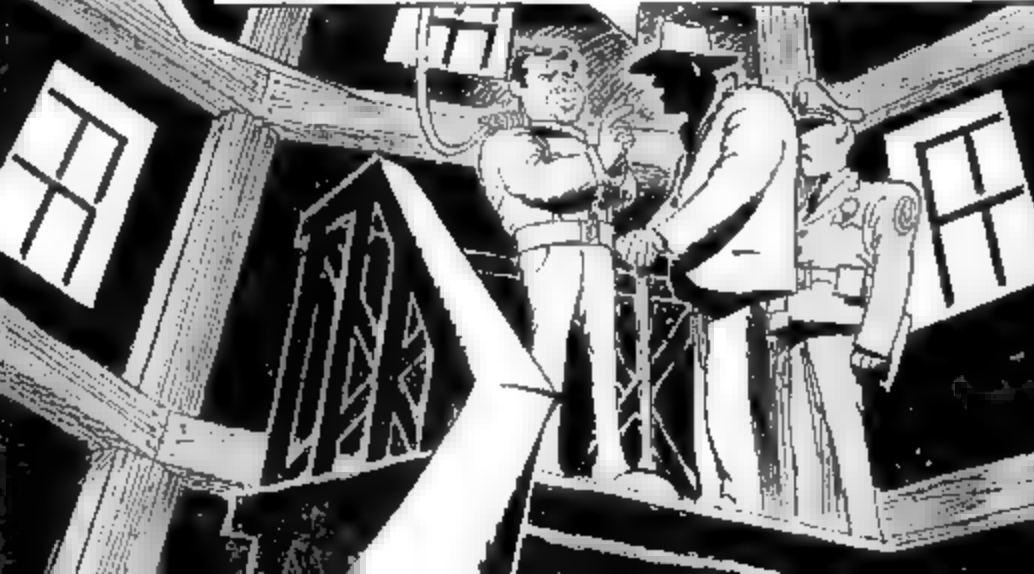
A confession? . . . About the murders . . . ?

No, a complaint! . . . About **Police Brutality!** You crushed my lapel!



It can't be! My father—is the **Hangman!**

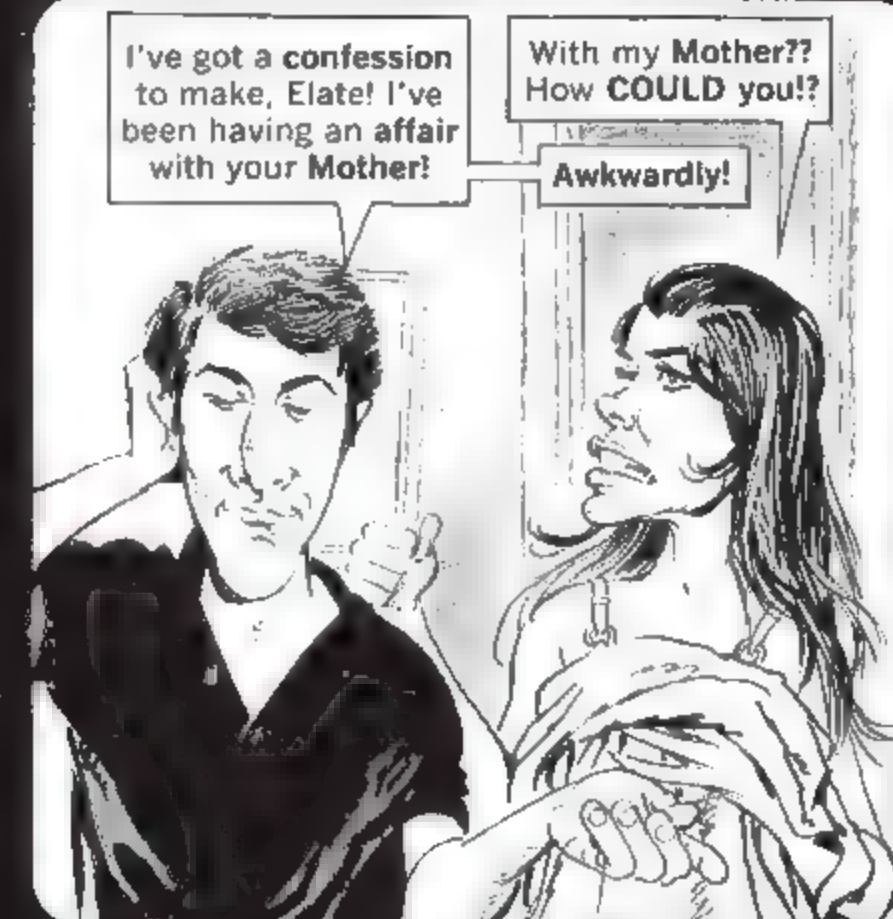
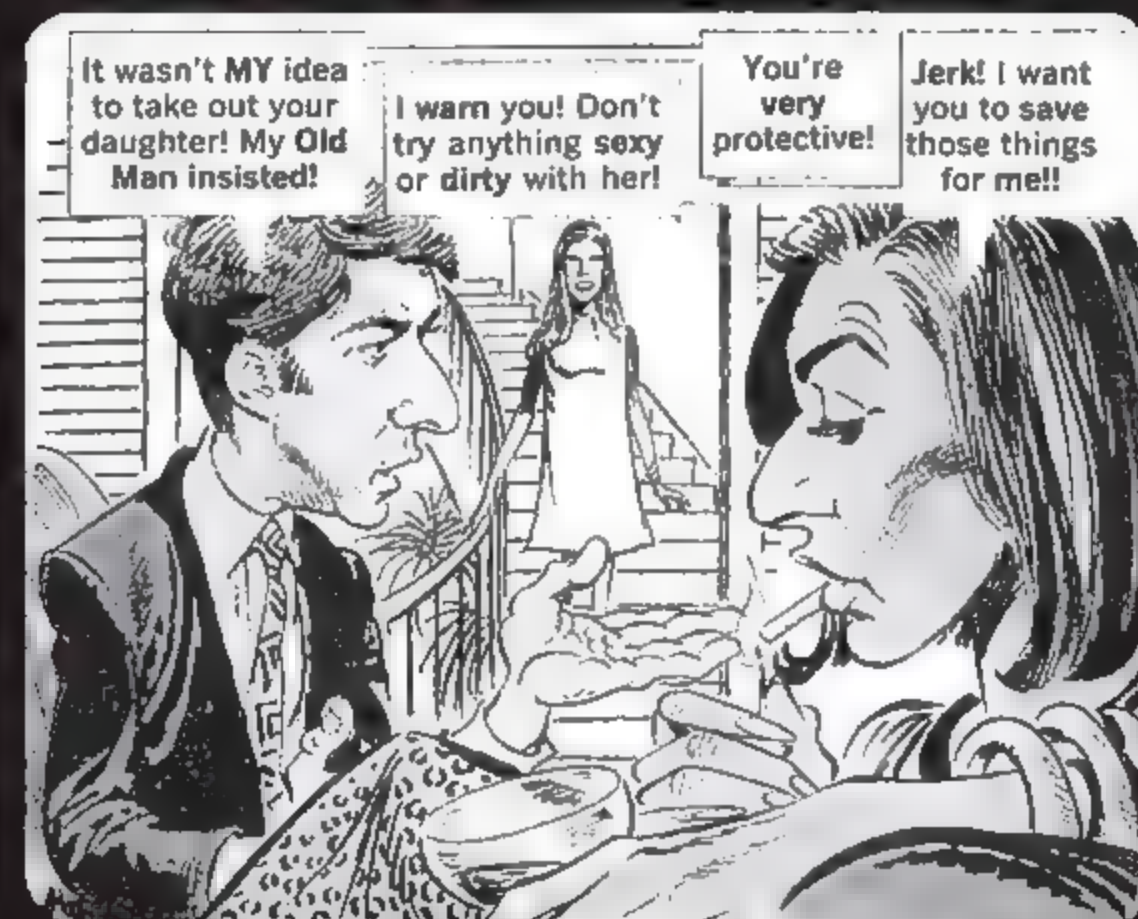
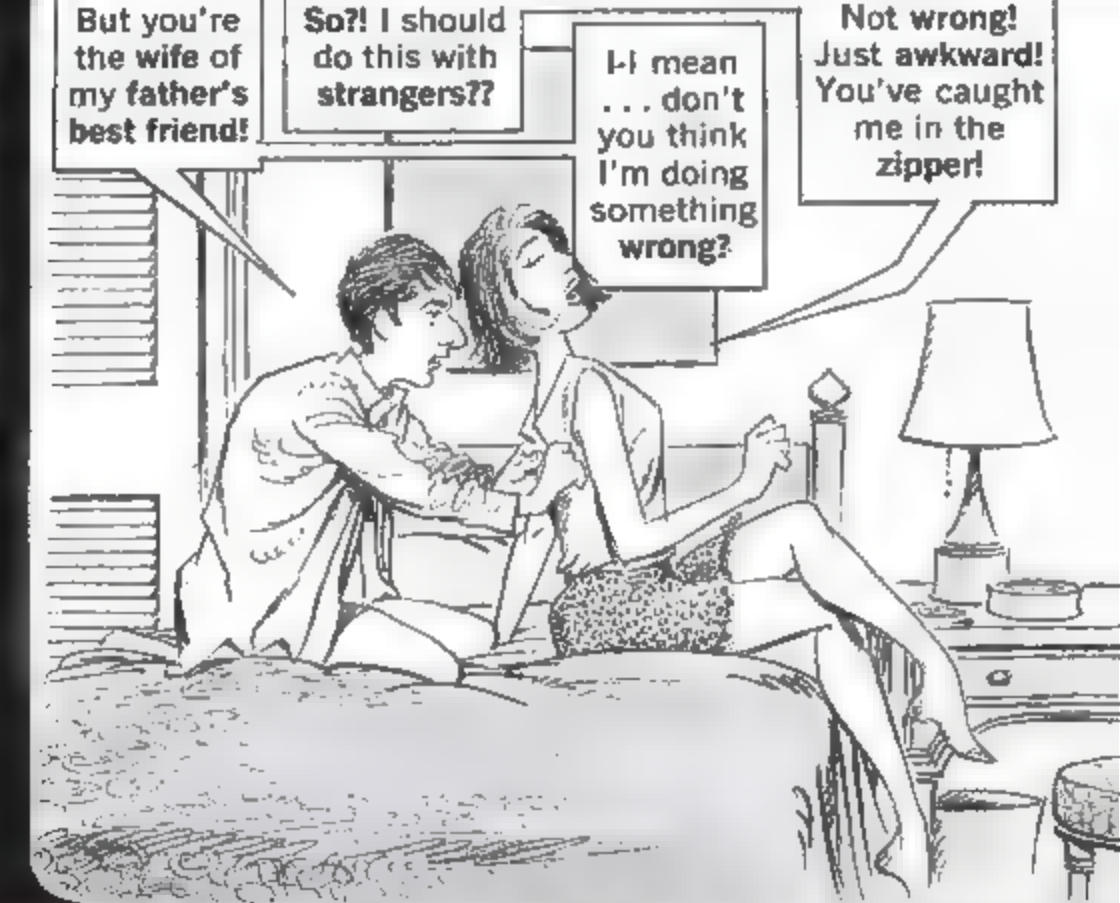
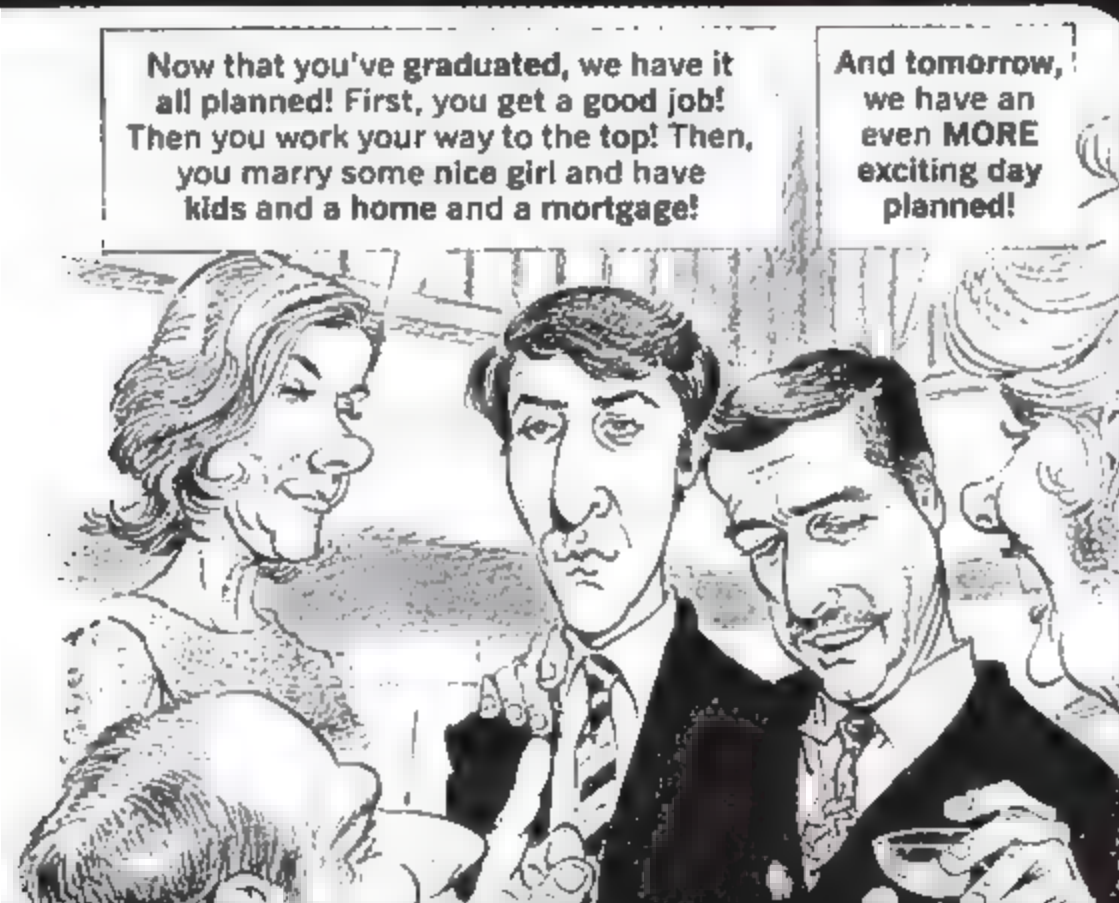
Silly goose! I'm just a symbol of authority **LIKE** your father! You hated your parents, so you tried to destroy everything that reminded you of your family! You killed those people because of your love-hate relationship with your family! If you weren't so confused and insecure, you might never have committed such a terribly hostile act!



NOW he tells me . . . **GAACCKKI!**



THE POST - GRADUATE



DE SADEST STORY EVER TOLD DEPT.

Us moral people all hate violence, right? Let's hear it for "Anti-Violence"! Yayyy! Stanley Kubrick also hates violence, right? Let's hear it for Stanley Kubrick! Yayyy! And let's hear it for his new movie, which shows how horrible violence is! Yay— Uh— Hey, wait a minute! If Mr. Kubrick's new movie is so "Anti-Violence," how come it's jam-packed with the worst, sickening, most disgusting violence imaginable? Let's face it, Stanley, baby! Your movie is really . . .

A CROCKWORK LEMON



ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: STAN HART

Hello, blokes! My name is Alecch and I ain't no different from other lads my age! You could consider me to be just like the boy next door

. . . that is, if you live next door to San Quentin!

I suppose you're wondering why I dress this way! Well . . . I'll tell you why! My derby shows that I have a relationship with the past, my jump suit shows that I have a relationship with the future, and my crazy false eyelash shows that I have a relationship with the Make-up Man, who's a screaming faggot!

Hey, why'd you say that about the Make-up Man?

'Cause every time a band plays "God Save The Queen," he thinks they're playing HIS song!

Hey, look at that poor old drunk! It's rotten what the stinkin' system's done to him!

Yeah! All alone and exploited in this cruel ol' world with nothing to call his own!

Let's give him something nobody can take away from him!

What?

Multiple fractures!

Why are you doing this to me? All I ask for is a little kindness!

To US, this IS kindness!

And you'd better say, "Thank you!", 'cause Alecch hates an ingrate!

So long, Pops! Stay out of trouble!

In traction, you can get into trouble!?

That was great! What's next, Alecch?

How about a nice little gang war?

Swell!! I'll sock you—then you belt Gouger—

With ANOTHER gang, Dimwit, you dimwit!

'N DOGBLIND FREITZ, WUR GORLZ R S'PRITY...

Blimey! When you blokes said you'd get me on the STAGE, I didn't think you meant THIS!!

Hey, Bilgey Boy, How about a knife fight?

Okay, Alecch

Gee . . . does this mean our date's off?

Sorry, but I got business to attend to!

At two pounds apiece, what do you think I was doing?!

So . . . ? How've you been?

Not bad! Read any good books lately?

Looks like we're in for some rain!

My Uncle Irving changed dentists!

ULTRA KRUNCH! BOFF! ACK ACK!



See you around!

Don't be a stranger!

Alecch, I'm not sure I understood that fight! Could you explain it?

It showed that violence is a normal, every-day occurrence in our world! Anything else?

Yeah... it also showed how BORING we all are!



Let's see—we've shown violence and sadism! What's left?

Hey, how about sexual assault?

Great!!



Not ME, you moron!!

Oh...



Excuse me, missus, but may I use your phone? I want to report a serious injury...

Oh, dear! Who the poor victim? You, lady!!



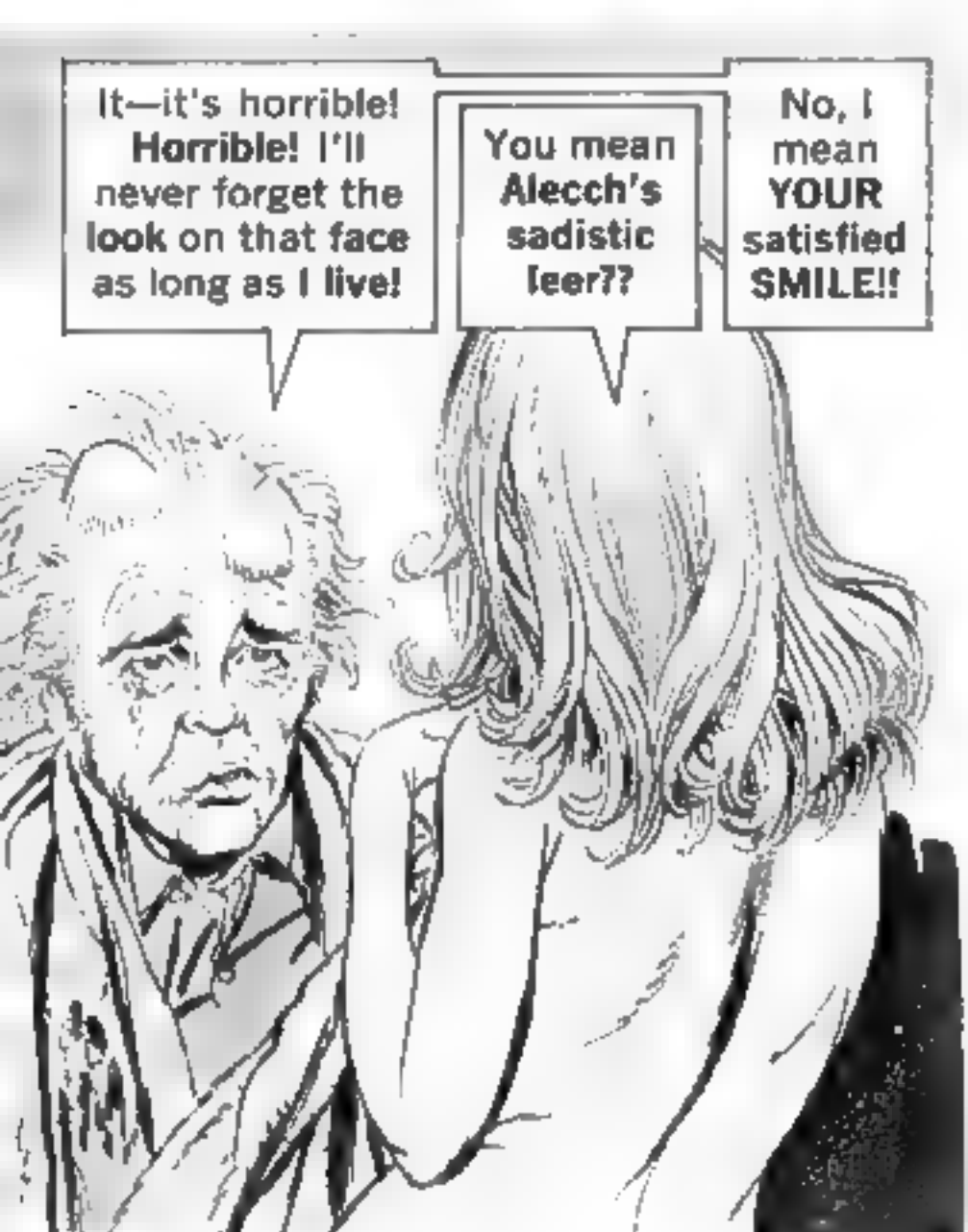
If—if you hit me just once more, you can't use my phone!!

We don't want to use your phone! We're going to violate your wife!

You can't DO that!!

Please... not tonight! I have a headache!!

What did I tell you!?



It—it's horrible! Horrible! I'll never forget the look on that face as long as I live!

You mean Alecch's sadistic leer??

No, I mean YOUR satisfied SMILE!!



Alecch, we haven't been as close as we should, lately...

But... MY! Look how BIG you're getting!!

Because I haven't seen you since you were six-years-old! What have you been doing lately?

Oh, Son, you make me laugh!

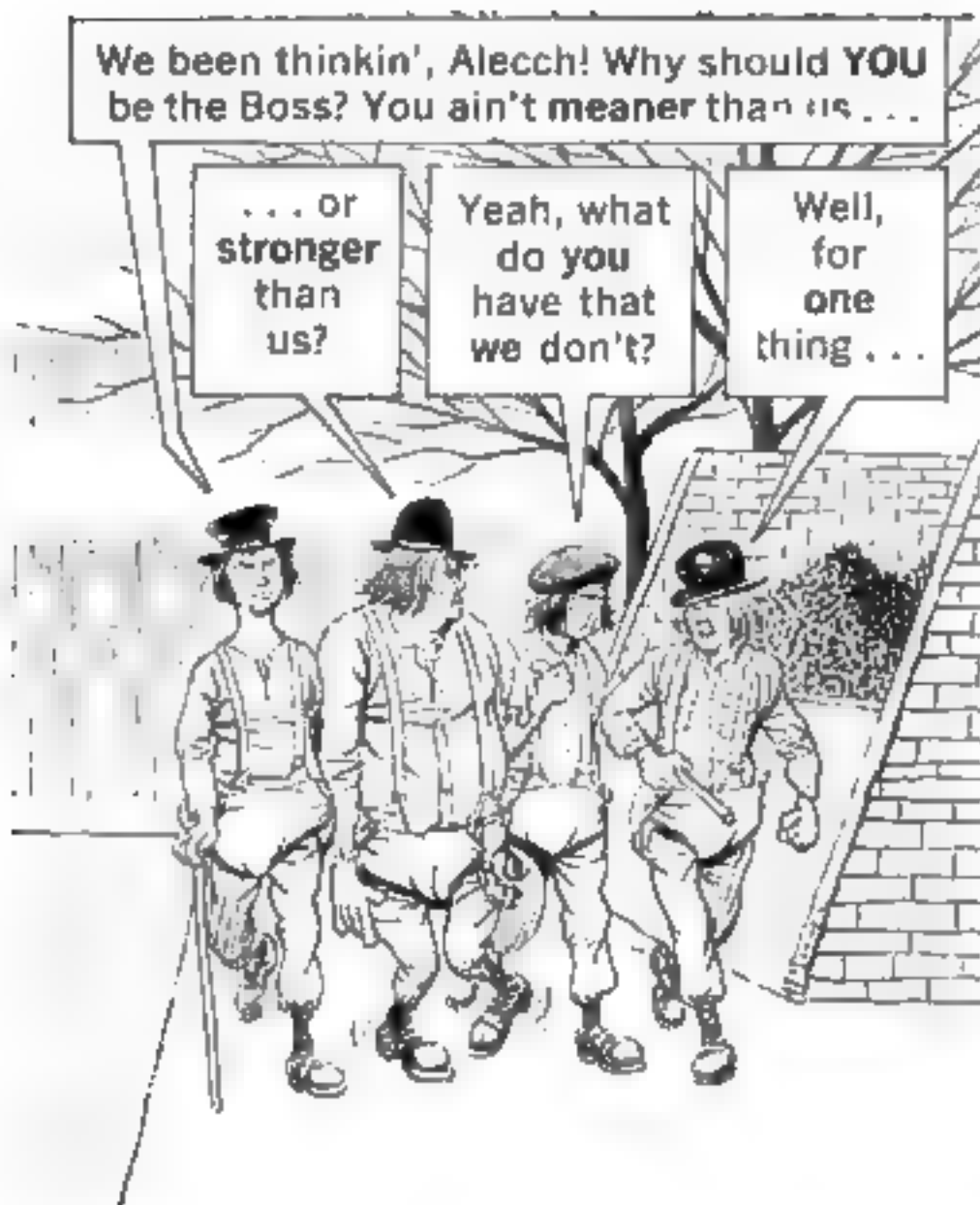
I know! To ME those things are FUNNY!

That's okay!

Why are you so surprised?

Assaulting women, beating up people and stealing...

But I'm serious, Mom!



Let's go! The Police are coming!

We're goin', Al! But you're not!! Take that!!

You shouldn't have done that, Gouger! Where's your sense of values??

You mean because we betrayed a buddy??

No... because you broke a deposit bottle!



She's dead! You killed that woman in there!

I didn't mean to kill her! I never murdered anyone before!

You'll hang for this, Buster!

Hey, that ain't fair!

Why not? It's my first offense!



I want no trouble from you! I'm keeping you here for the rest of your life!

If you do, you'll be sorry!

Why??

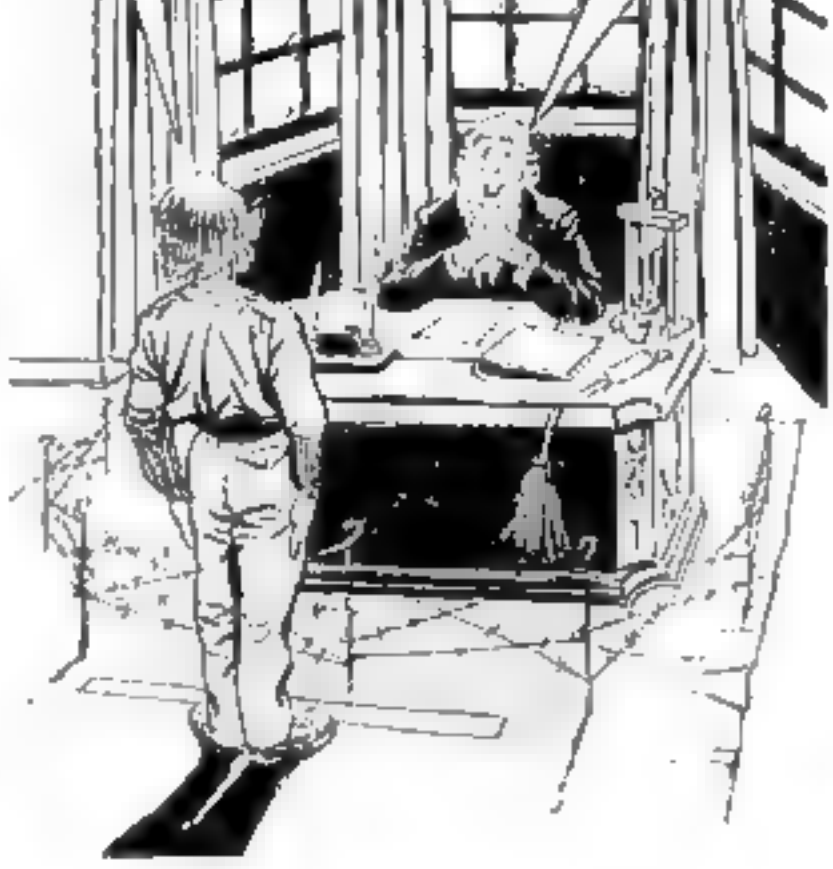
Cause this will be the first multi-million dollar movie that only runs 35 minutes!



Alecch, how'd you like to be rehabilitated?

You think I'm worth saving?

No... it's just that I hate 35-minute movies!

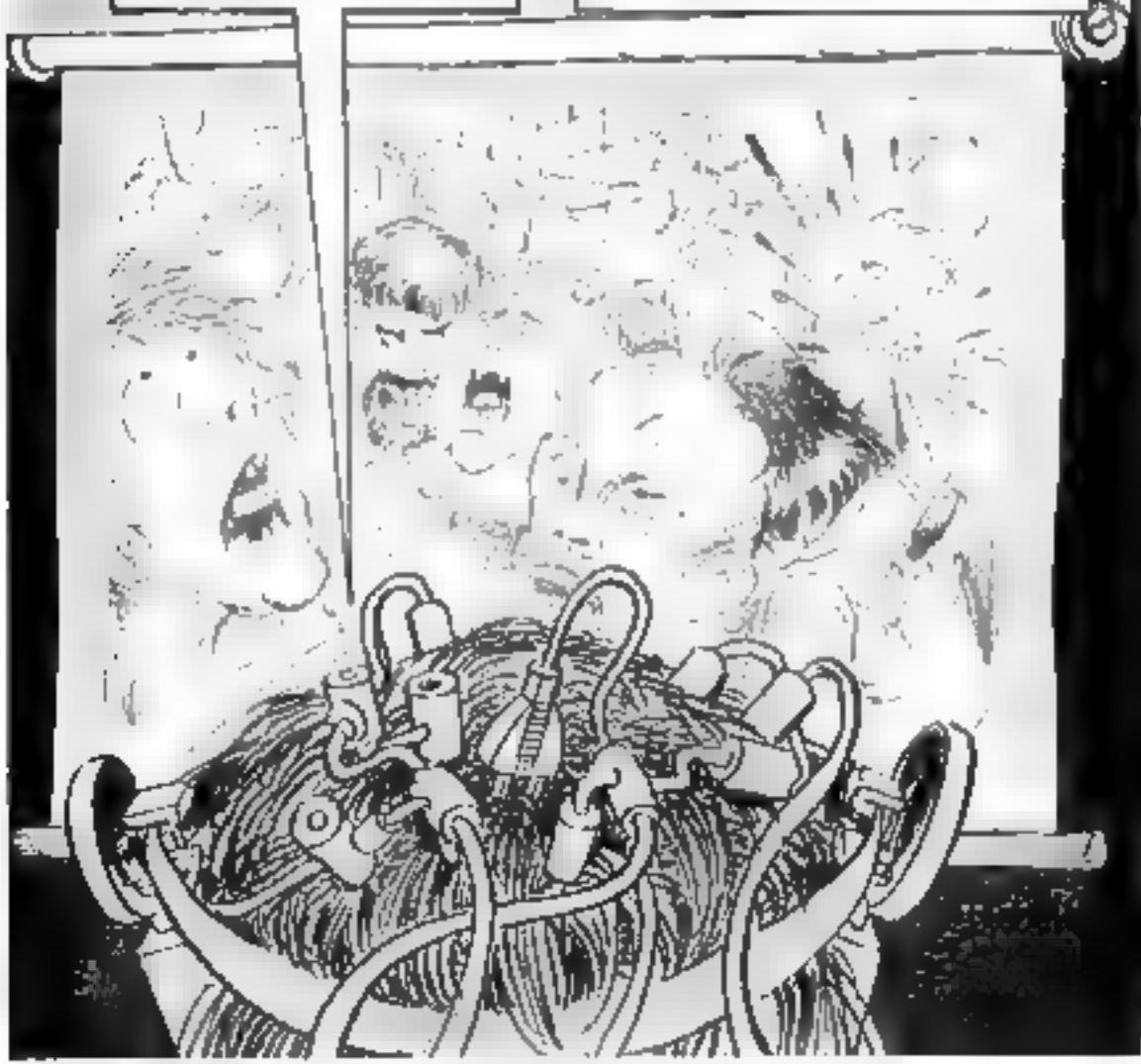


The treatment is simple! We will scientifically condition you to hate anti-social behavior and unwholesome sex! Now, first, we will force you to watch six hours of horrible violence!



That's revolting! Where did you get such a terrible, disgusting movie?

What movie?!? That's a live TV pick-up from a typical New York City High School!



And now, we will force you to watch two hours of leering, sneering, dirty-minded sex...

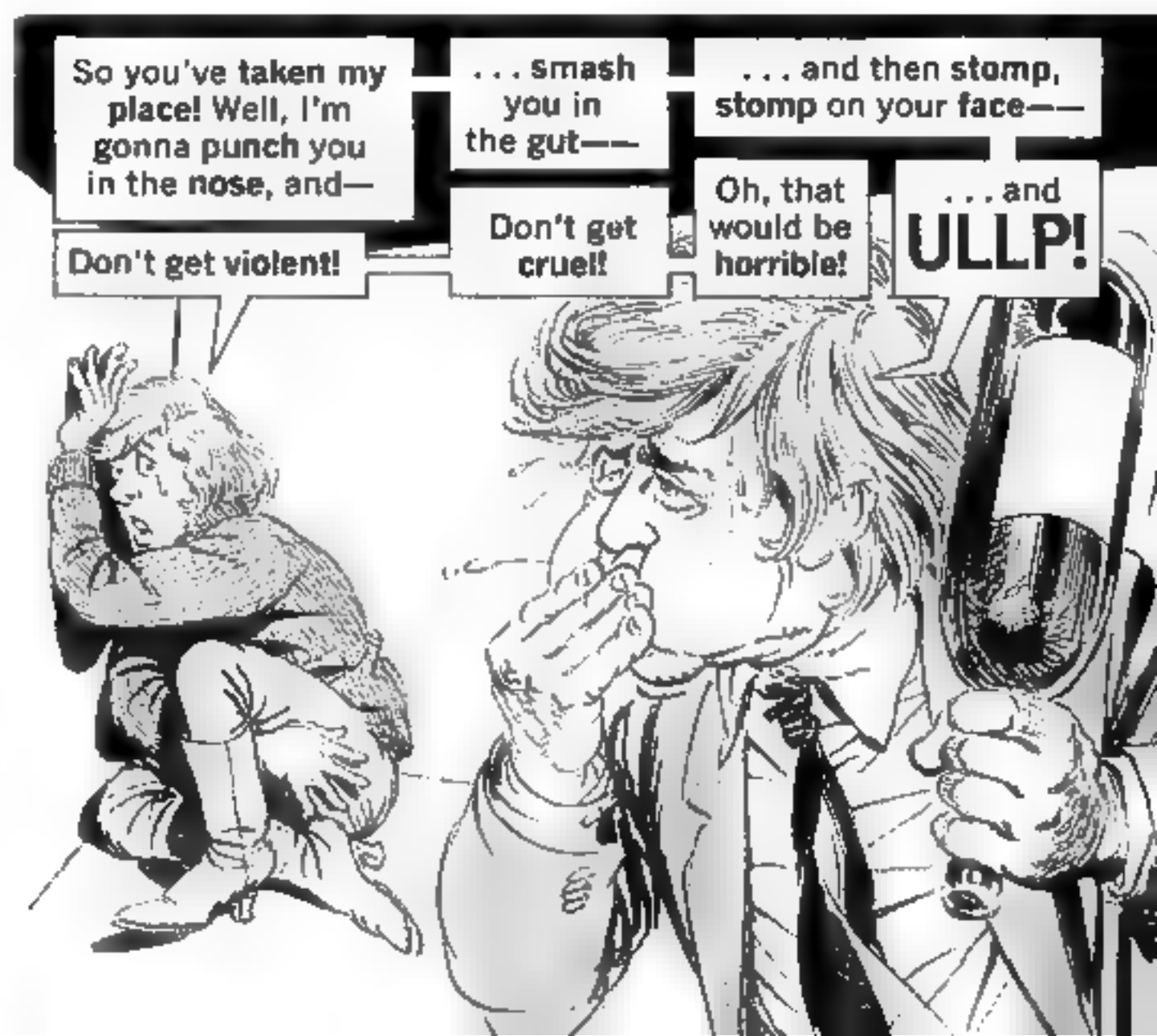
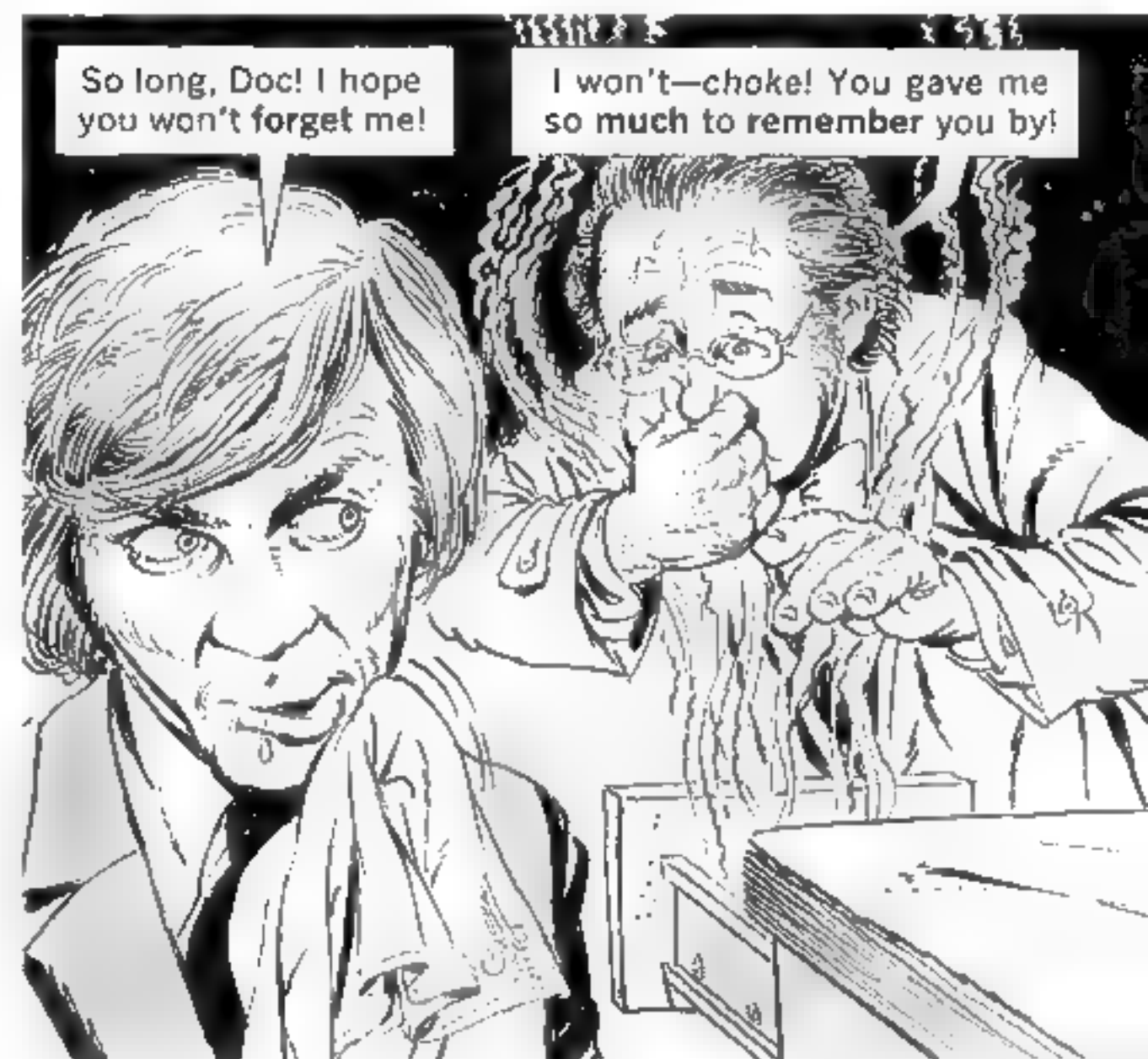


Want a drinkee, Dino...?

Yeah—an' y'better make it a DOUBLE... yuk, yuk, yuk!

I'm getting SICK!!





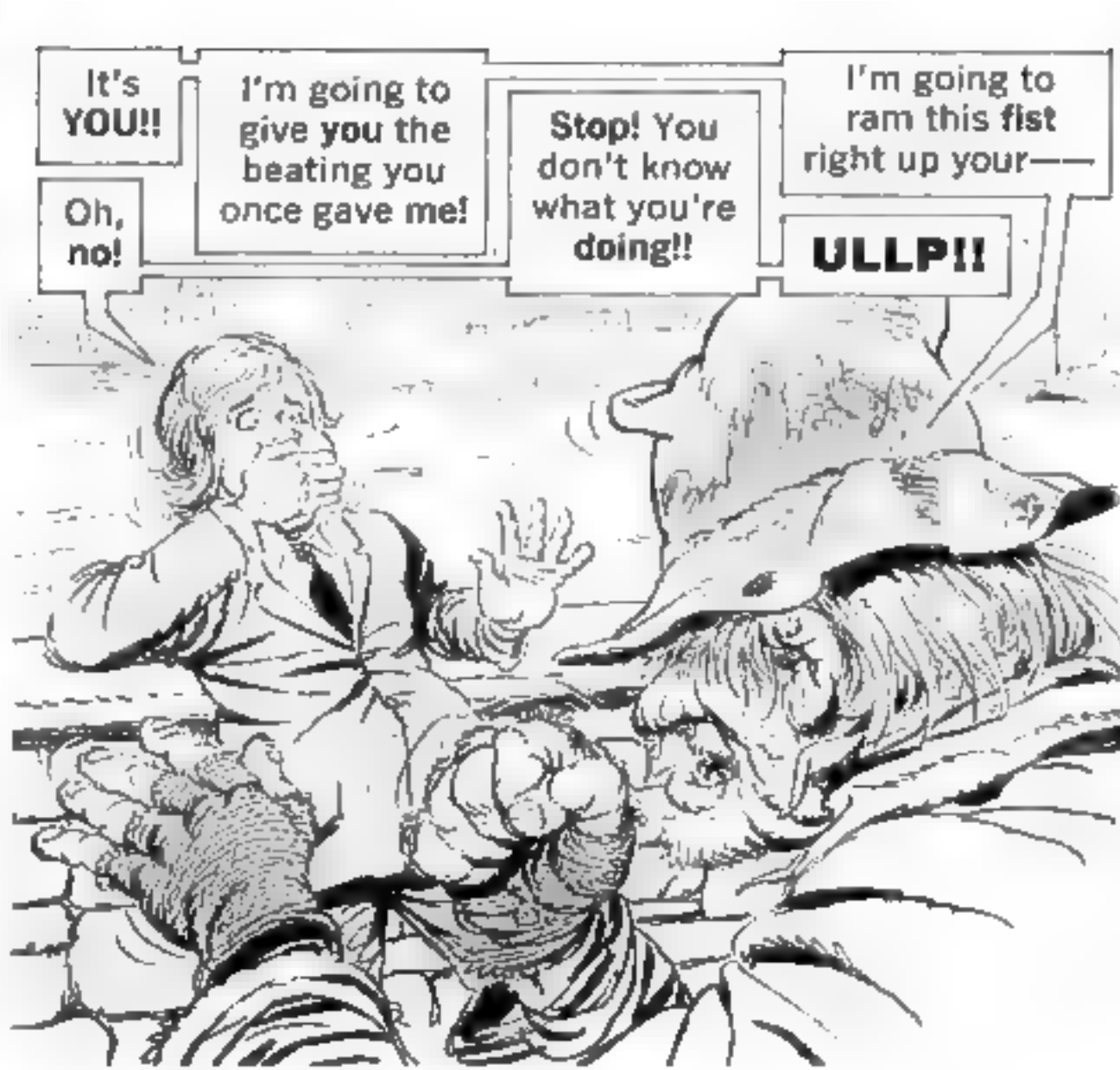


Yecch!
I think
stomping
on my face
would have
been much
better!

Get out,
Alecch!

Can't I
ever come
back, even
for a visit?

Not
on a
full
stomach,
you
can't!



It's
YOU!!

Oh,
no!

I'm going to
give you the
beating you
once gave me!

Stop! You
don't know
what you're
doing!!

I'm going to
ram this fist
right up your—

ULLPI!



YECCH!
AAGGGHH!

Gee! This is
better than
karate!



Hi! Remember
us? We're
those brutal,
amoral, wild,
sadistic
toughs you
used to hang
around with!

Remember
how we
used to
beat up
people and
ruin their
lives?

The
authorities
tried to
rehabilitate
us, but
they
couldn't...

So
they
made
us
Police-
men
instead!

Interesting
bit of
symbolism
there...
don'tcha
think?

Not really!



Whatchya
gonna do
... beat
me up?!!

And get that
foul **YECCH**
all over us?
No, sir!!

First we're gonna
pump your stomach!
THEN we're gonna
beat you up!!

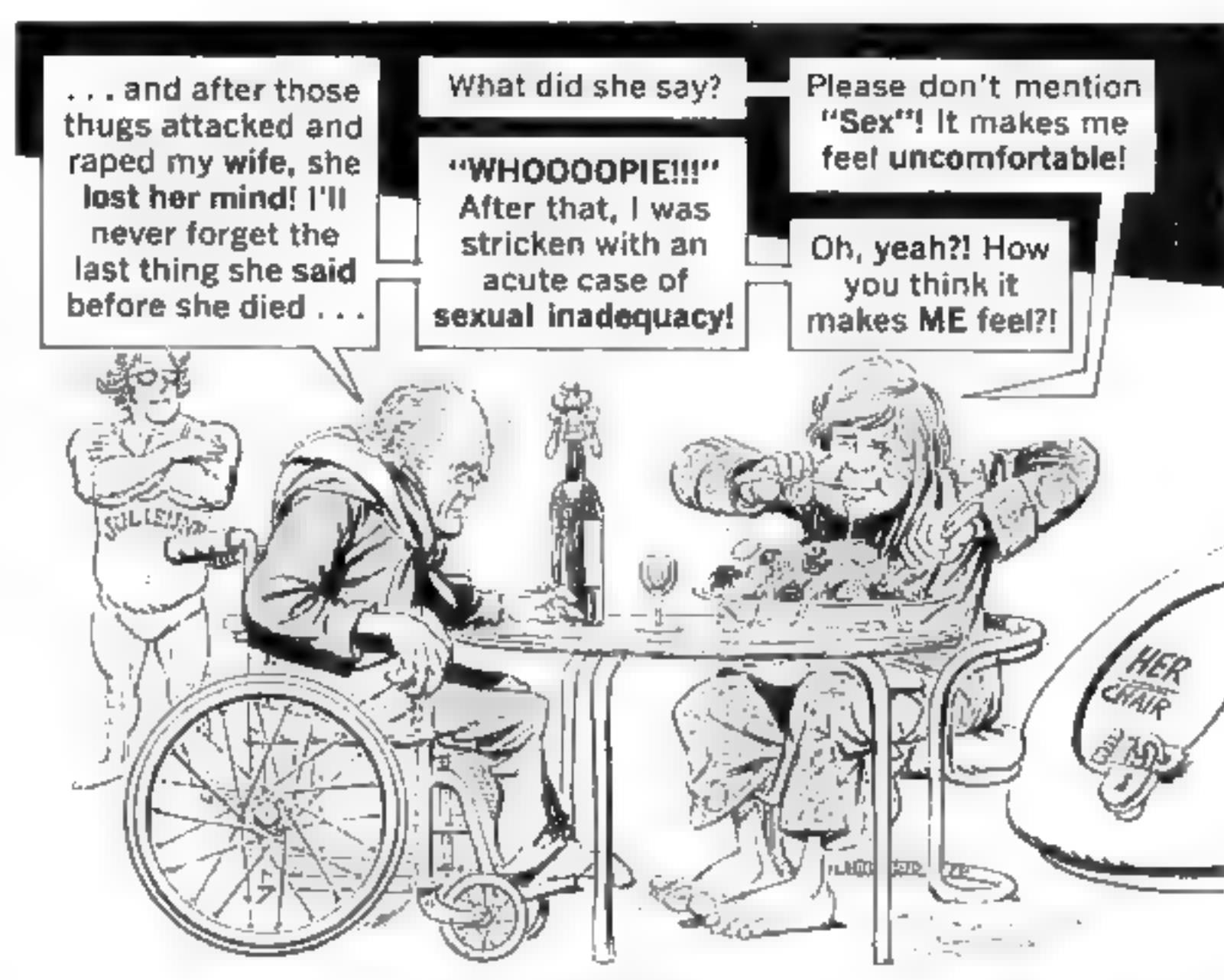


Can you
help me?
I'm hurt
and I'm
starving!

Of course!

It's **HIM!!** Now I
can have my revenge!
First I'll give him
something to eat...
and then I'll make
his life miserable!

It's **HIM!!** First, I'll
get something to eat
... and then I'll make
HIS life miserable!
One threatening move
and he gets his dinner
back... all over him!!



... and after those
thugs attacked and
raped my wife, she
lost her mind! I'll
never forget the
last thing she said
before she died...

What did she say?

"WHOOOOPIE!!!"
After that, I was
stricken with an
acute case of
sexual inadequacy!

Please don't mention
"Sex"! It makes me
feel uncomfortable!

Oh, yeah?! How
you think it
makes **ME** feel?!

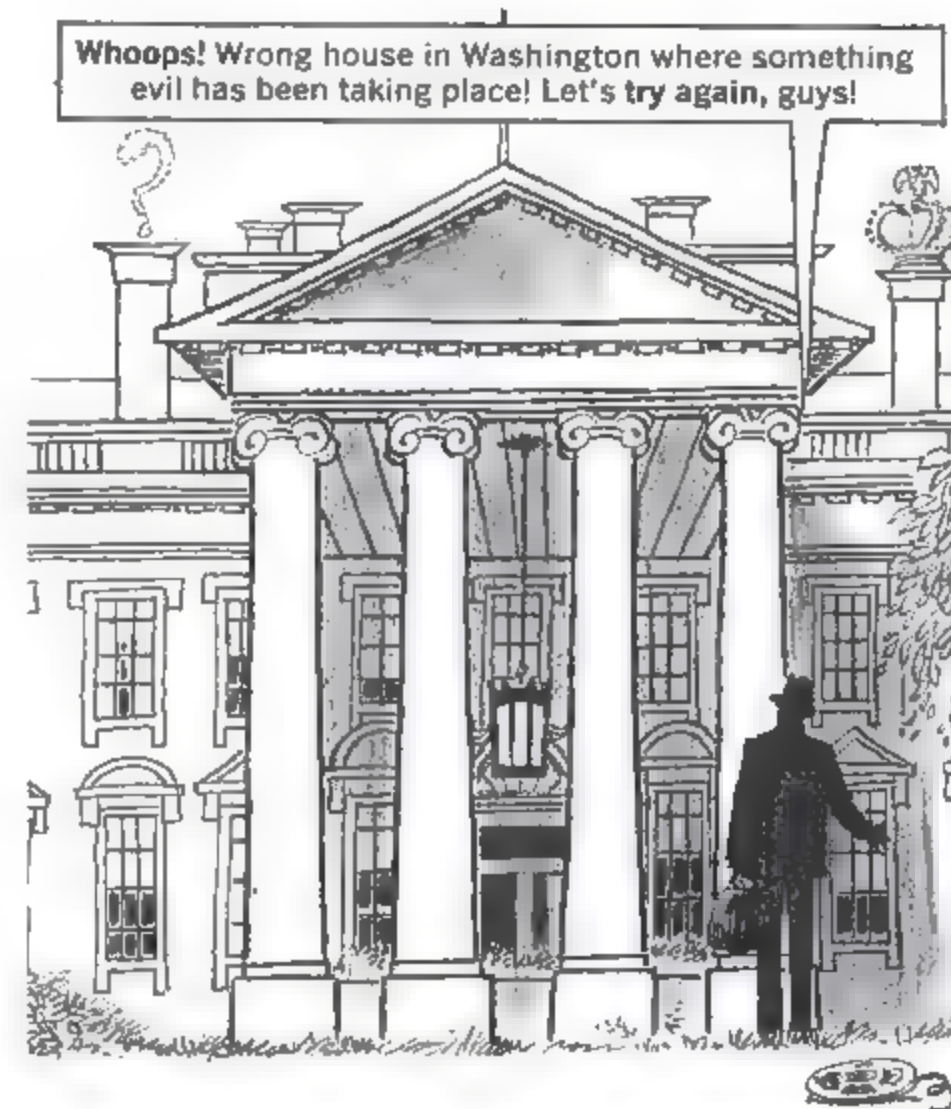
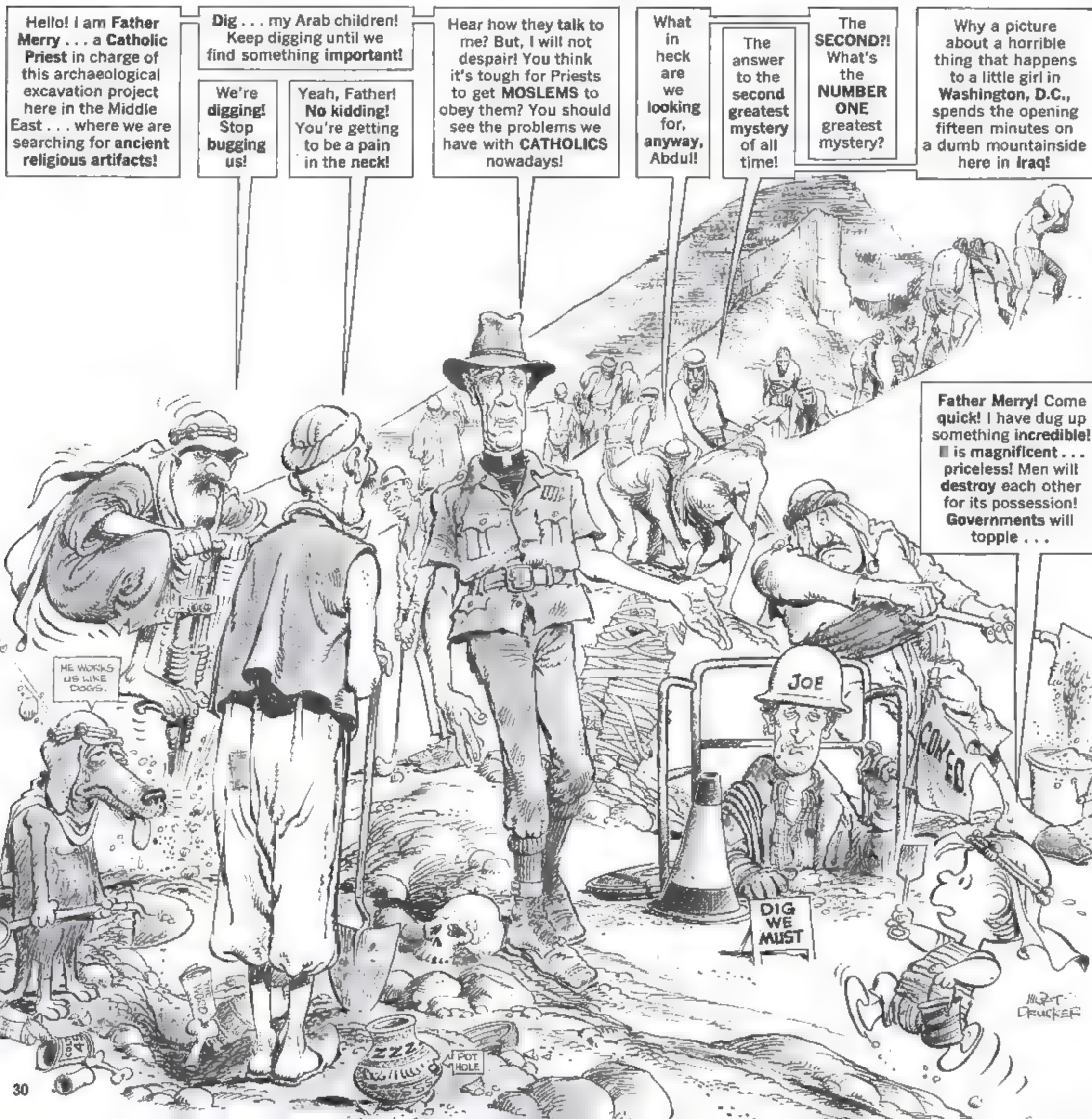


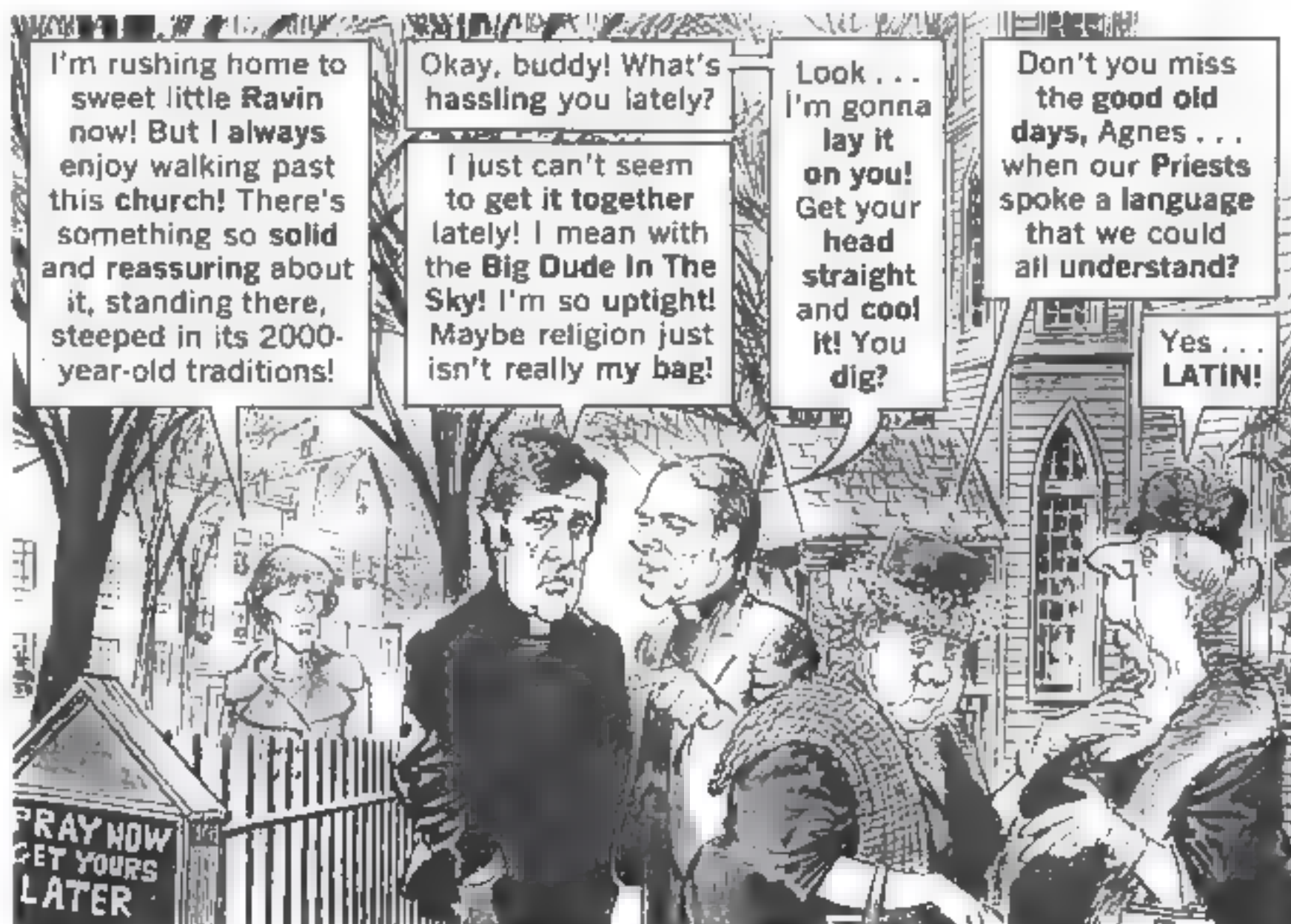
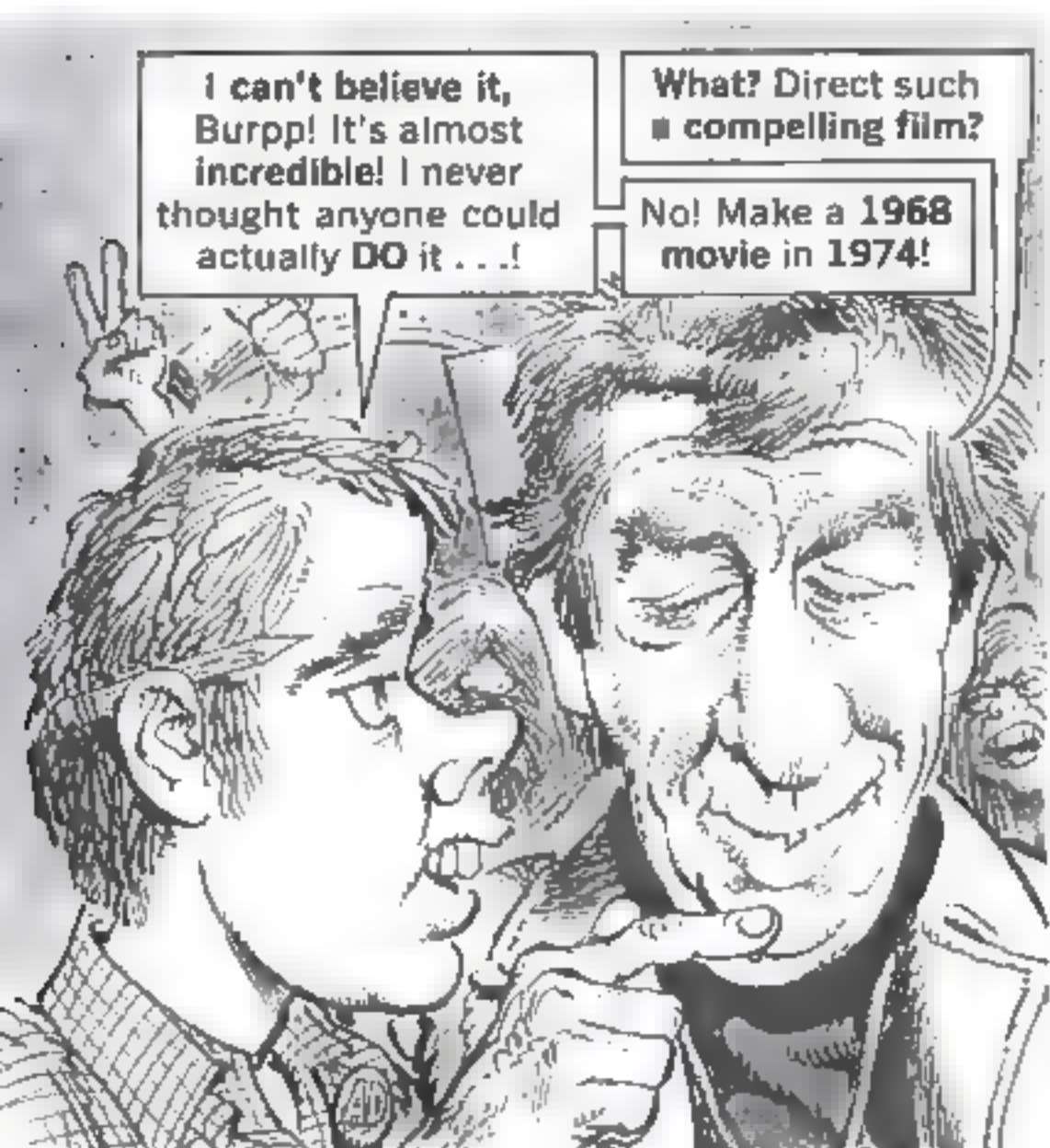
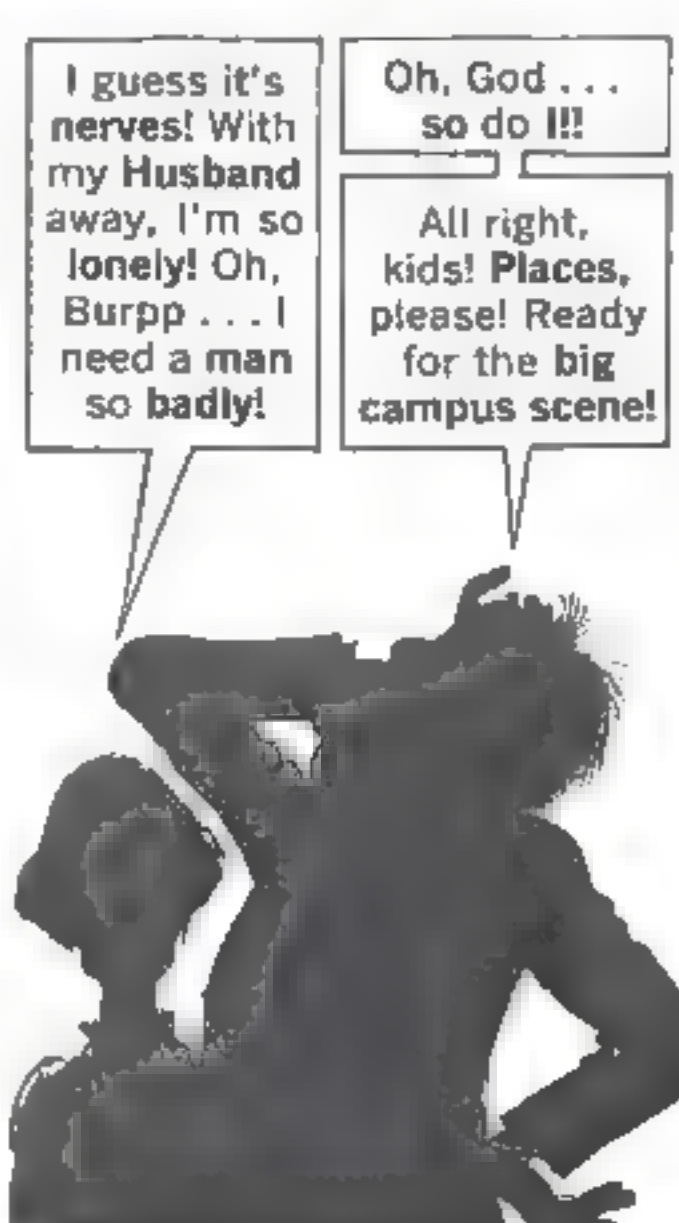
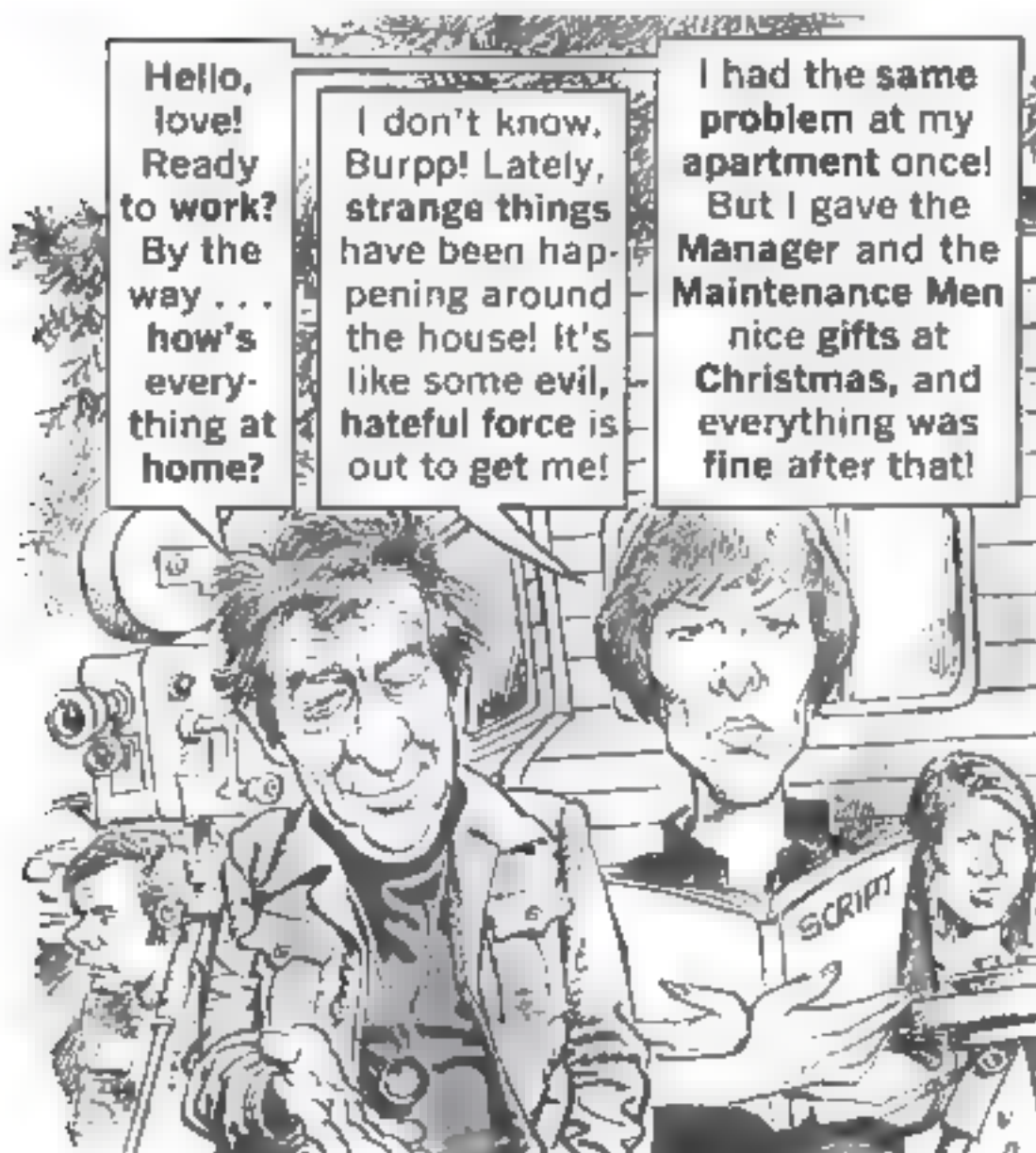
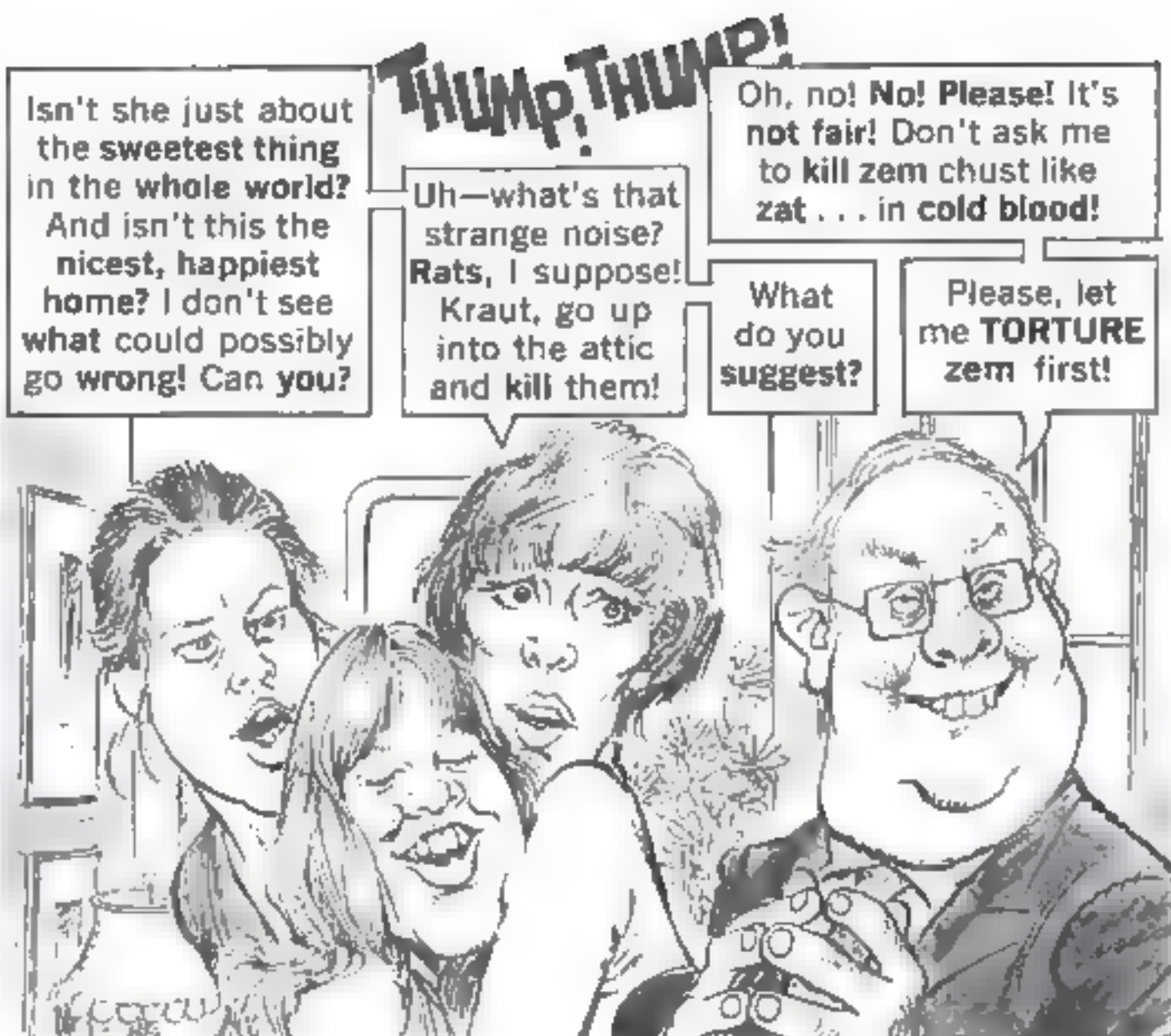
Remember the good old days when Hollywood used to make horror movies about vampires, werewolves, zombies, seventy foot apes and other assorted monsters? Let's face it, they were all disgusting creatures, but there was still something kinda harmless and loveable about them. Well, those days are gone forever. Today's film makers have come up with something *really* disgusting. Yessiree, you screamed at "Frankenstein," you shrieked at "Dracula" and you shuddered at "King Kong," but take it from us . . . those guys were all a bunch of pussycats when compared to . . .

THE CCHORCIST

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL







Hello, Ravin, darling! What did Mommy's sweet little girl do today?

Well, I sewed a dress for my dolly, I gave my puppy a bath, and now I'm communicating with a dead spirit...

Silly ninny, playing with a Ouija Board! Don't you know those things don't work! It is impossible for a living being to communicate with the dead! It just can't be done! Do you understand that, dear?

Yes, Mommy!

Good! Now were there any messages for me today?

Grandma called, your Agent called, your Insurance Man said to phone him, and Benedict Arnold sends his regards!

Now, cut that out!!

Will Burpp be at the party that you're giving tomorrow night? I love him so much!

He's like a second Daddy to you, huh?

Well, let's say a second MOMMY!

What a great party, Crass! Look at all the celebrities! Actors, Congressmen... why, I even recognize the guy in the glen plaid suit! That's Kip Klipp, the Astronaut!

Hey! Who is that guy... playing the piano?

Father Dooley! He's new around here! He just got the call!

From the Archdiocese in Washington?

No... from Caesars Palace in Las Vegas!

I used to work in Chicago—

Ravin! Why do you look so EVIL? And what are you DOING?!

You're gonna DIE up there...

Who are you?

I'm a Priest who's booked to play Las Vegas!

You're gonna die up there, too!

My child! That's a terrible thing to say to an Astronaut!

What an awful thing she just did! I mean, I've seen people throw up when I'm playing, but...

Stick around! she does a lot of THAT later on, too!

I don't get it! Why did she commit such a disgusting act?!

Ooo-ee! If she says, "The DEVIL made me do it!"—I'll SUE!

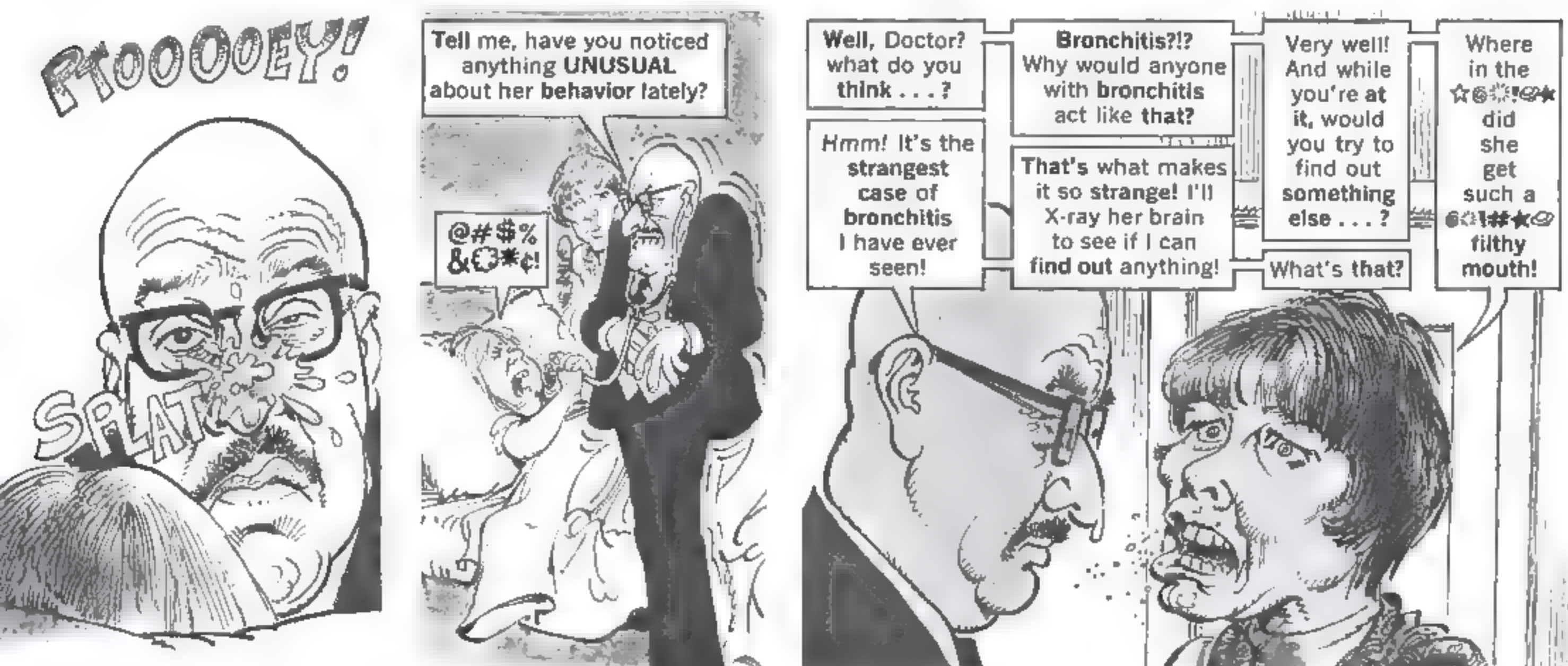
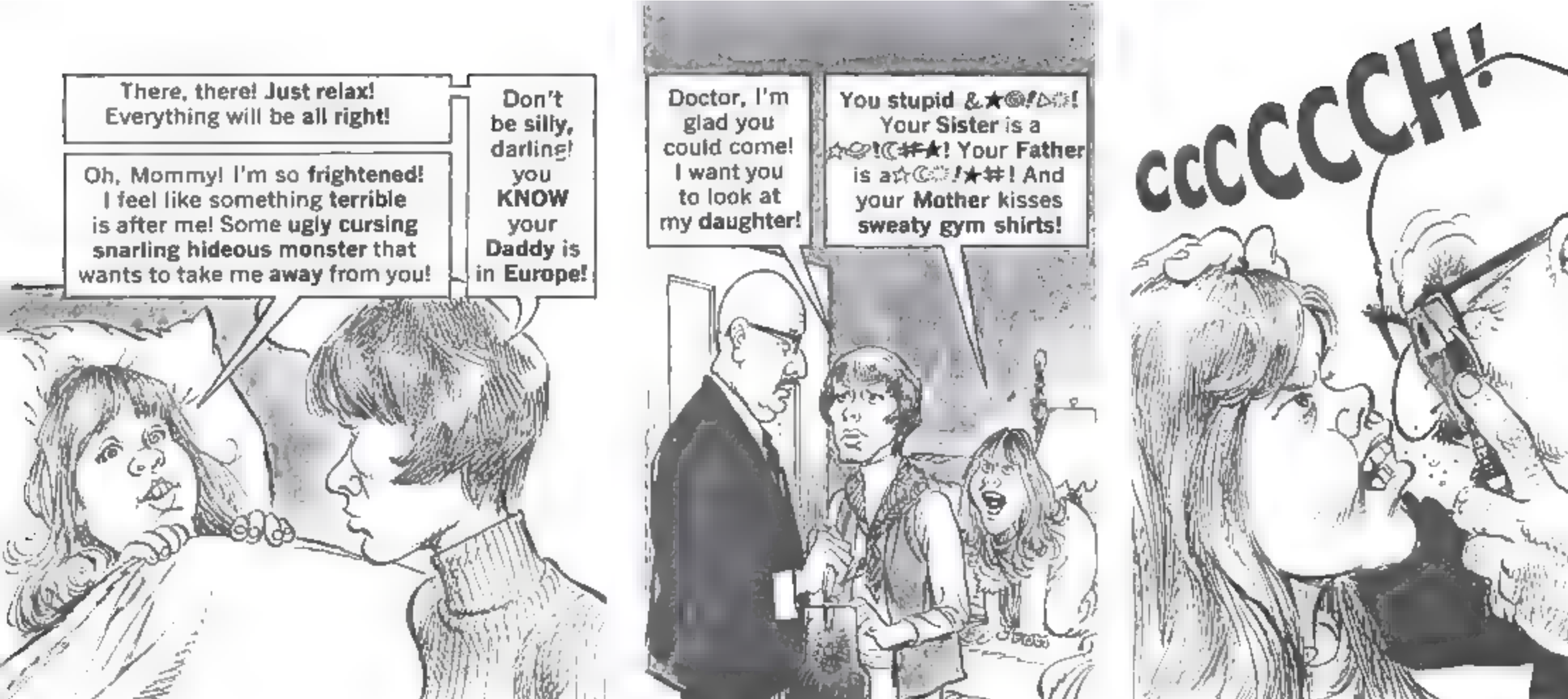
Mommy... Mommy...

Ravin! What is it?

There's something wrong with my BED!!

How weird! A bed that won't stop shaking and vibrating! Saran, get rid of it! Give it back to the man who sold it to us!

At this hour of the night, where am I going to find Hugh Hefner?!





Oh, Dr. Klown! Thank heavens you've come! I need a Psychiatrist so badly!

The way I see it, Mrs. McSqueal, your Oedipus Complex is the result of a Father fixation brought on by an early enema, and—

All right! How's this? You have a pathological fear of sex as a result of a deep-rooted psychosis arising from a traumatic pre-natal hernia!

My, my! Aren't we picky today! All right, you have dementia praecox, and THAT'S IT! I'm a very busy man!

Wait, Doctor! You don't understand!

No, Doctor! No!!

Doctor, it's not ME! It's my little girl!

Look at her, Doctor! Look at this room! The bed is shaking, and she's covered with blood, and she's violating a cross, and that weird evil voice is coming out of her mouth!

I assure you, Mrs. McSqueal, you have nothing to worry about!

Nope! But your little girl—now SHE's got a problem!

Yicccchhh! Le'me out of here!!

What am I going to do??

I don't?!?

What's going on, Saran? There's a big crowd outside!

Bad news, Mrs. McSqueal! Burpp was mincing around in Ravin's room, and now the window's smashed and he's lying dead in the alley outside the house!

Oh... no! Poor Burpp! If I told him once, I told him a million times: Don't try to fly home in a FOG!

Uh... I'm Lt. Kindergarten! Can you tell me where I can find a Priest named Father Tsouris?

Yes! I'm Father Tsouris!

YOU?!? Excuse me for being personal, Father, but what's a Priest doing running around a track on a Sunday morning?

Listen... the way Church attendance is nowadays, what ELSE is there to do! Did you ever try SURFING in this weather?

TRACK

Father, we just found a Director named Burpp Denims with his head turned completely around!

I met him once! It HAS to be an improvement!

No, you don't understand! He's dead... and we suspect an evil force is at work!

Oh, well, there's a LOT of that going around here in Washington!

Well, if you get any ideas about the murder, call me! Meanwhile—if you're not doing anything some evening, how would you like to go to a movie with me?

Love to! How about Christmas Eve?

You're not doing anything on Christmas Eve!?

Oh! How idiotic of me! Why, I forgot all about the Roller Derby! Let's make it Easter Sunday!

It's MY ☆☆☆ room, so get your ☆☆☆ out of it!

Listen to that language! And look what she's doing to her Mother!

Isn't zat cute? Our little girl iss growing up! She's getting more like a normal teenager every day!

Gentlemen, you are the finest medical minds in the world! Tell me... what's wrong with my daughter?

I think it's either a deep carnivorous calcification of the small temporal lobe... or a very tricky case of poison ivy!

It sounds more like Kopplemeyer's Disease to ME!

What's that?

How should I know?! Ask Kopplemeyer!

Go ahead... ask me! I'm Kopplemeyer!

Okay! Tell me! What's Kopplemeyer's Disease?

Don't ask!!

Please! We've wasted too much time already! Let's CUT!

But we don't know WHERE to cut... or WHAT to cut!

So what! That never stopped us BEFORE!

I say we perform Open Brain Surgery!

How about doing a Skull Transplant?

I've GOT it! I've got it! We'll do a Nose Job!

A Nose Job?!? How can THAT help?

It can't HURT!

Mrs. McSqueal, your daughter has obviously been possessed by the Devil! I suggest you get a Priest... and have the Devil exorcised!

My child possessed by the DEVIL?!? You're crazy! Who could ever dream up anything more ridiculous than that?

Stick around! Now, we discuss your bill!

... and that's my story, Father! Do you think you can help me?

Of course! Now, here's what you do: Run the Devil 10 laps around a track, then have him do 50 push-ups, then...

That's how you exorcise the Devil?

EXORCISE? I thought you said—

Father! The one thing I DON'T need now is rotten jokes!

Father, this is my little girl! I tell you the Devil is inside of her!

Nonsense! She looks fine to me! Hi, little girl! How would you like a Baby Ruth?

How would you like a swift kick in the **★☆☆**?

Hear that vicious, foul language? See the smoke pouring out of her mouth? Have you ever seen anything like that before, Father?

You've met ANOTHER child possessed by the Devil...?!?

No, I was visiting a Public School, and I accidentally walked into the Girls' Bathroom!

Only ONCE!

Look, Ravin! I'm only here as a favor to your Mother! I happen to know there's nothing wrong with you, so...

C'MERE, FATHER! I WANNA TELL YOU SOMETHING!

You want to tell me something?

YEAH, YOU **★☆☆**!

I know you're not possessed by the Devil! So don't try your phony profanity! I've heard every foul word ever uttered! There's nothing horrible or nauseating you can say that will upset me!

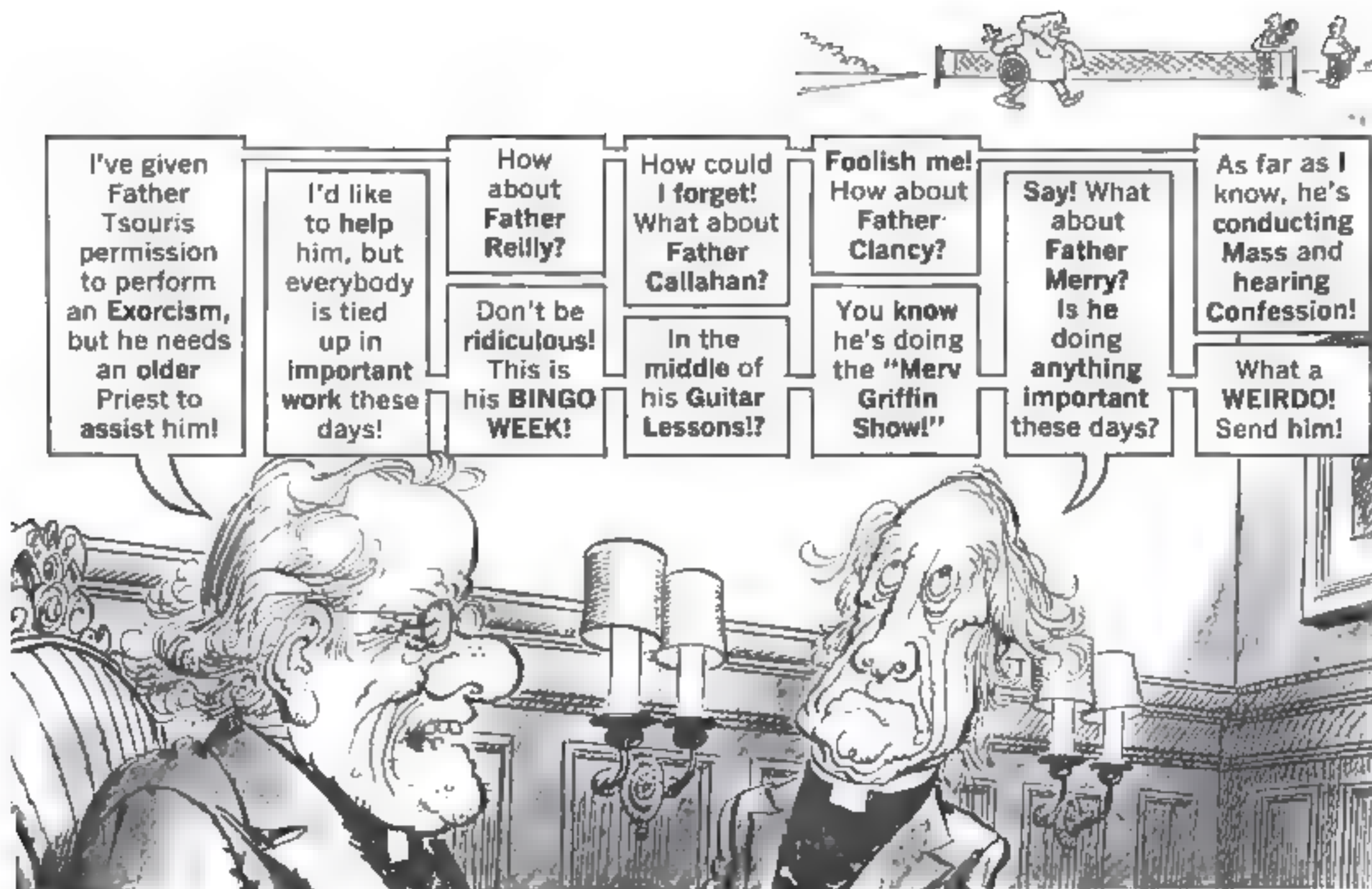
Except that!!

Yahhh!

The Devil!

The Devil!

RING AROUND THE COLLAR! RING AROUND THE COLLAR!



I've given Father Tsouris permission to perform an Exorcism, but he needs an older Priest to assist him!

I'd like to help him, but everybody is tied up in important work these days!

How about Father Reilly?

Don't be ridiculous! This is his **BINGO WEEK!**

How could I forget! What about Father Callahan?

In the middle of his Guitar Lessons!?

Foolish me! How about Father Clancy?

You know he's doing the "Merv Griffin Show!"

Say! What about Father Merry? Is he doing anything important these days?

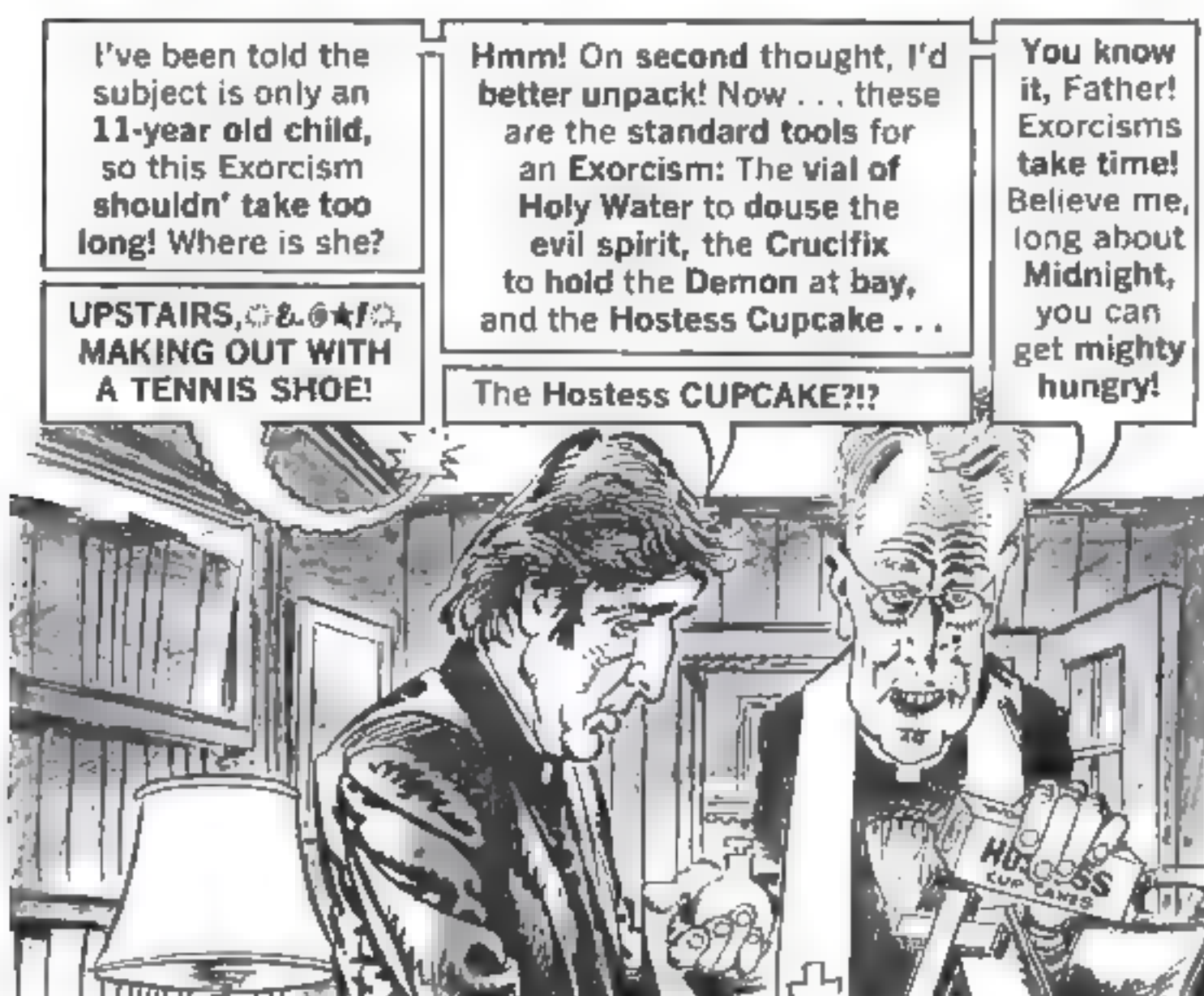
As far as I know, he's conducting Mass and hearing Confession!

What a **WEIRDO!** Send him!



Who's out there? Are you the Exorcist?

No, I'm the Avon Lady—**POSING** as a Priest! Who do you think I am?



I've been told the subject is only an **11-year old child**, so this Exorcism shouldn't take too long! Where is she?

UPSTAIRS, ♀ & ♂, MAKING OUT WITH A TENNIS SHOE!

Hmm! On second thought, I'd better unpack! Now... these are the standard tools for an Exorcism: The vial of Holy Water to douse the evil spirit, the Crucifix to hold the Demon at bay, and the Hostess Cupcake...

The Hostess **CUPCAKE?!?**

You know it, Father! Exorcisms take time! Believe me, long about Midnight, you can get mighty hungry!



Well, Satan! Are you prepared to feel the Wrath of God?

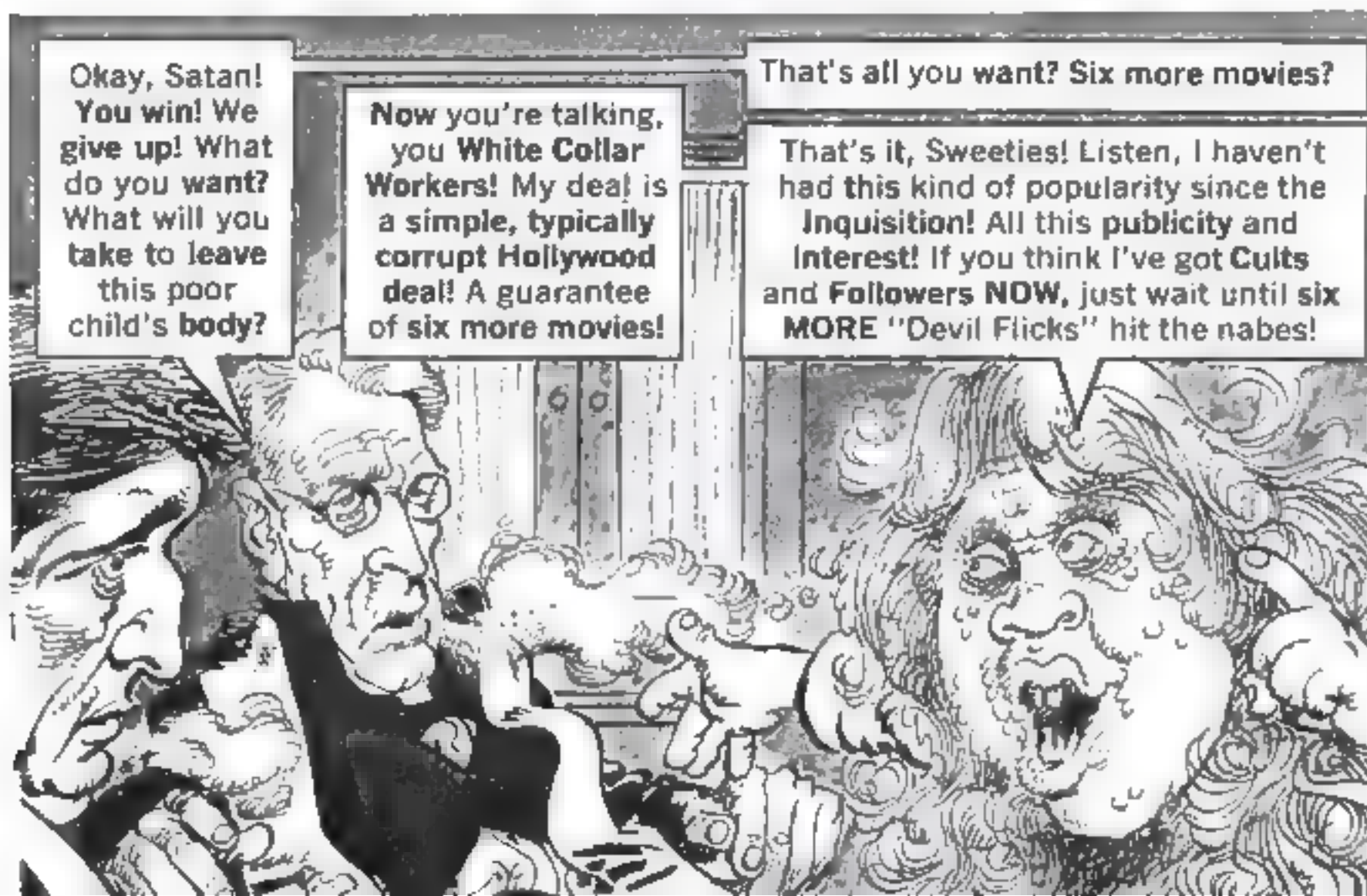
GET LOST, CRUD! YOUR CHURCH STINKS! YOUR BISHOPS TAKE PAYOLA! AND THE POPE READS PLAYBOY!

Hmmmm! We always uncover something new about the enemy at these rituals!

You just learned something new about the Devil, Father Merry? What is it?

Well, for one thing, I think he's Protestant!

TWENTY-SEVEN HORRIBLE, DISGUSTING, NAUSEATING MINUTES LATER...



Okay, Satan! You win! We give up! What do you want? What will you take to leave this poor child's body?

Now you're talking, you **White Collar Workers!** My deal is a simple, typically corrupt Hollywood deal! A guarantee of six more movies!

That's all you want? Six more movies?

That's it, Sweeties! Listen, I haven't had this kind of popularity since the Inquisition! All this publicity and interest! If you think I've got **Cults and Followers NOW**, just wait until six **MORE "Devil Flicks"** hit the nabs!



Well, he's gone! And **Ravin** is **FREE!** But, how could you make that deal? How could you promise him six more movies?

That was easy! Have you seen the lines of people, waiting to see this movie? Have you seen the grosses it's piling up? What **ELSE** does Hollywood need to start a trend! **SIX** more "Devil Flicks"? Why, I'd guarantee **SIXTY... SEVENTY!**

Oh, well... that's **"SHOW BIZ"!!**

THE OILY FIFTIES DEPT.

BOY ARE WE SICK AND TIRED OF MOVIES THAT TRY AND TELL US HOW MARVELOUS THINGS WERE BACK IN THE FIFTIES! ONCE AND FOR ALL, WE'D LIKE THEM TO....



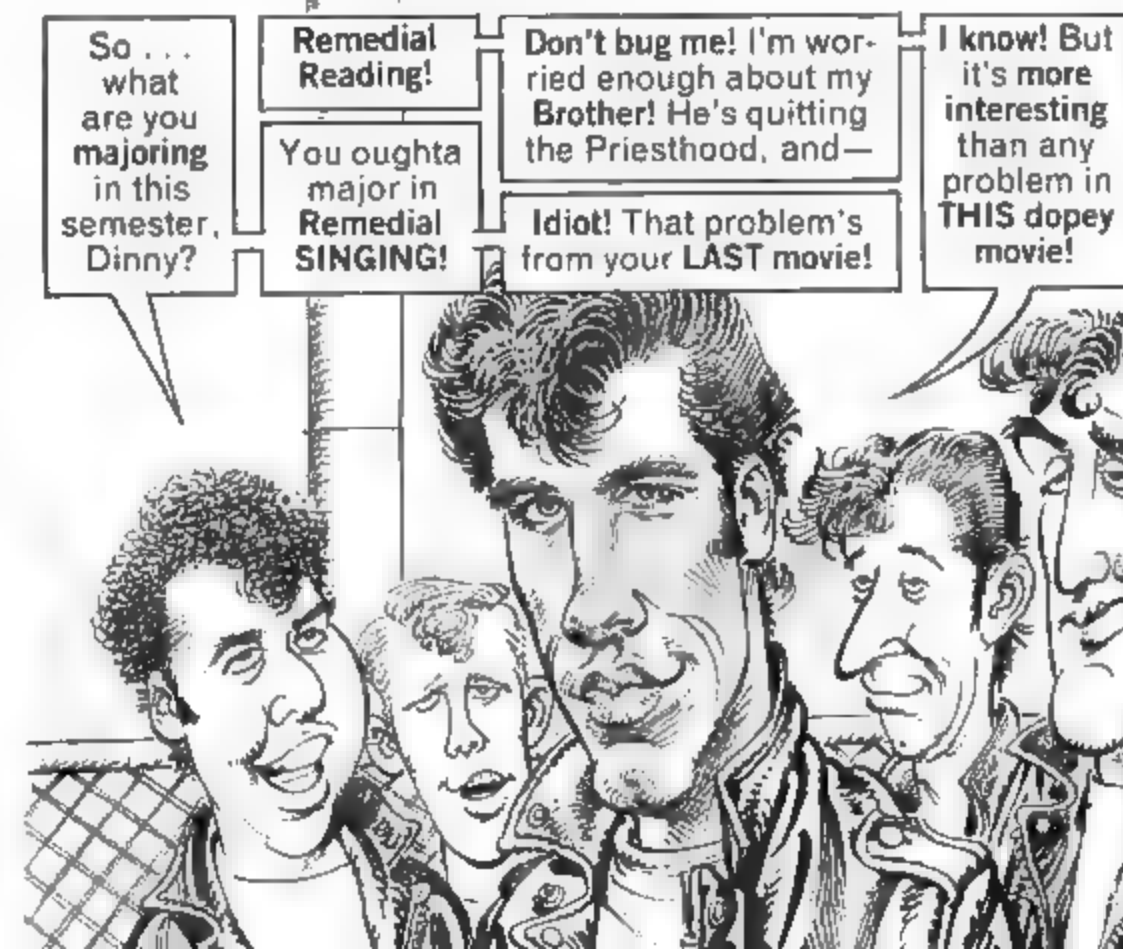
CEASE



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER



WRITER: STAN HART





Let me tell you about Summer love . . .

Started feelin' I was deep fried!

Started peelin'—lost half my hide!



Blisters, sun rash! I never tanned!



Lost all my cash in the damn sand!

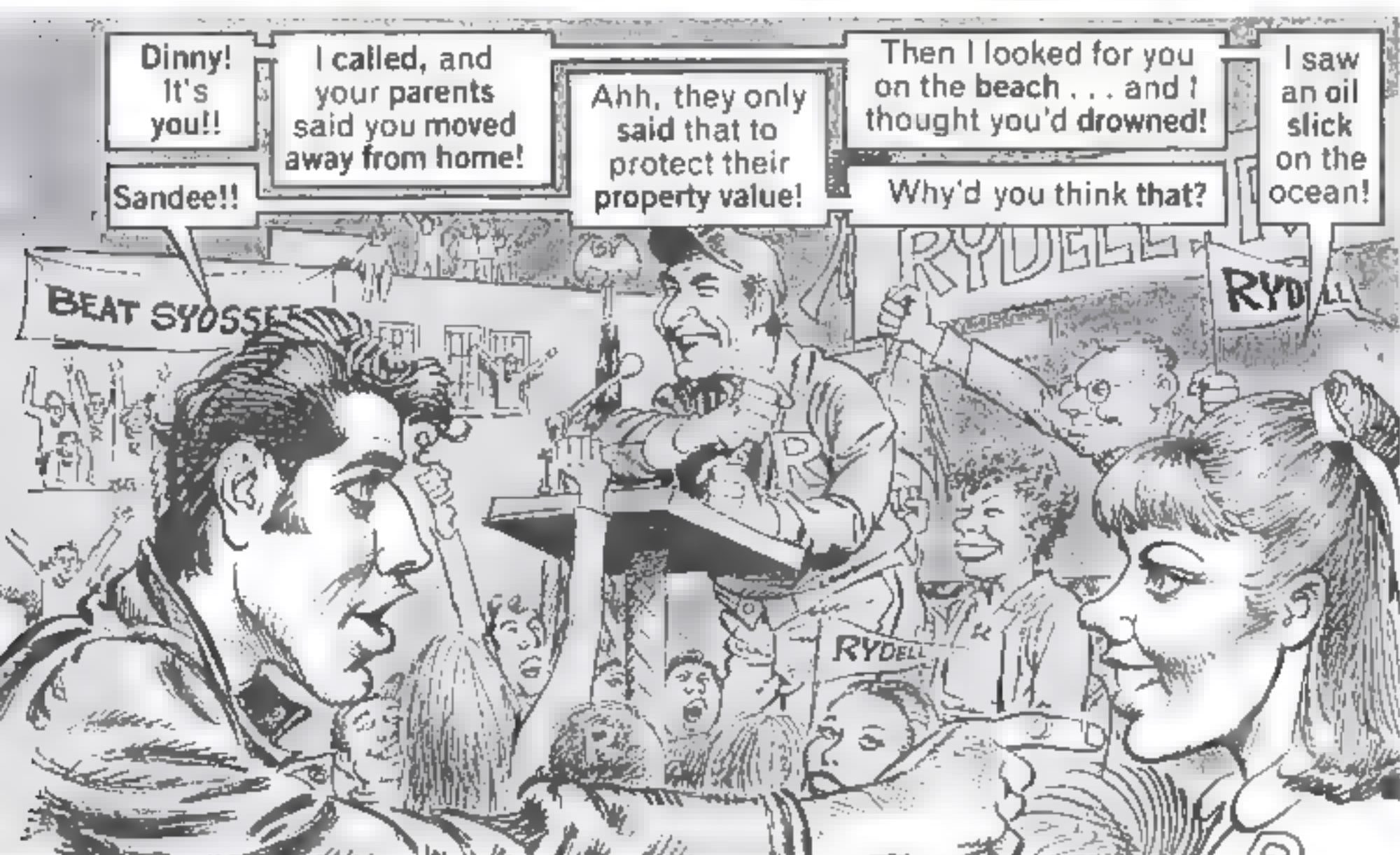


Sun burn blotch!



Sand up your crotch!

Ain't no fun in Summer love!!



Dinny! It's you!!

I called, and your parents said you moved away from home!

Ahh, they only said that to protect their property value!

Then I looked for you on the beach . . . and I thought you'd drowned!

Why'd you think that?

I saw an oil slick on the ocean!

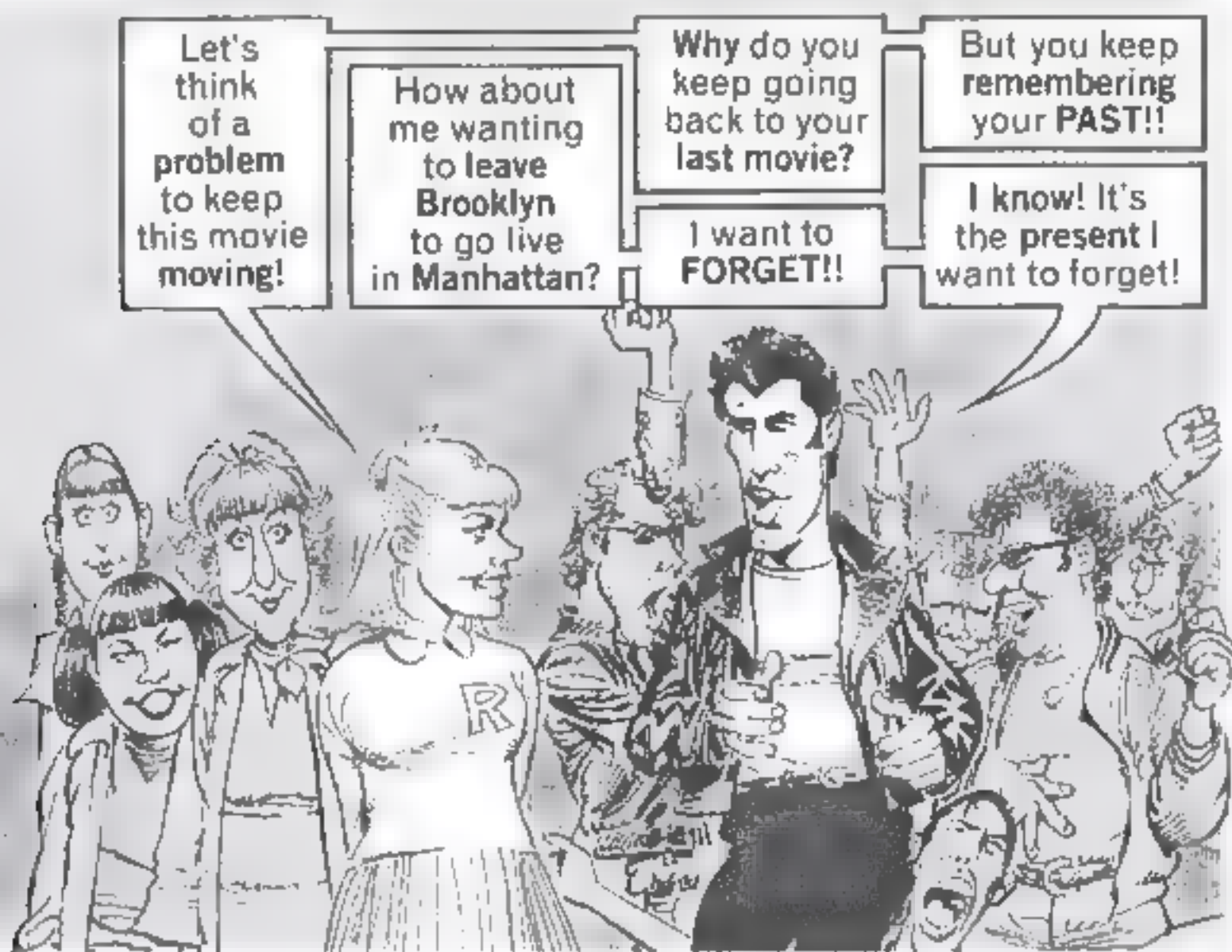


Isn't it lucky we met again?!

Lucky for us, but not for this picture!

How come?

Because we had our big emotional scenes in the first two minutes! What's left?!



Let's think of a problem to keep this movie moving!

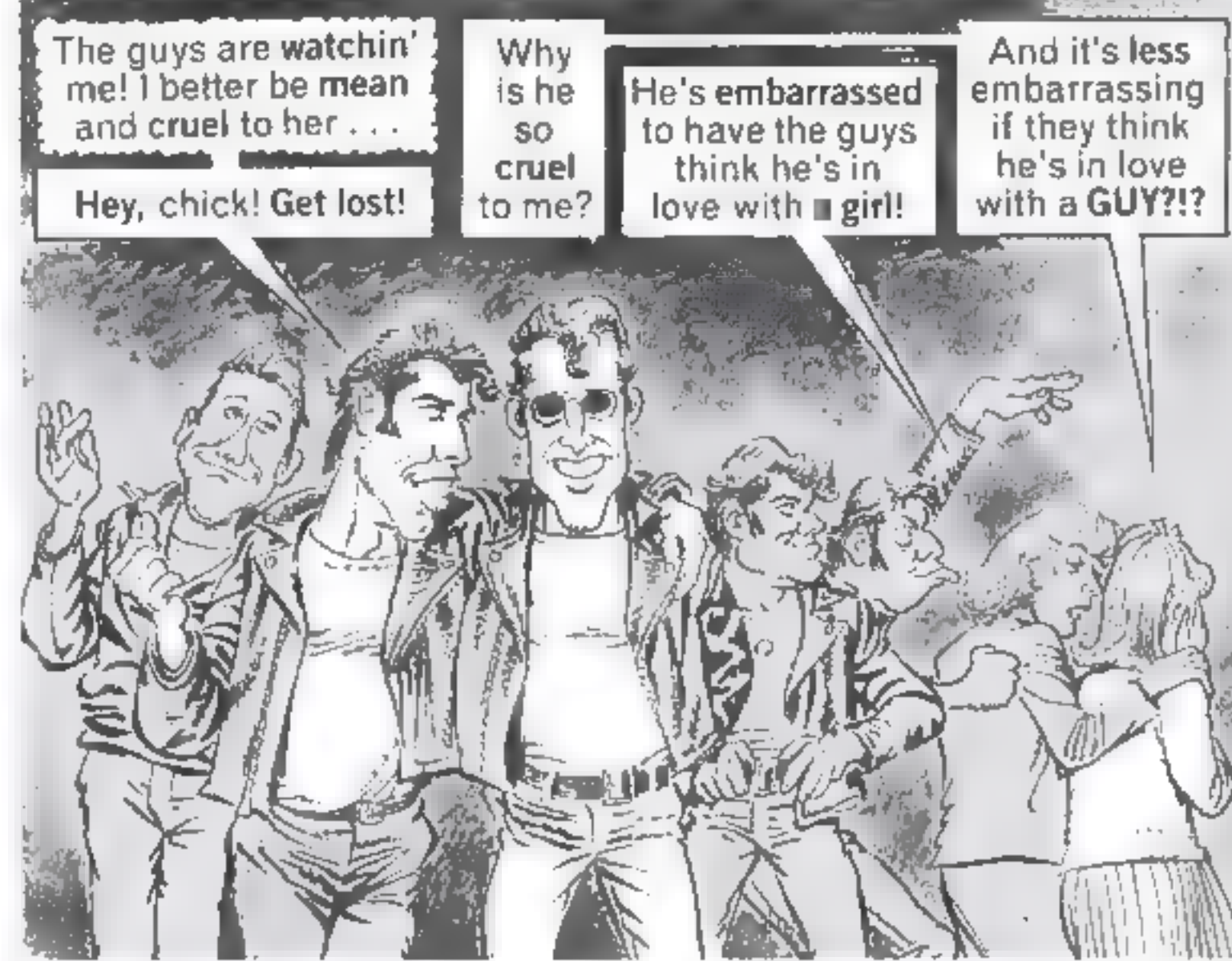
How about me wanting to leave Brooklyn to go live in Manhattan?

Why do you keep going back to your last movie?

I want to FORGET!!

But you keep remembering your PAST!!

I know! It's the present I want to forget!



The guys are watchin' me! I better be mean and cruel to her . . .

Hey, chick! Get lost!

Why is he so cruel to me?

He's embarrassed to have the guys think he's in love with a girl!

And it's less embarrassing if they think he's in love with a GUY?!



I got an offer to go into films!

Yeah!! VD films! for the Army!

I admire Wizzo for staying in school!

Yeah! She's staying until graduation or menopause, whichever comes first!!

Here am I, I'm apple pie;
Wholesome 'til the day I die;
There is no doubt;
This dish just won't make out;
This dish is apple pie!

It's for sure I'm virgin pure;
And I'll never take the cure;
I'll just say "Nope!" -
And be like Ivory Soap;
Forever virgin pure!



Are you making fun of me?

I didn't know you were there!

Will you please stop standing in front of white walls!



Kenocker, I'll give you everything, but . . . !

Everything, but what??

Everything, but resistance!



Oh, Kenocker, you sure are terrific at making love!!

Don't thank him . . . !



. . . Thank me!!
Get outta here, Cragface, and leave us alone!

I just wanted to see how that sloppy beat-up old heap could take it!

Hey, nobody talks about my car that way!!

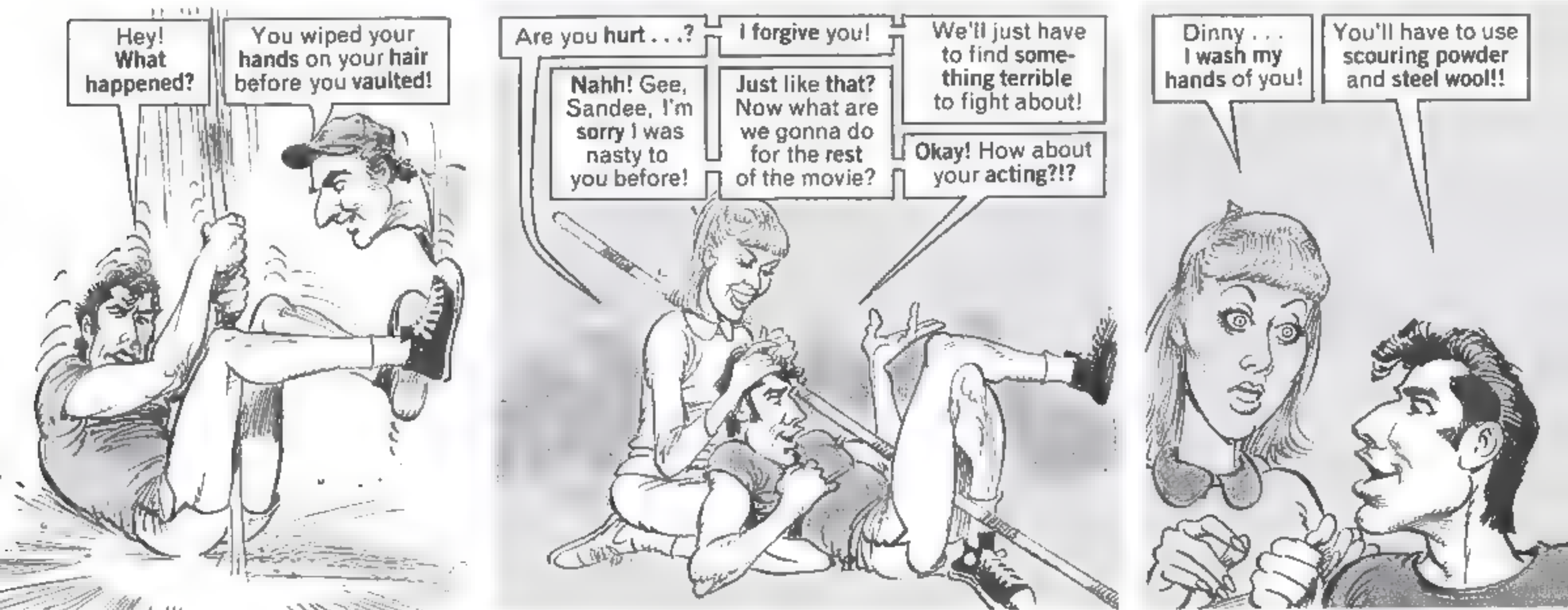
I was talking about your date!!
Oh, that's different!

Whatchya doin' with him?!?
He's an athlete!
Or, as you say in America . . . a "Yock"!

That's "JOCK"!
He's wonderful!
He can do anything you can do, and more!!
Much more!

Yeah? Can he give a car a complete lube job, just by rubbing his head on the engine block?!







Dog-gie School drop out! All the dogs were smarter than you! Dog-gie School drop out! You couldn't do what doggies do!

You failed "fetch" and "sit" and even "heel"! And now, they're all complaining! You left school in such and awful mess, When you flunked "paper training"!

That does it! I'm gonna go where no one will NOTICE how stupid I am! I'm going back to Riddle High!

Gee, her problem gets solved almost as fast as Dinny and Sandee's!

I've been thinking, Dinny! There are two things I can't do! One is to keep running after you! The other is hang around with those dumb girls!

Hey, there's another thing you can't do!

What? DANCE!!



Hello, Dinny! I've missed you! Remember when we used to bounce on my bed?!

When you were kids together??

I'm talking about when we made out together!!

Well, it's time to get angry at you again, Dinny! Good-bye!!

WANNA DANCE?



... and the winners are Dinny and Cha Cha!

They get a trophy for being the best dancers, and fifty dollars for oiling the gym floor!

I think the Puerto Rican couple shoulda won!

I think you better forget your last movie and try to salvage THIS one!!



It's about time I got a problem of my own in this flick!

Hey, Kenocker, I think I'm pregnant! But don't breathe a word of this to anybody!

YOU'RE PREGNANT



Hey! Wizzo's knocked up!

Oh-oh! I'm leavin' town!

The whole town is leavin' town!!

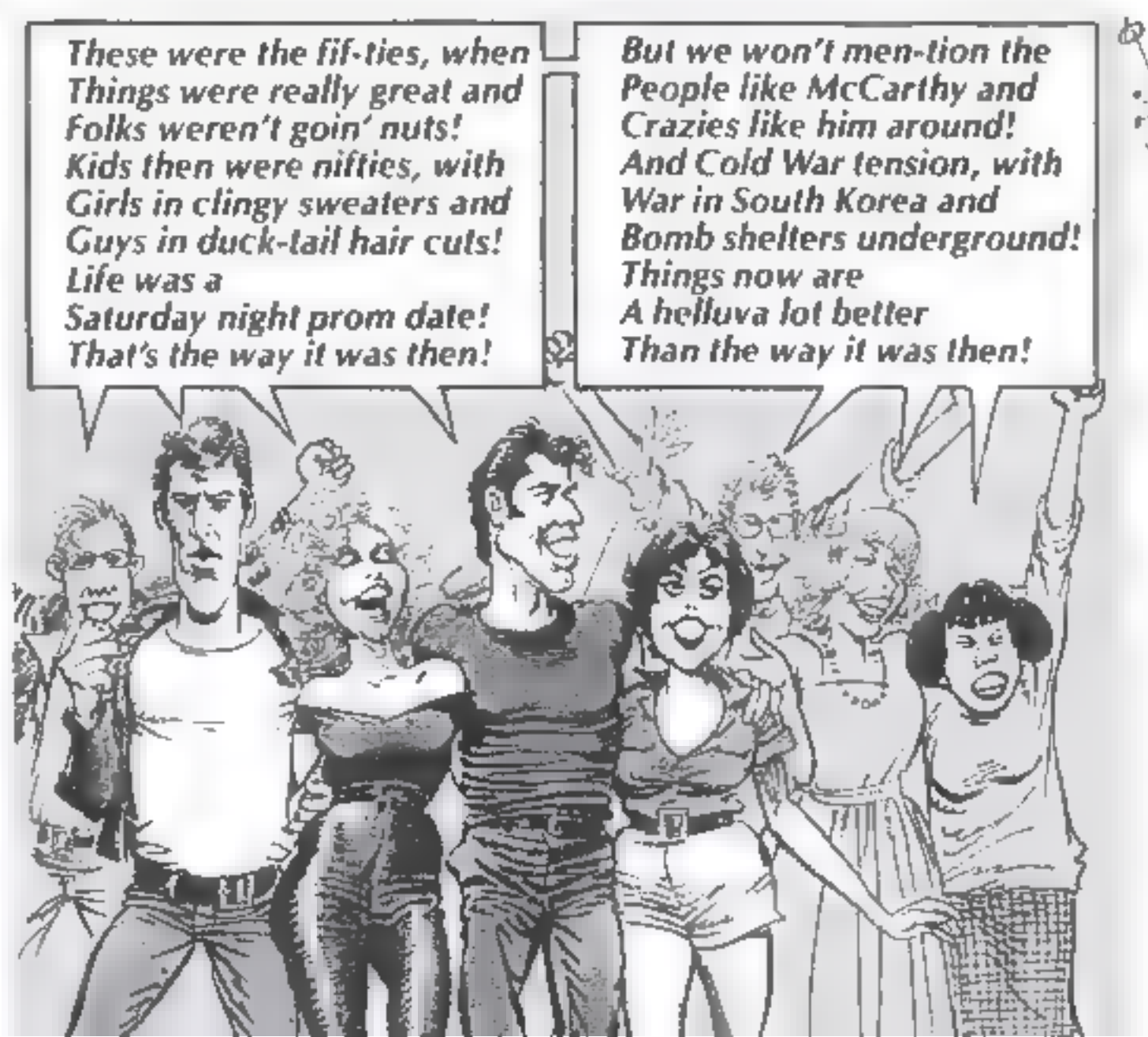
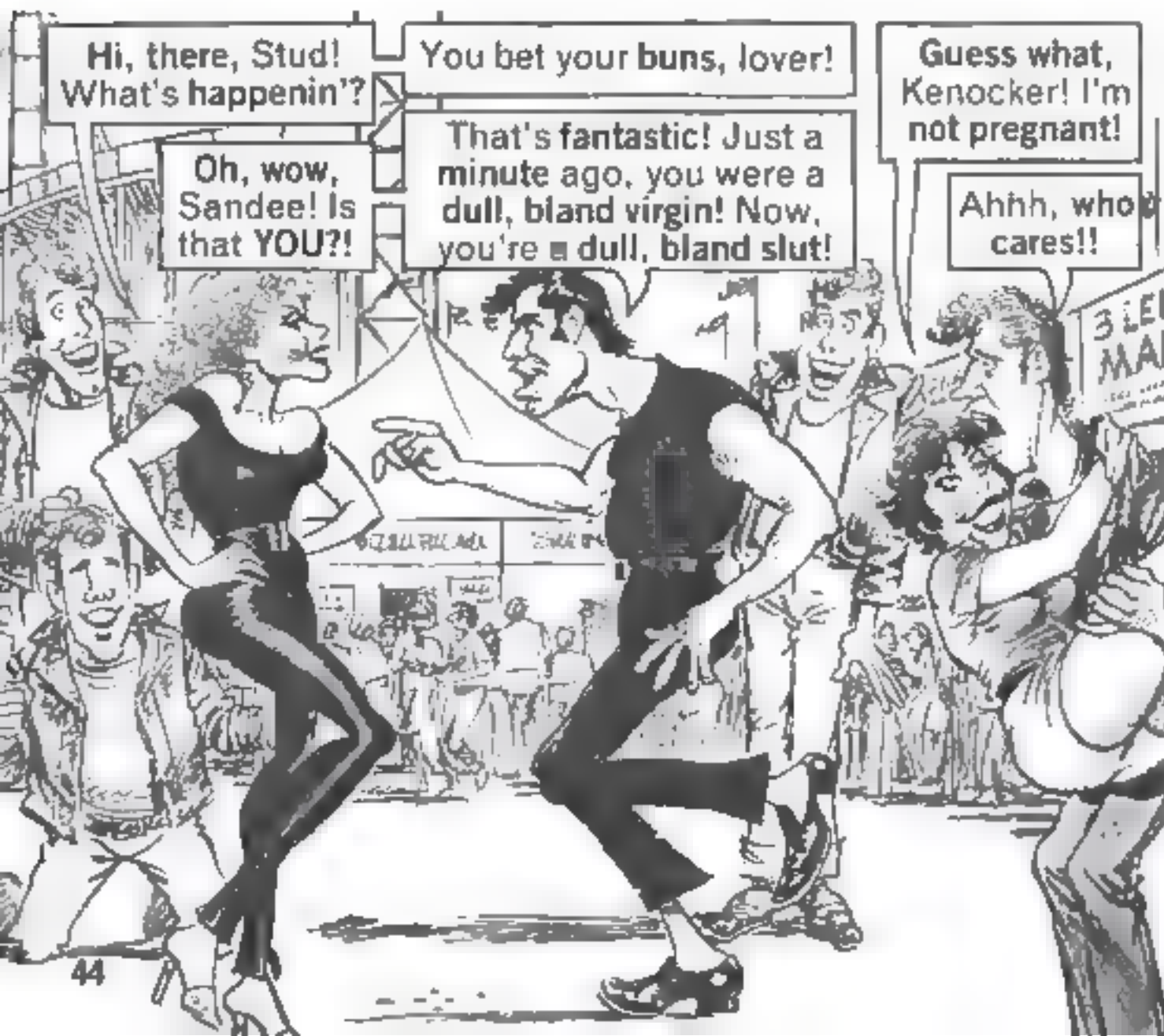
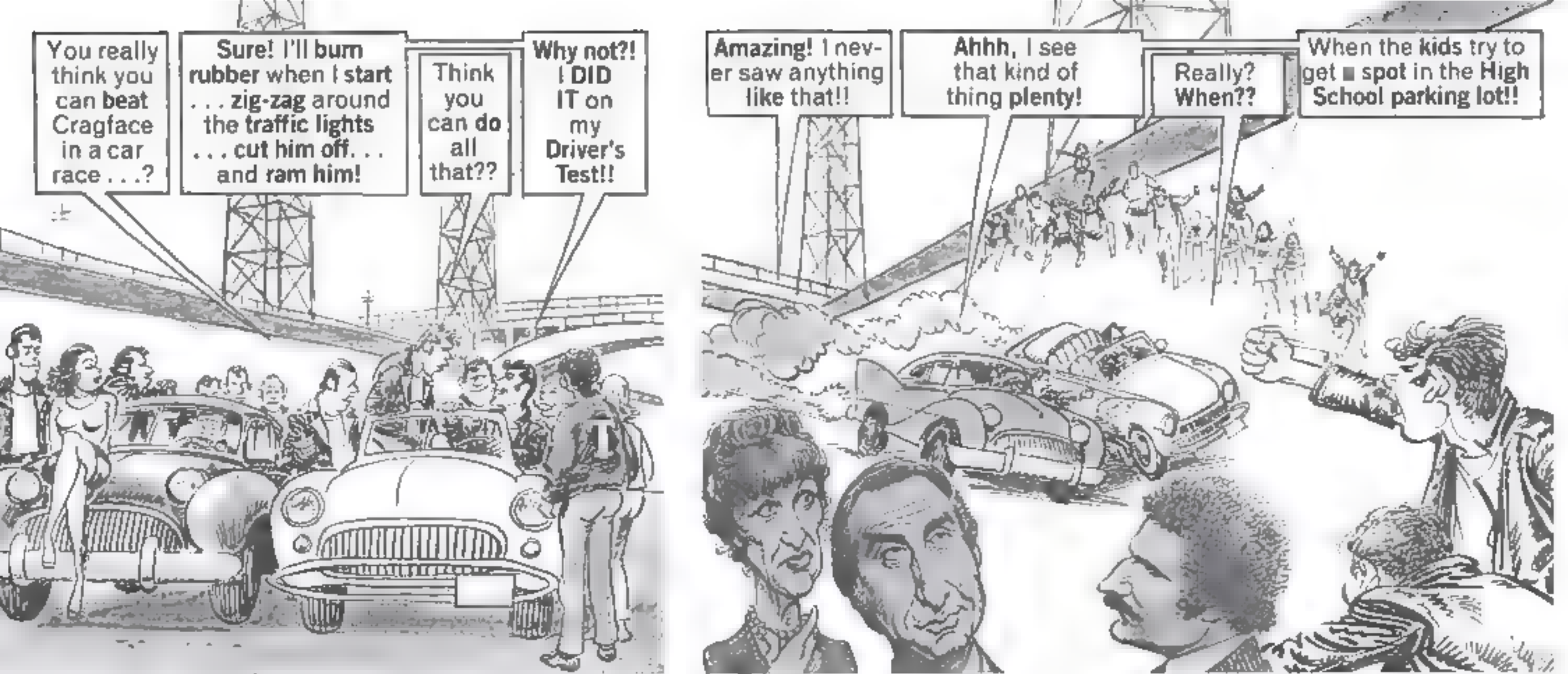
Why'd you have to do THAT for?

I never saw a stampede before!

What'll this do to my reputation?!

Confirm it!!





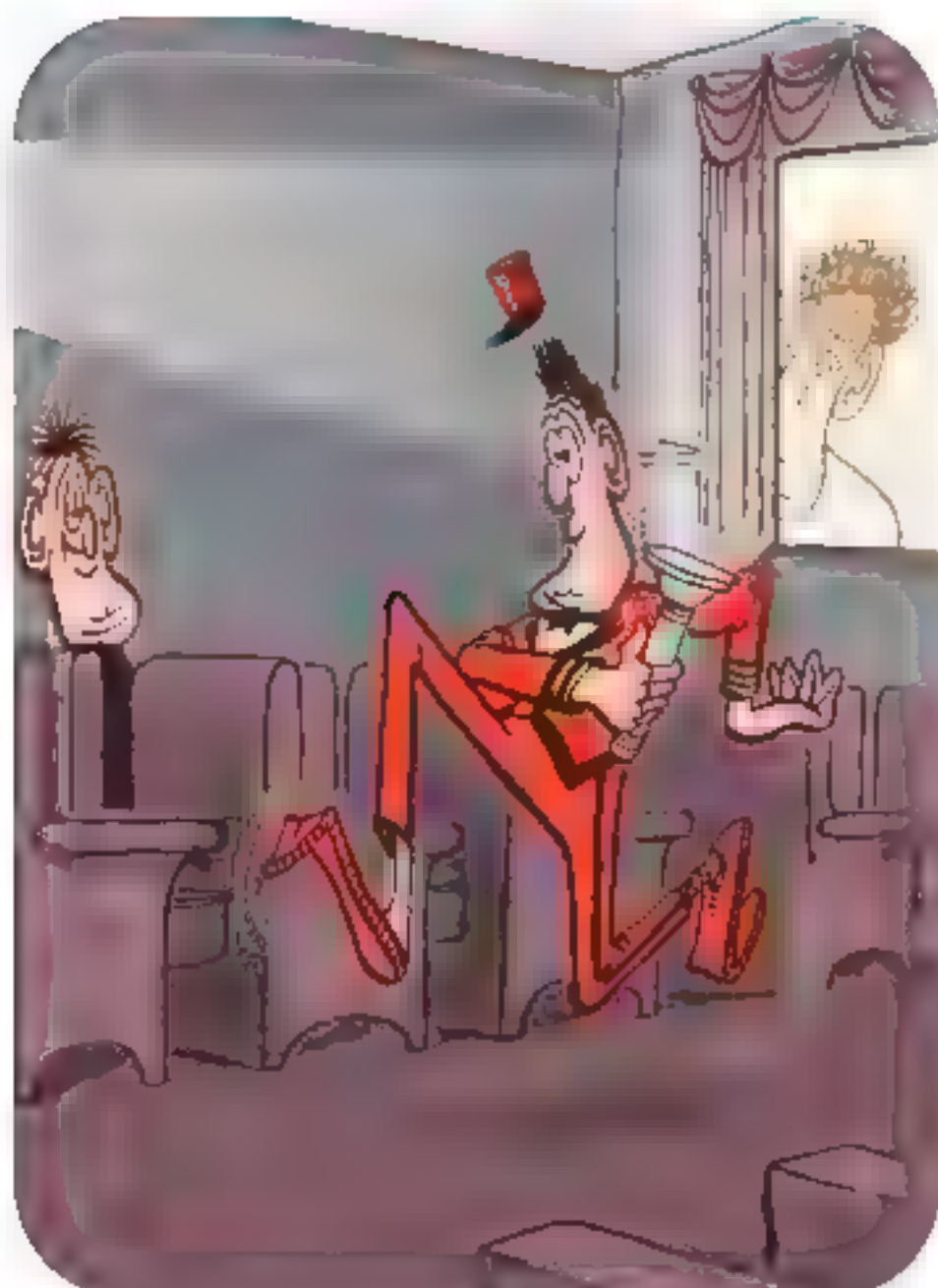


DON MARTIN DEPT.

AT THE MOVIES

WRITER AND ARTIST: DON MARTIN

COLORIST: CARL PETERSON



THE EMPIRE STRIKES IT RICH AGAIN DEPT.

Back in the 1930's, kids loved those Saturday matinee "Movie Serials" in which the hero battled against incredible odds and miraculously survived one threat to his life after another—and always just in the nick of time. There was an art to making those marvelous old "Chapters" . . . and it was only a matter of time before someone would revive the "cliff-hanger" gimmick in a modern full-length feature. That's why we call the Producers of this recent box-office-smash-hit thriller . . .

Hil I'm Inbanana Jones!
Half the time, I'm a mild-mannered Professor, teaching Archeology in a small college! The other half of the time, I wear a leather jacket, pack a revolver and a bull whip, and KILL people! I'm very respected . . . and I'm also very confused!

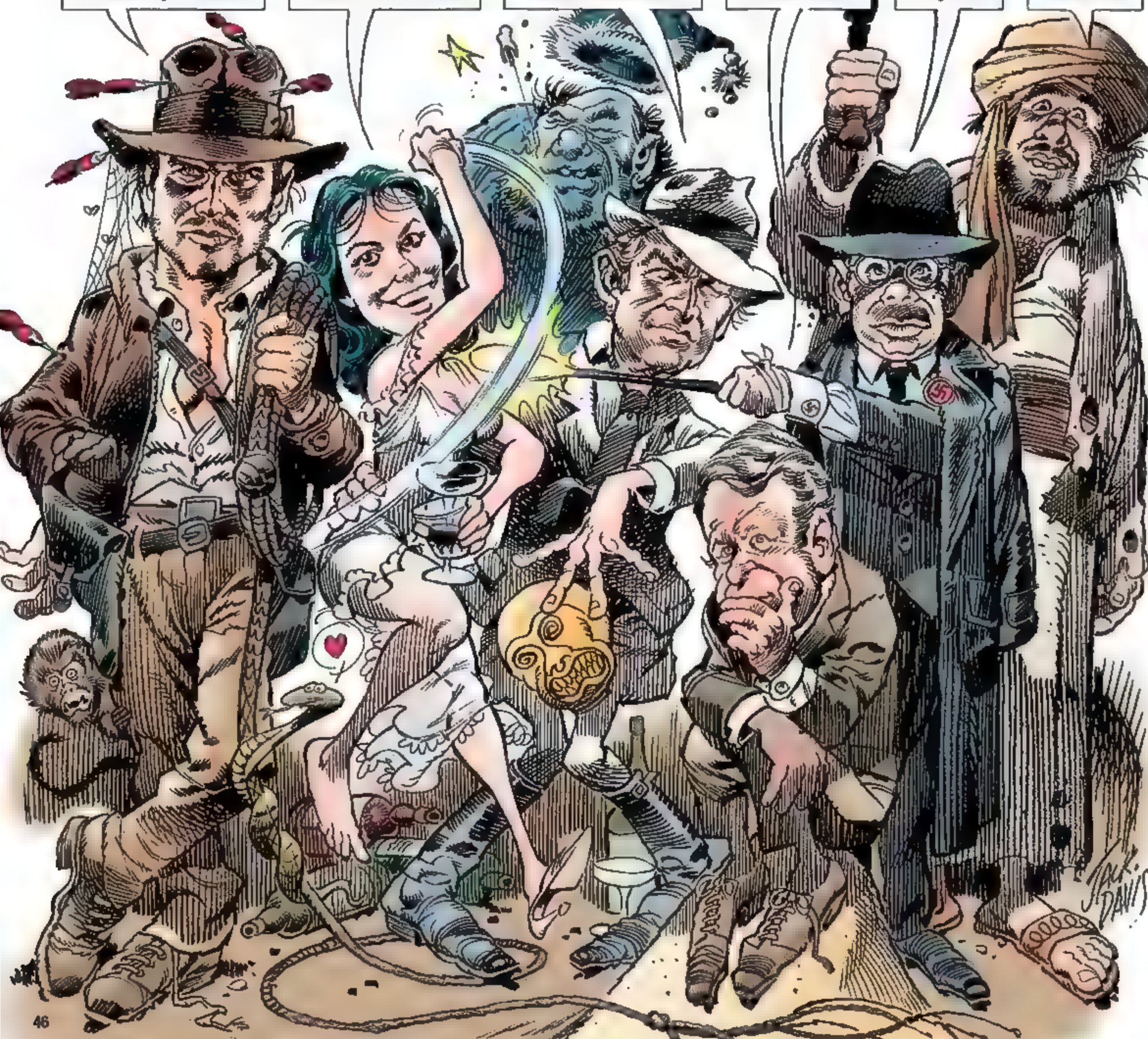
I'm Inbanana's girl-friend, Marryn! I run a sleazy Bar in Nepal, and I can drink any yak-herder under the table! I've got an awful temper, and I can punch out a drunk with a right that's a beaut! Inbanana likes me because I'm so feminine!

I am Bollix . . . a dirty, devious French Archeologist! I plot against Inbanana and try to woo away his girl friend with deception and champagne! In the U.S.A., this makes me a VILLAIN! In France, this is NORMAL BEHAVIOR!

I am Professor Mucus Crony . . . Jones's colleague at the college! I am so incredibly dull that I don't appear in any outdoor scenes for fear I might be mistaken for a sand dune!

I am Toad, your normal everyday sadistic Gestapo agent! My cruelty is unspeakable! But then . . . so are most of my lines!

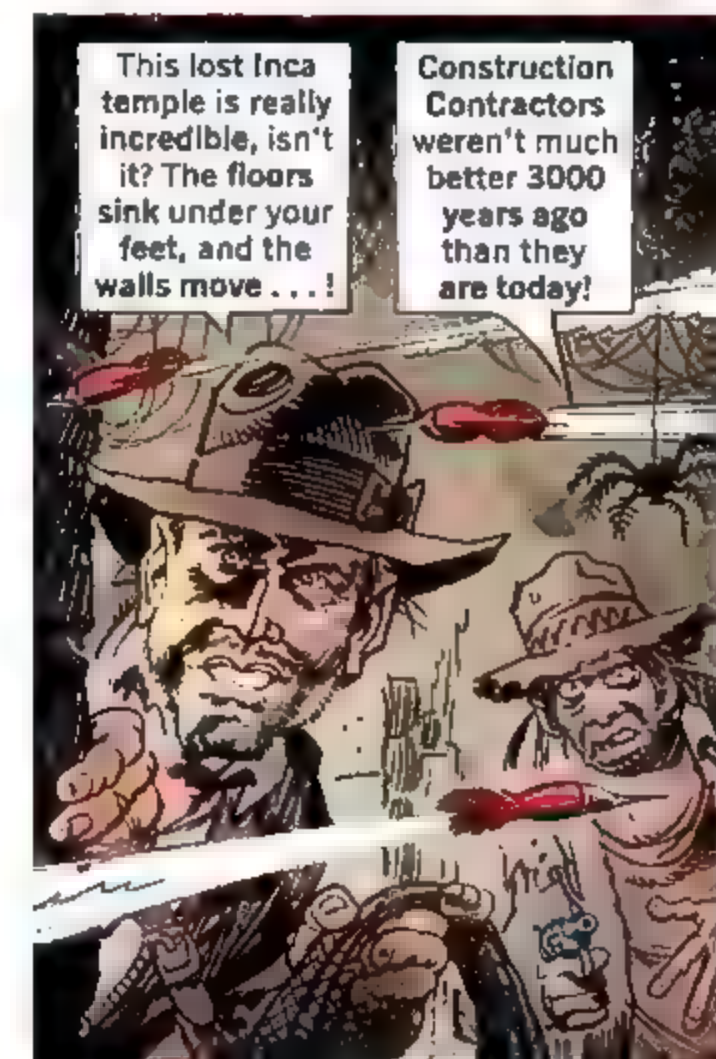
I am Salaam, an Arab who digs for ancient artifacts . . . not oil . . . which should tell you just how unbelievable this film is!



RAIDERS of a LOST ART

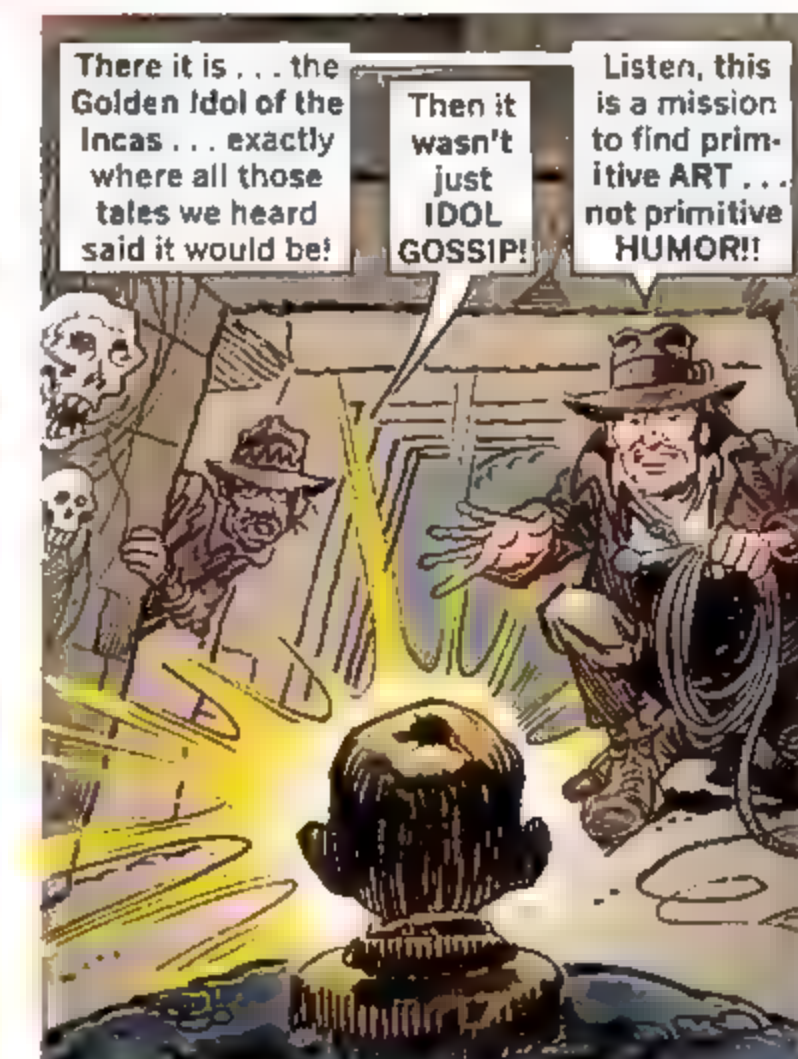
ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO & FRANK JACOBS

A South American Jungle—1936



This lost Inca temple is really incredible, isn't it? The floors sink under your feet, and the walls move . . . !

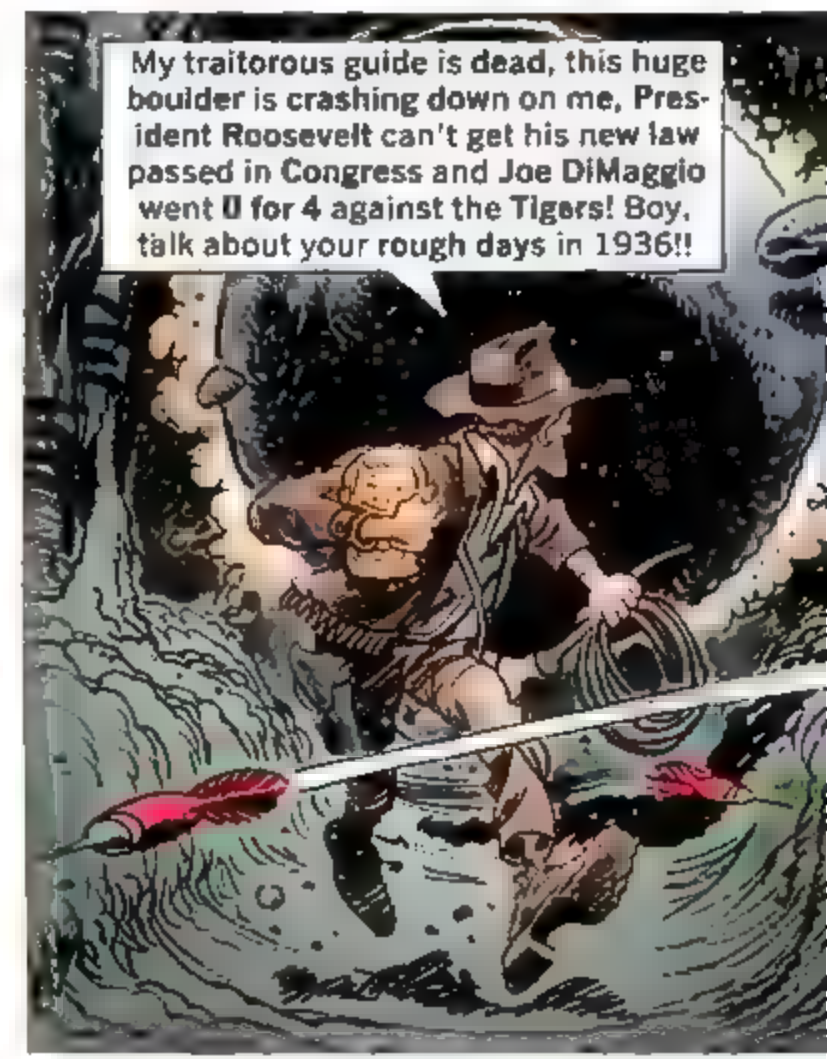
Construction Contractors weren't much better 3000 years ago than they are today!



There it is . . . the Golden Idol of the Incas . . . exactly where all those tales we heard said it would be!

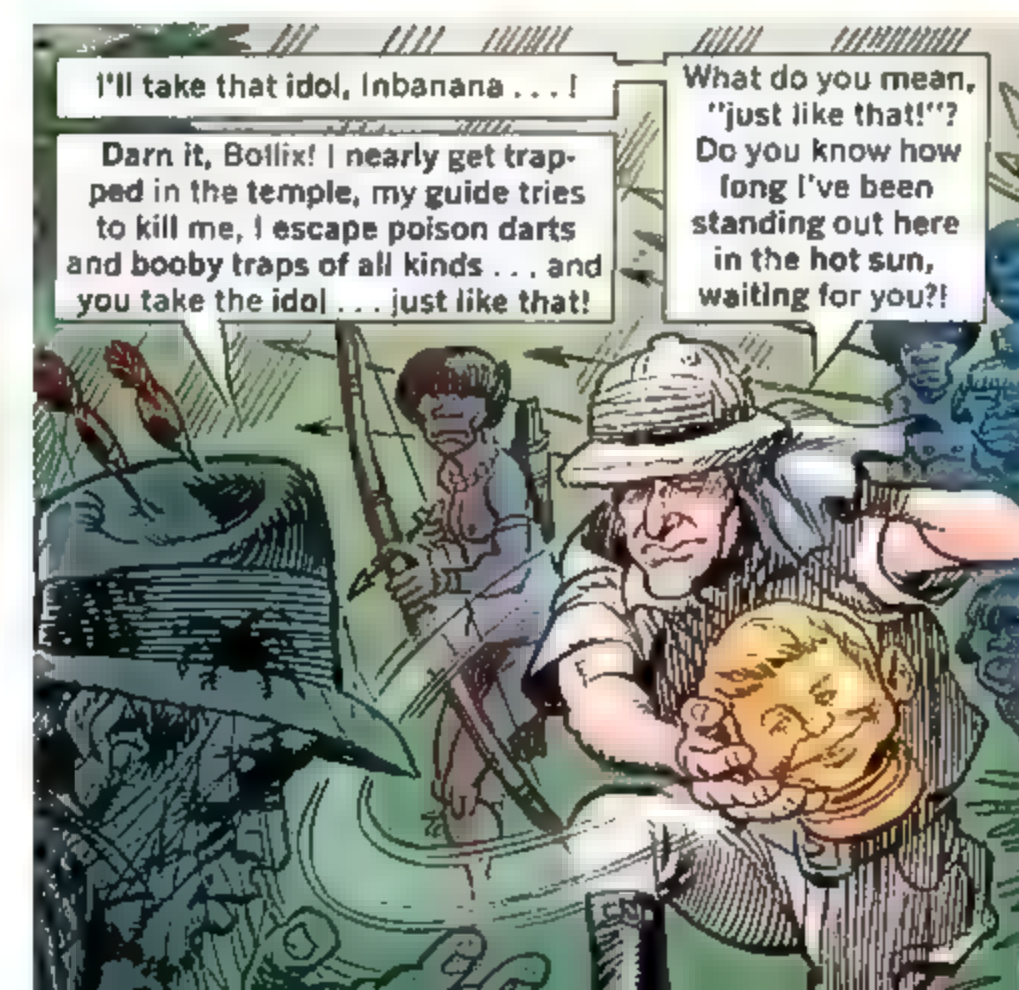
Then it wasn't just IDOL GOSSIP!

Listen, this is a mission to find primitive ART . . . not primitive HUMOR!!



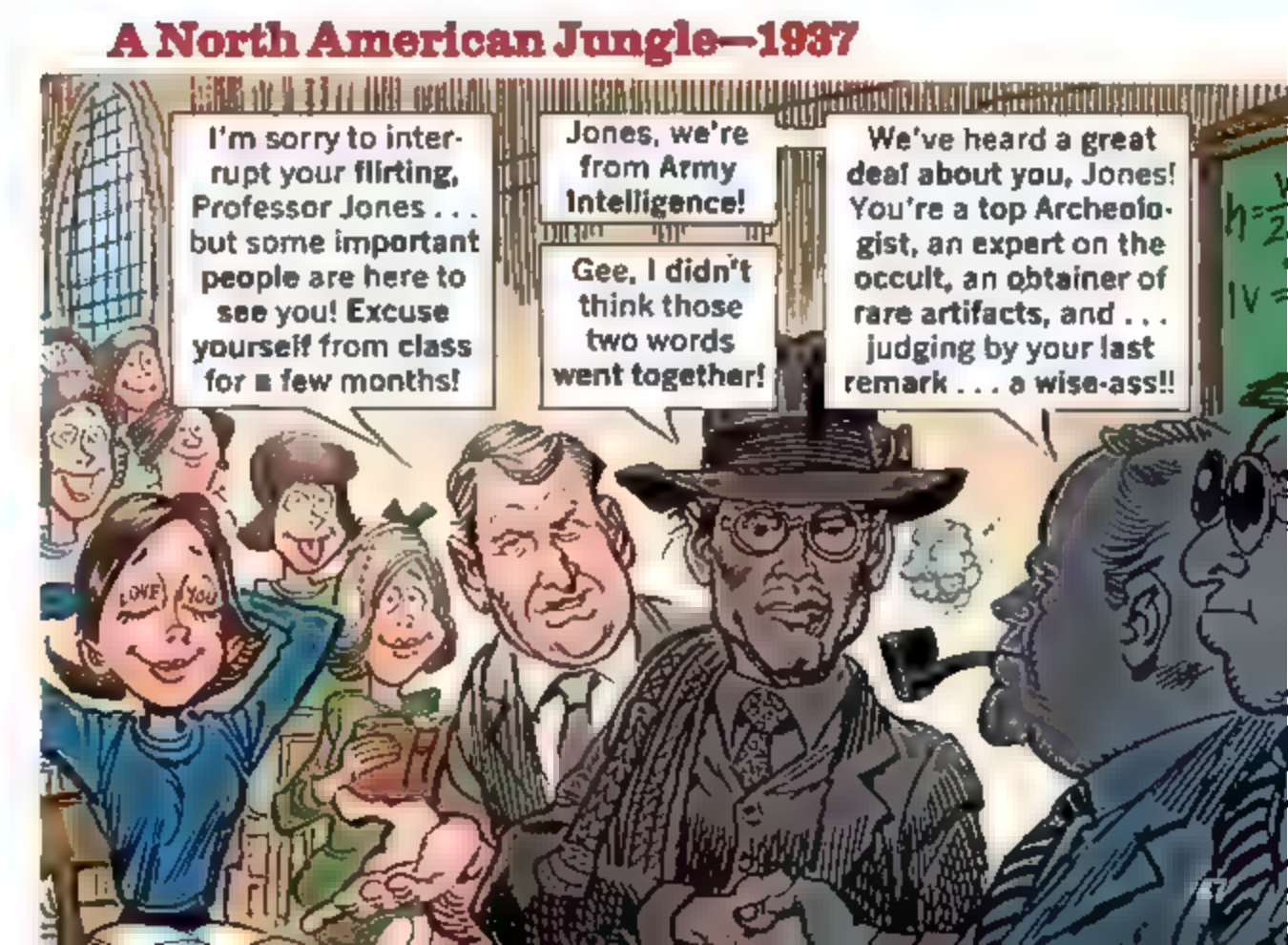
My traitorous guide is dead, this huge boulder is crashing down on me, President Roosevelt can't get his new law passed in Congress and Joe DiMaggio went 0 for 4 against the Tigers! Boy, talk about your rough days in 1936!!

A North American Jungle—1937



I'll take that idol, Inbanana . . . !

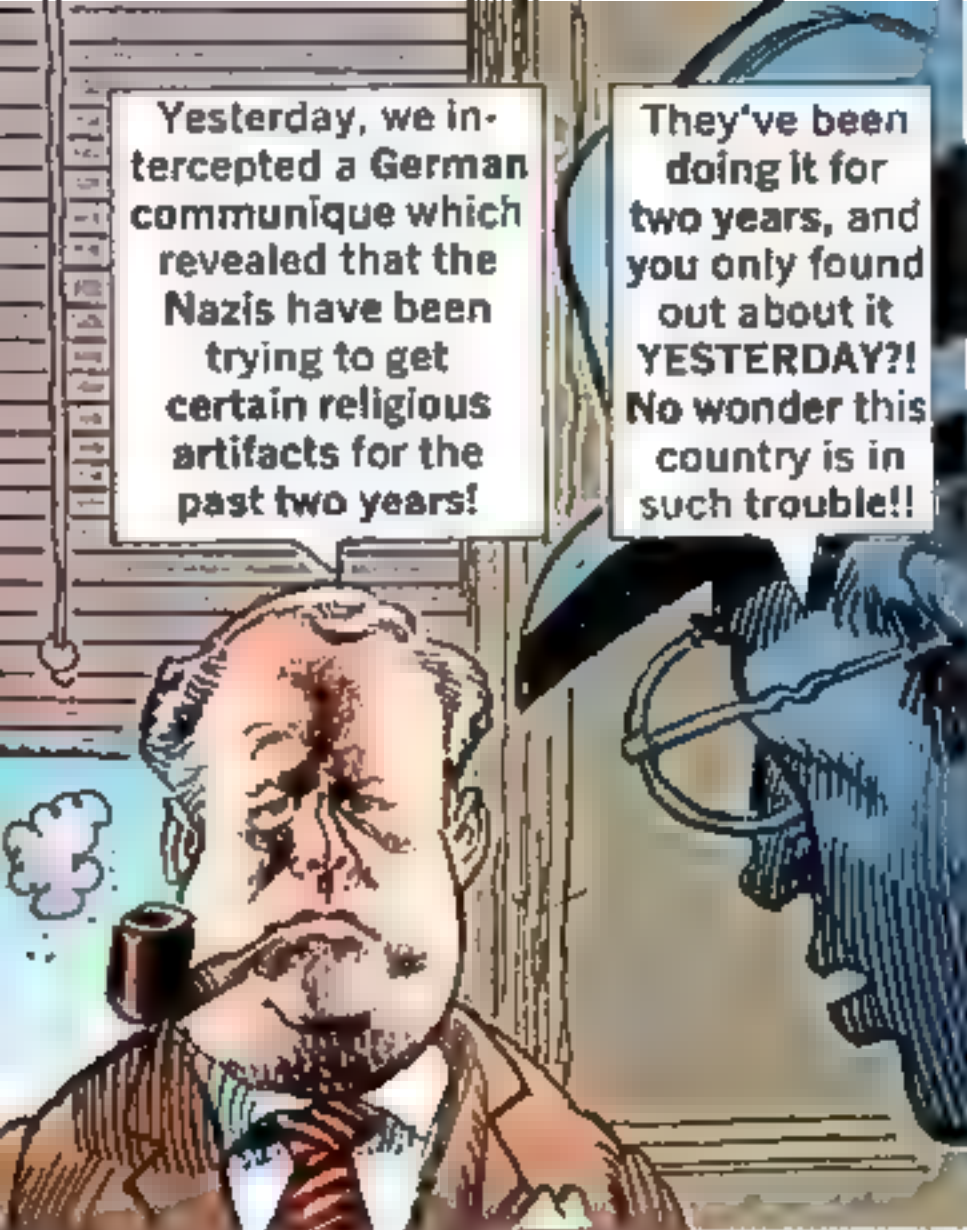
What do you mean, "just like that!"? Do you know how long I've been standing out here in the hot sun, waiting for you?!



I'm sorry to interrupt your flirting, Professor Jones . . . but some important people are here to see you! Excuse yourself from class for a few months!

Jones, we're from Army Intelligence!

We've heard a great deal about you, Jones! You're a top Archeologist, an expert on the occult, an obtainer of rare artifacts, and . . . judging by your last remark . . . a wise-ass!!



Yesterday, we intercepted a German communique which revealed that the Nazis have been trying to get certain religious artifacts for the past two years!

They've been doing it for two years, and you only found out about it YESTERDAY?! No wonder this country is in such trouble!!



The Nazis are digging beneath the old city of Tanis!

Tanis?!? So that's Hitler's game! In one stroke, he can rule the world! His racket will pay off!!

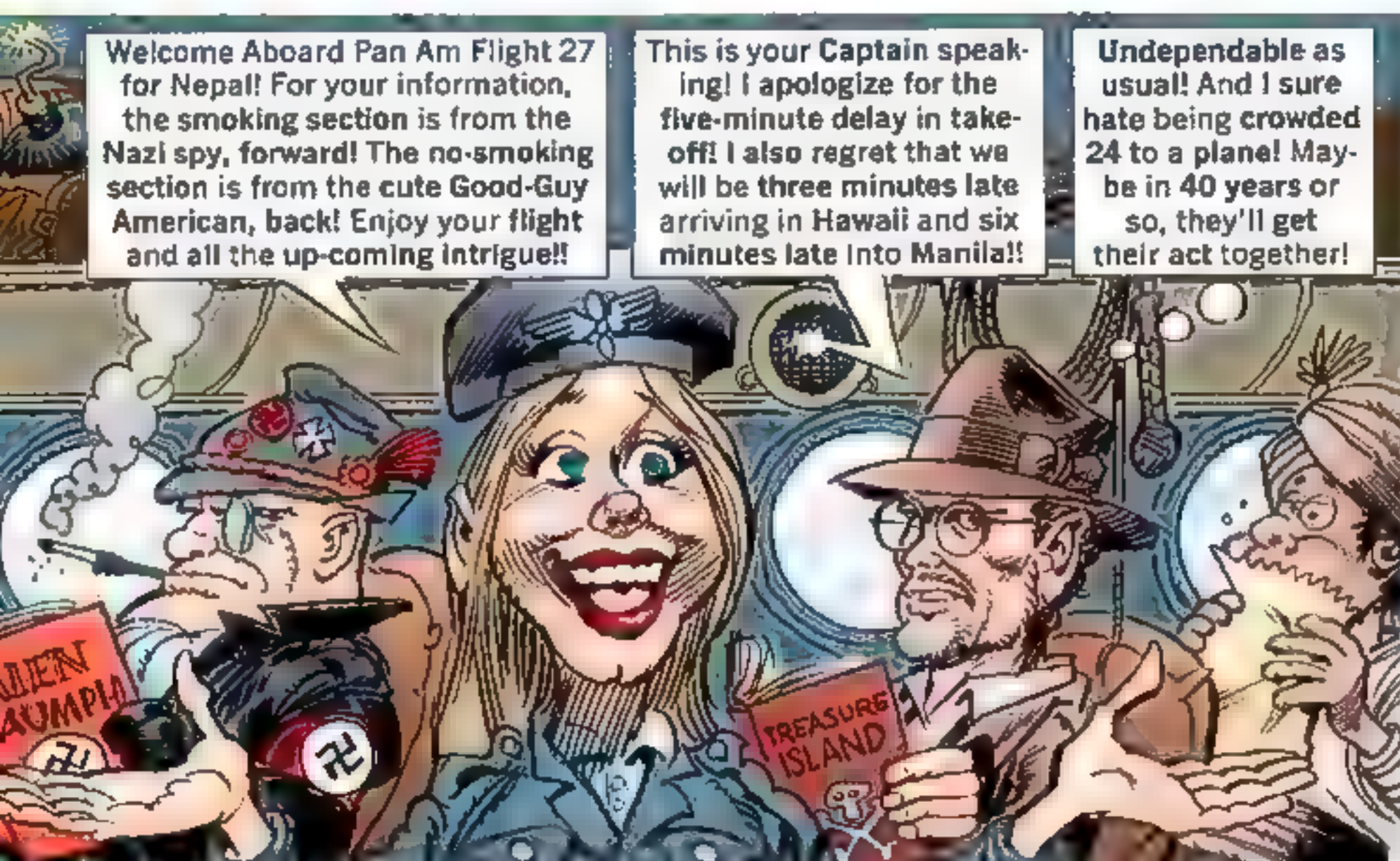
I get it! He'll win the Tanis game with one stroke of his racket!!



No, idiot!! They're looking for the Ark of the Covenant! You've heard of the Ark of the Covenant, haven't you?

Sure! It was built by Noah and filled with animals so when the flood came—

Not THAT Ark, Dumbo! I mean the Ark that contains the original Ten Commandments that God gave to Moses!!



Welcome Aboard Pan Am Flight 27 for Nepal! For your information, the smoking section is from the Nazi spy, forward! The no-smoking section is from the cute Good-Guy American, back! Enjoy your flight and all the up-coming intrigue!!

This is your Captain speaking! I apologize for the five-minute delay in take-off! I also regret that we will be three minutes late arriving in Hawaii and six minutes late into Manila!!

Undependable as usual! And I sure hate being crowded 24 to a plane! Maybe in 40 years or so, they'll get their act together!

Nepal—



Uh... Hello, Marryin! You remember me??

Inbanana Jones... you dirty @#\$%&+*%!!!

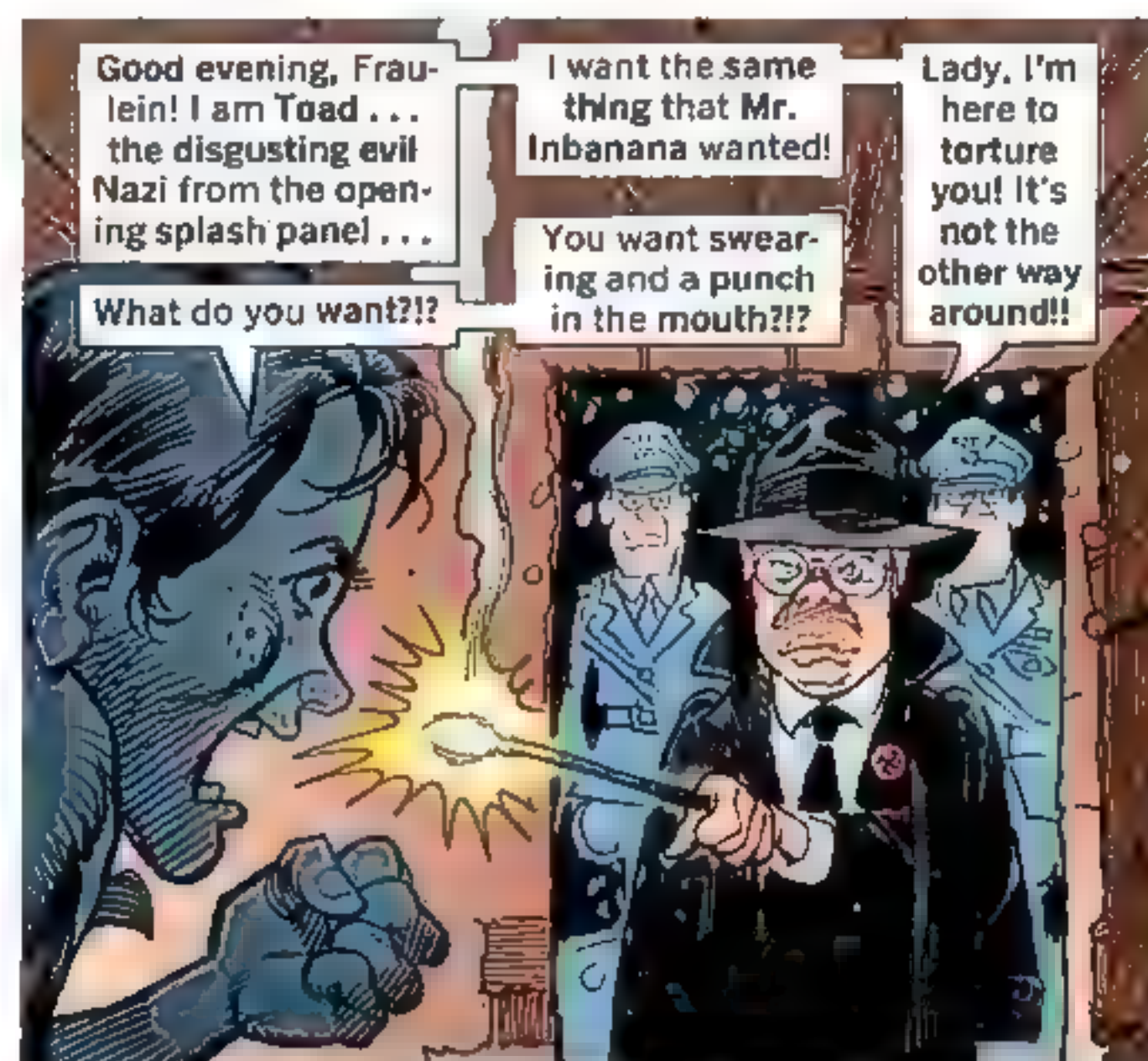


Hey, you DO remember me!! I need that medallion your father left you! I'll pay you \$2000 for it!

I should give you a valuable medallion... after the way you left me? Do you think you can mend a broken heart with \$2000?!!

I'll make it \$3000!!

It's amazing how fast the human heart can mend! Come back tomorrow with \$5000... when it's totally healed!!



Good evening, Fraulein! I am Toad... the disgusting evil Nazi from the opening splash panel...

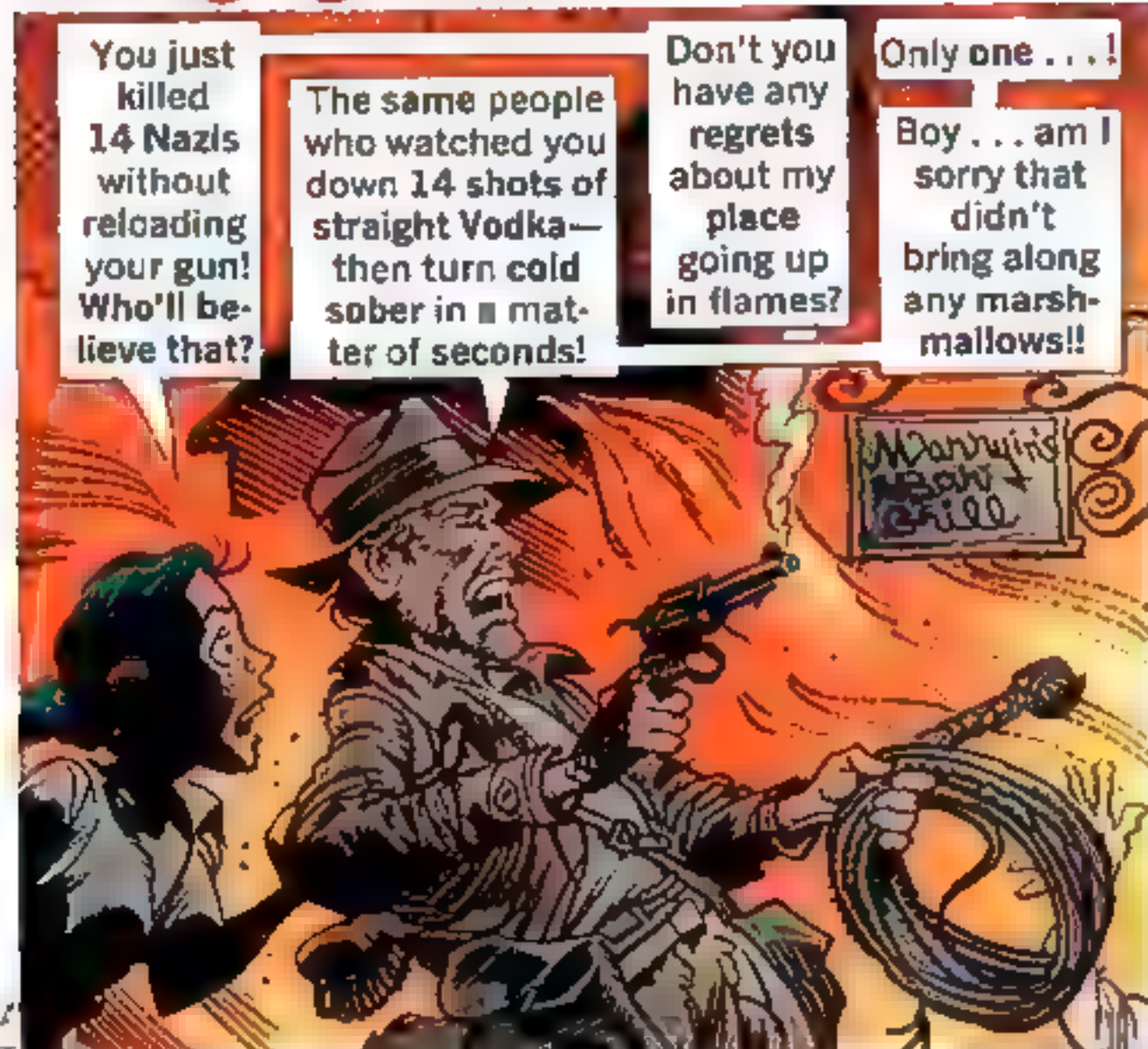
What do you want?!!

I want the same thing that Mr. Inbanana wanted!

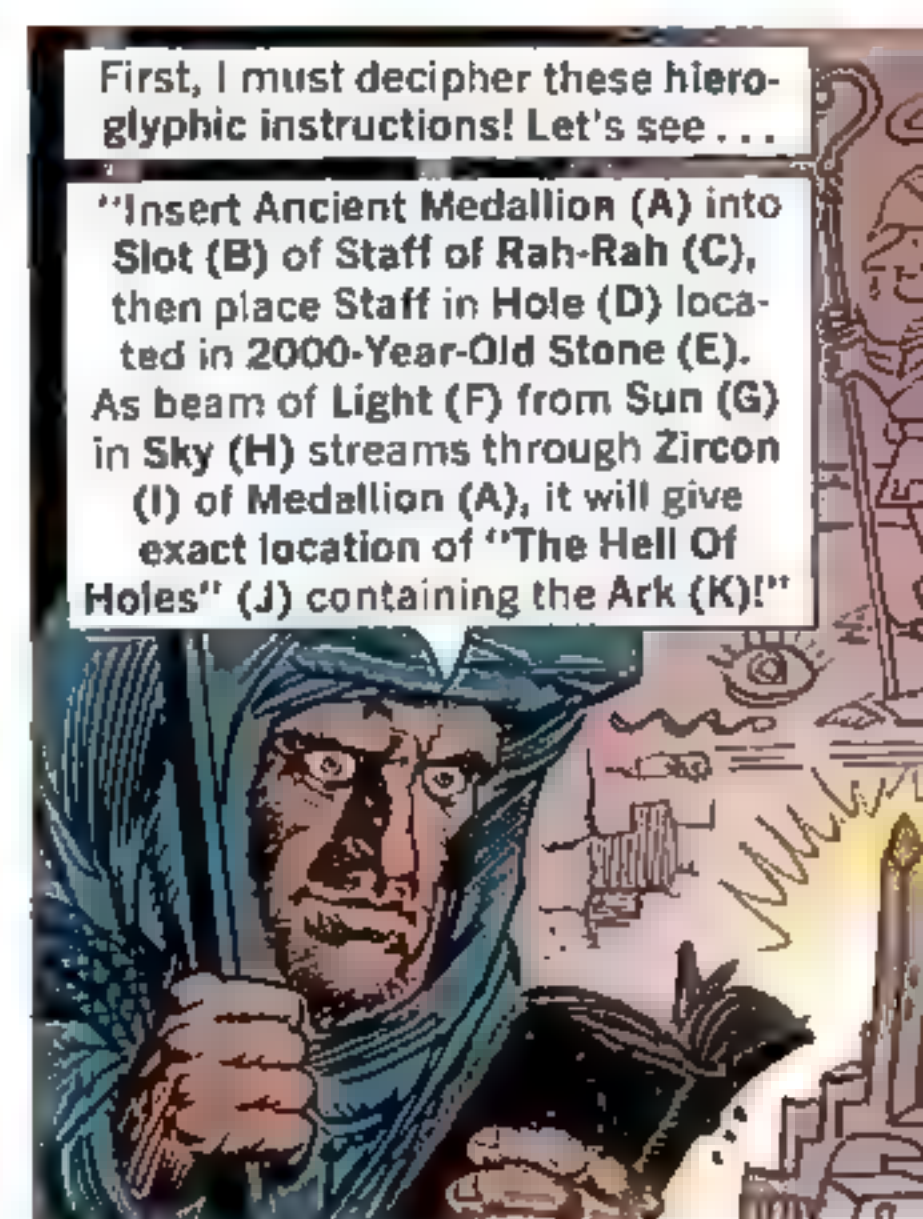
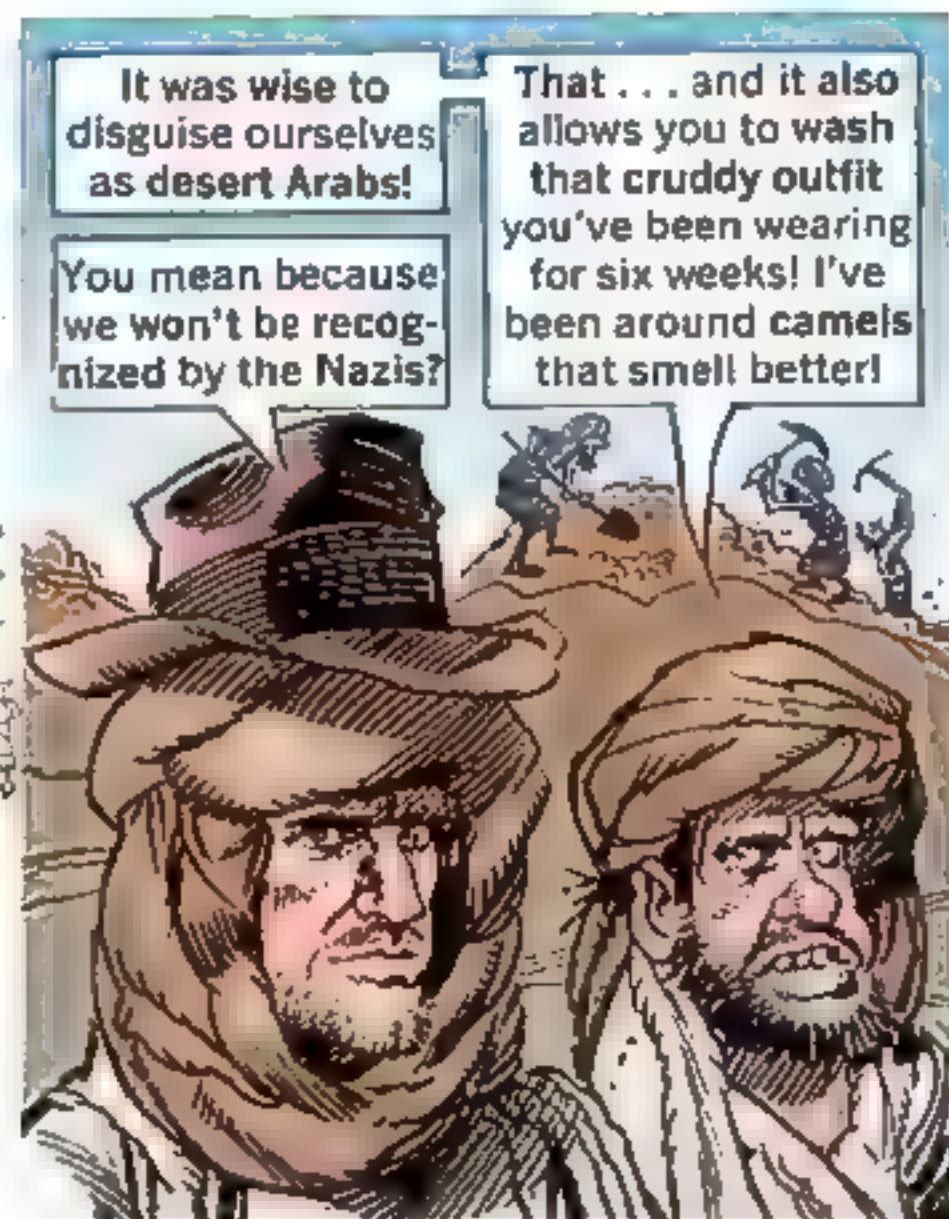
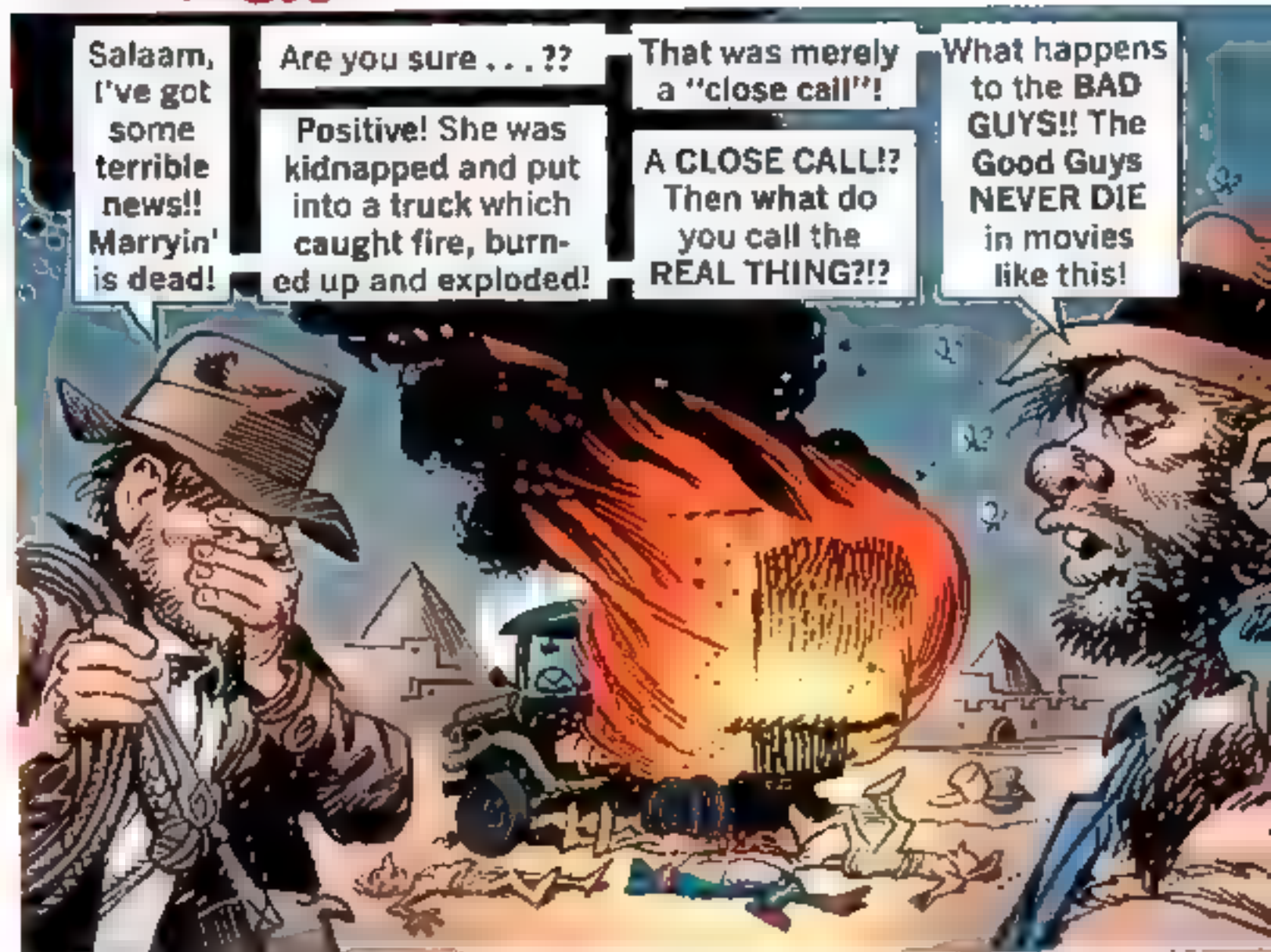
You want swearing and a punch in the mouth?!!

Lady, I'm here to torture you! It's not the other way around!!

One Big Fight Later—



Cairo, Egypt—



I've got a tough decision to make! If I free you, they'll know I'm here and I'll blow my chance of finding the Ark! But if I leave you here, you may be tortured and killed!!

Are you just going to stand there, you big, stupid klutz?! Try cutting these ropes without amputating my hands, you boob, and—

Maybe it's not such a tough decision to make after all!

See you around, Kiddo . . . ■

I would very much like to see you in this dress, my dear! It belongs to someone very close to me!

My Commanding Officer! It gets lonely in the desert!

Your wife ... or your girlfriend?

Oh, NO!!
That room
is filled
with ulp
SNAKES!
I HATE
snakes!!

That means
YOU must
go in . . . !

HOW do
you figure
THAT . . . ?

A man must FACE the things
he's most afraid of! I'm
afraid of butterflies! If
that room was filled with
butterflies, then I would
have to go in! It's an an-
cient custom I just made up!

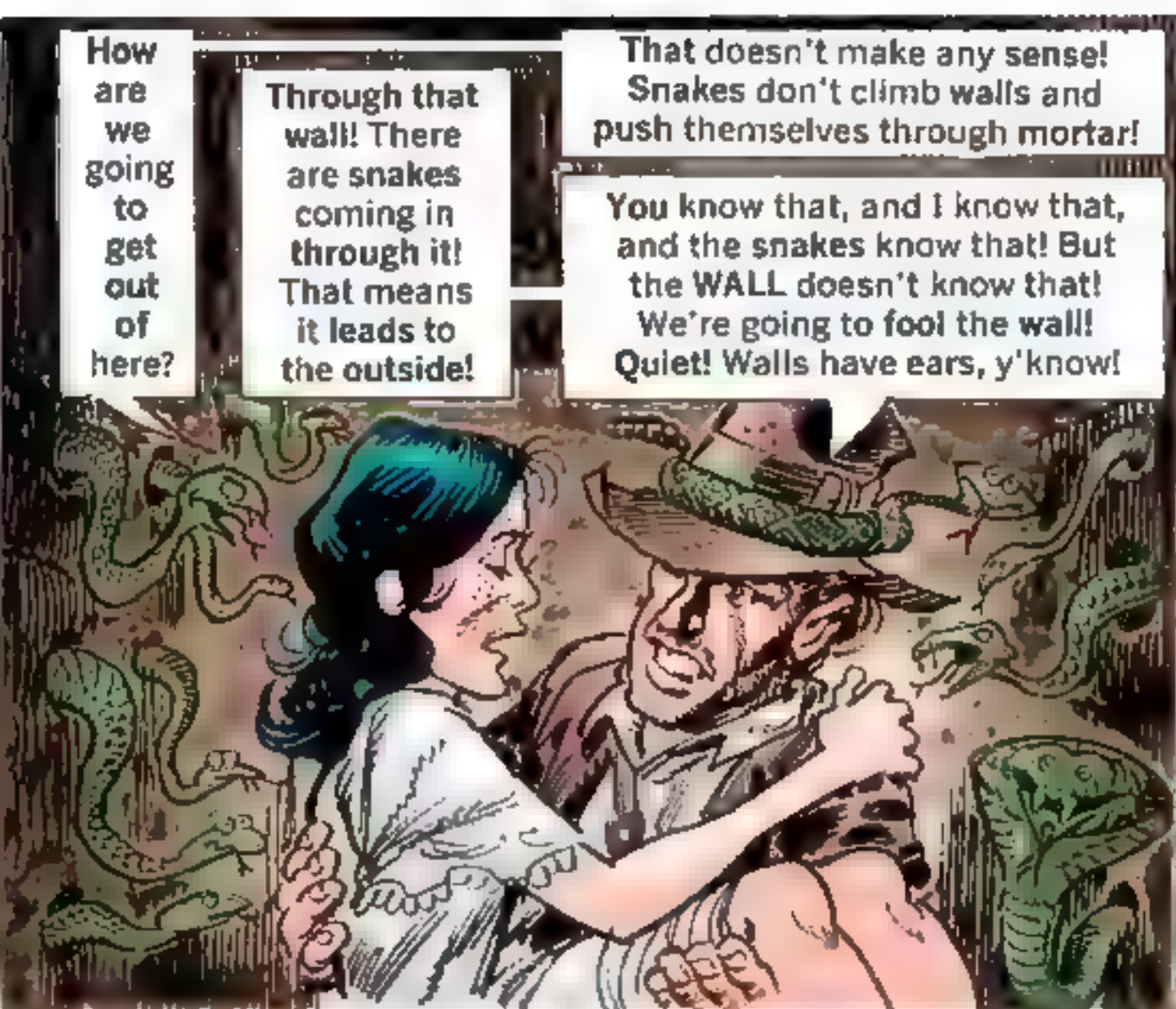
Well... if it isn't Inbanana Jones...! What are you doing down in that hole?

Mostly shivering and shaking! It's full of snakes!

I see it's also full of something else! Thank you for finding the Ark for us!

You mean to tell me that you're taking the Ark and leaving me here with nothing?!?

Do you think I'm **THAT** insensitive?!
Throw the girl down there **WITH** him!!

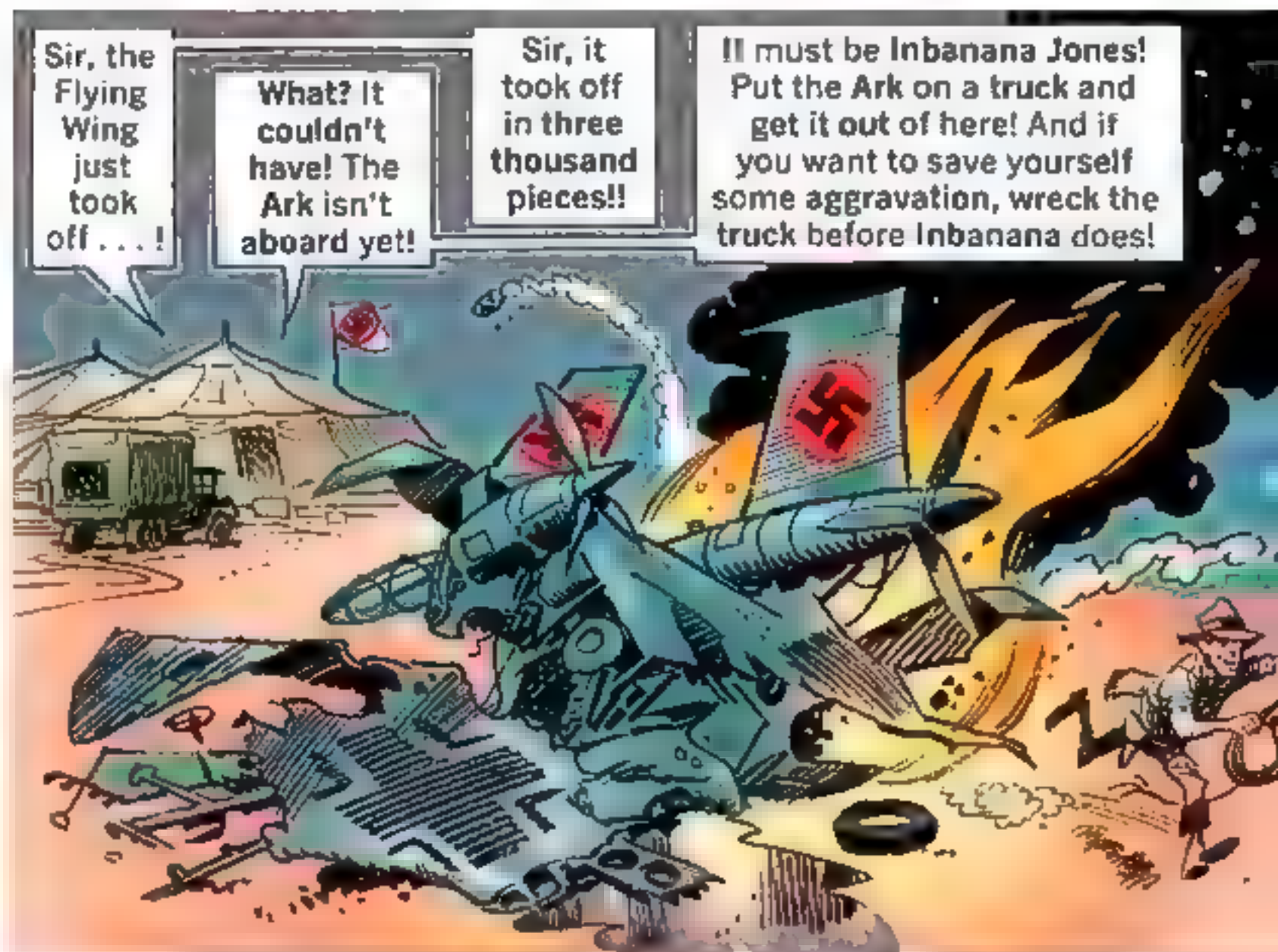


How are we going to get out of here?

Through that wall! There are snakes coming in through it! That means it leads to the outside!

That doesn't make any sense! Snakes don't climb walls and push themselves through mortar!

You know that, and I know that, and the snakes know that! But the WALL doesn't know that! We're going to fool the wall! Quiet! Walls have ears, y'know!

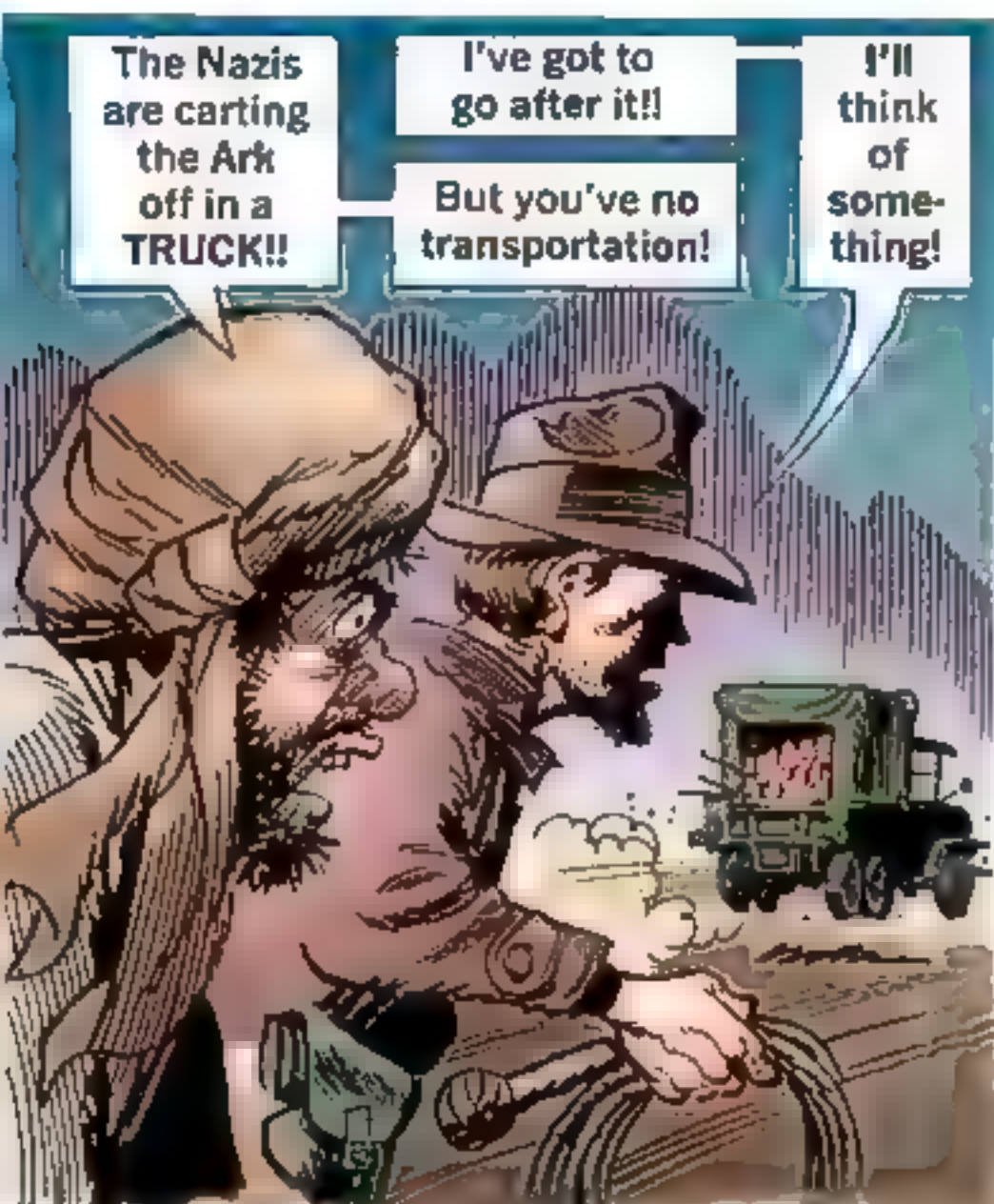


Sir, the Flying Wing just took off . . . !

What? It couldn't have! The Ark isn't aboard yet!

Sir, it took off in three thousand pieces!!

It must be Inbanana Jones! Put the Ark on a truck and get it out of here! And if you want to save yourself some aggravation, wreck the truck before Inbanana does!



The Nazis are carting the Ark off in a TRUCK!!

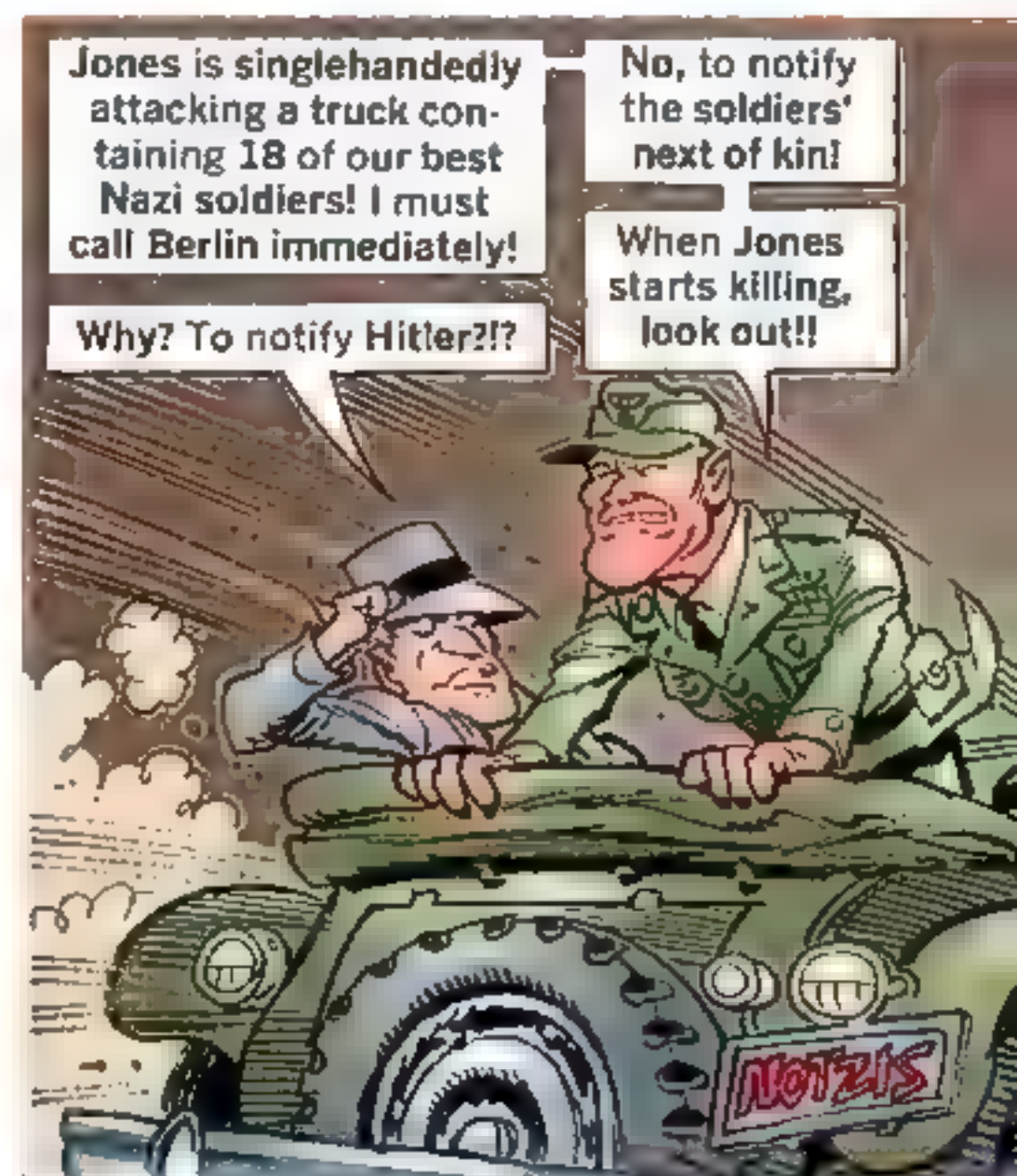
I've got to go after it!!

But you've no transportation!

I'll think of something!



GIDDYAP . . . !!

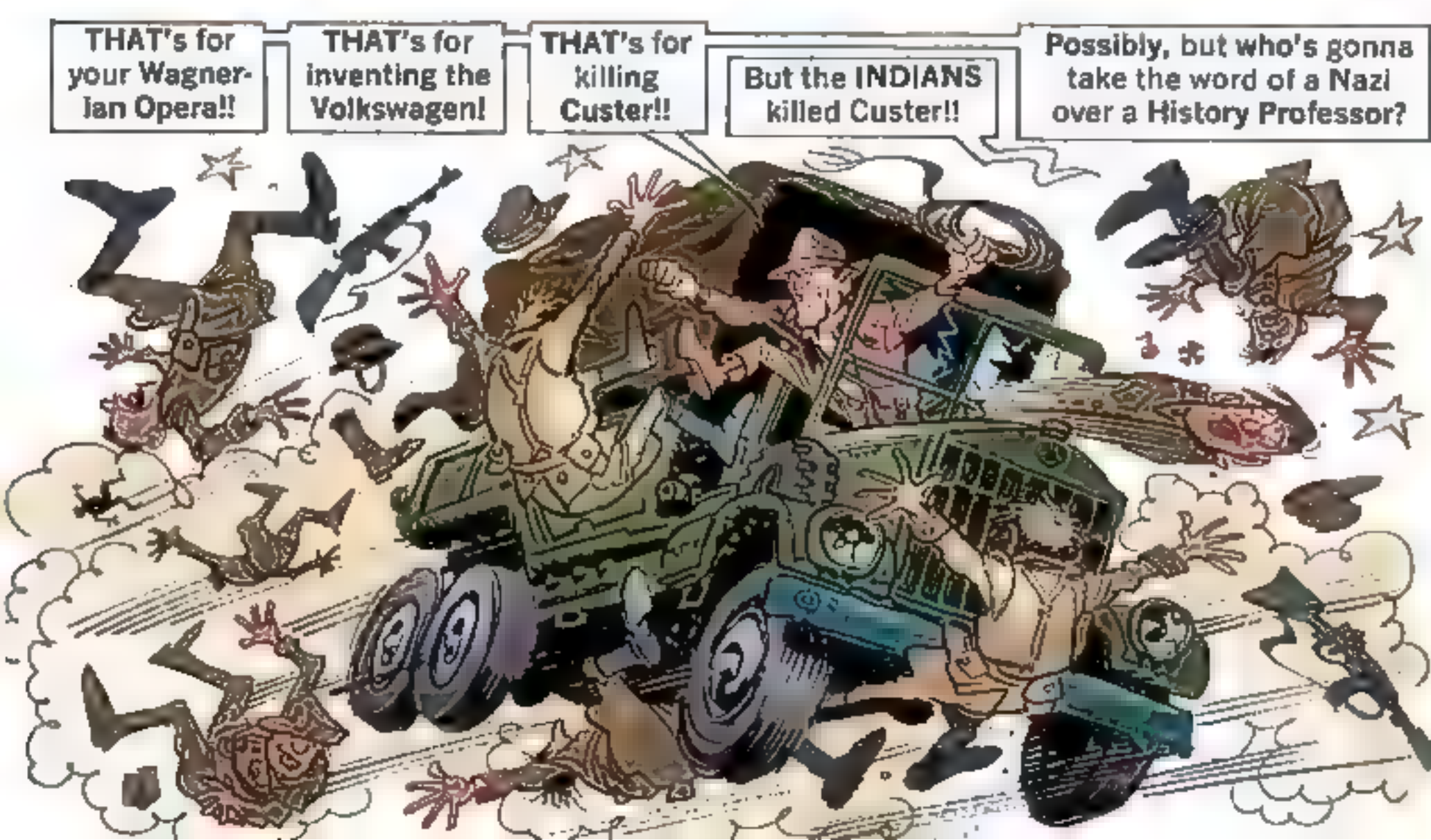


Jones is singlehandedly attacking a truck containing 18 of our best Nazi soldiers! I must call Berlin immediately!

No, to notify the soldiers' next of kin!

When Jones starts killing, look out!!

Why? To notify Hitler?!!



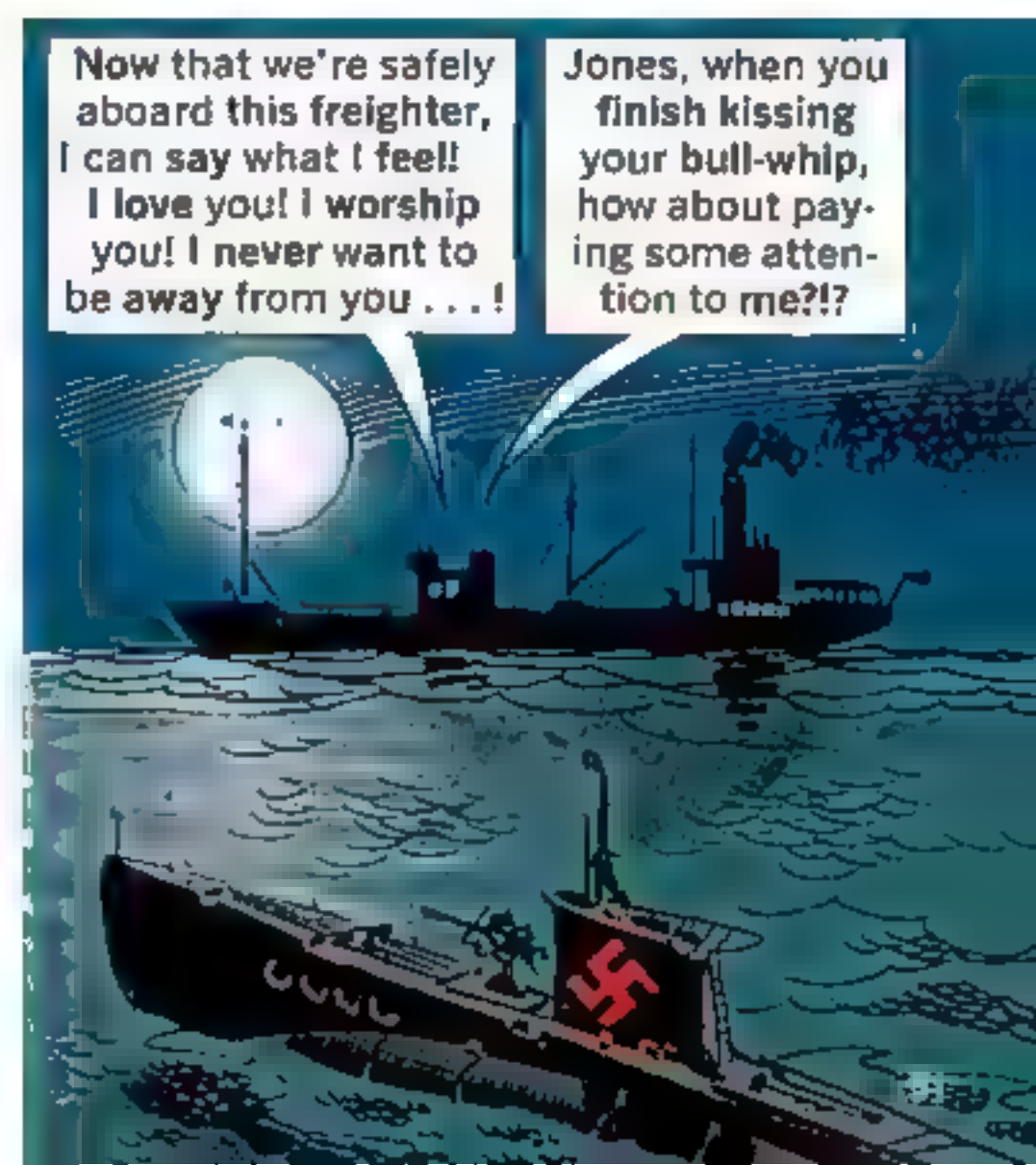
THAT's for your Wagnerian Opera!!

THAT's for inventing the Volkswagen!

THAT's for killing Custer!!

But the INDIANS killed Custer!!

Possibly, but who's gonna take the word of a Nazi over a History Professor?



Now that we're safely aboard this freighter, I can say what I feel! I love you! I worship you! I never want to be away from you . . . !

Jones, when you finish kissing your bull-whip, how about paying some attention to me?!!



The Nazis have intercepted our freighter, recaptured the Ark, and taken Marryin hostage! But look at that! Inbanana Jones is hanging on to their submarine . . . !

Hey! If that sub submerges, he'll DROWN!! Has anybody thought of that . . . ???

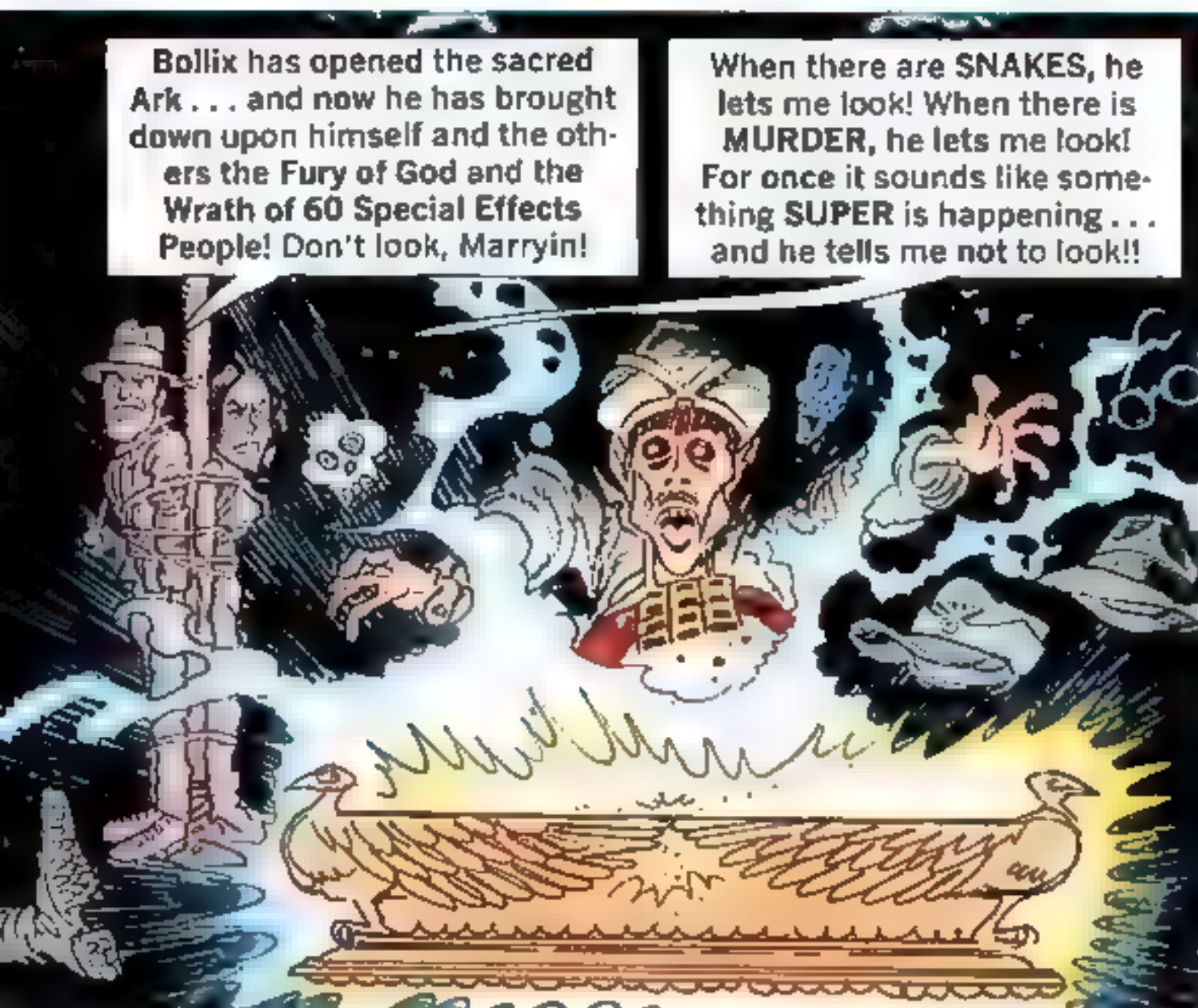
No one who really matters! Only you . . . me . . . and the ten million other people who have seen this movie!!



We've opened that Ark, and it tells us NOTHING!

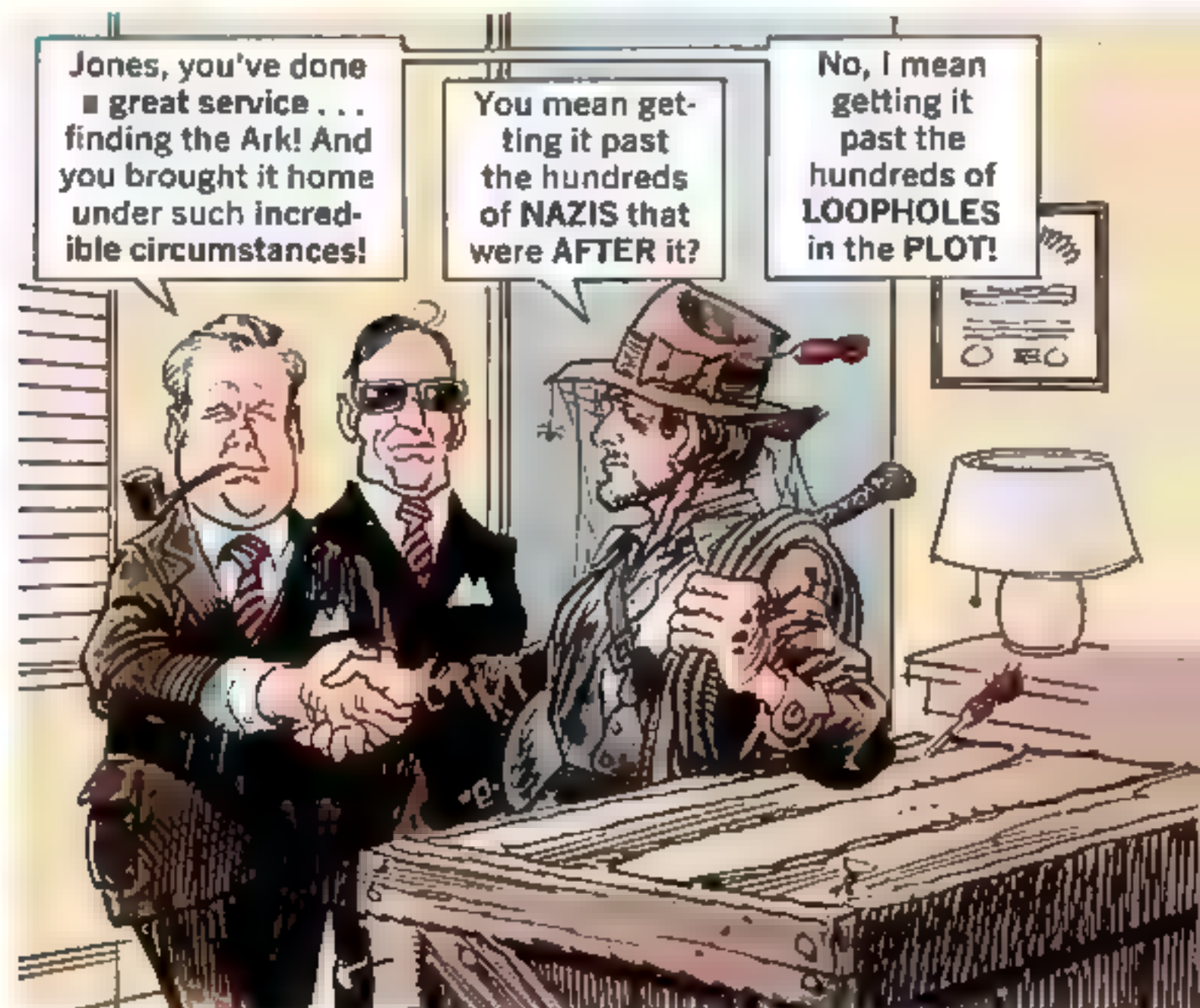
You Frenchmen are TOO SOFT!! Let ME take over . . . !!

Ark, you will give us the information! WE HAVE WAYS TO MAKE YOU TALK!!



Bollix has opened the sacred Ark . . . and now he has brought down upon himself and the others the Fury of God and the Wrath of 60 Special Effects People! Don't look, Marryin!

When there are SNAKES, he lets me look! When there is MURDER, he lets me look! For once it sounds like something SUPER is happening . . . and he tells me not to look!!



Jones, you've done a great service . . . finding the Ark! And you brought it home under such incredible circumstances!

You mean getting it past the hundreds of NAZIS that were AFTER it?

No, I mean getting it past the hundreds of LOOPHOLES in the PLOT!



Inbanana . . . I still don't understand how you ever survived that submarine ride!

It was God's Will! When the sub went down, the waters parted . . . just like they did for Moses!

Then why is God allowing the Ark to be hidden away in this warehouse?

Not even HE is powerful enough to deal with GOVERNMENT BUREAUCRACY!

SAFE SUGAR SUBSTITUTES

FUEL-SAVING AUTOMOBILE ENGINE

EFFICIENT SOLAR POWER-CELLS

ARK OF THE COVENANT

CANCER-PROOF CIGARETTES

NEVER-DIE BATTERIES

SYNTHETIC FUELS

LONG-LASTING SOAPS

LONG-LASTING LIGHT BULBS

BREAK-PROOF TOYS

CLEAN NON-POLLUTING STUFF

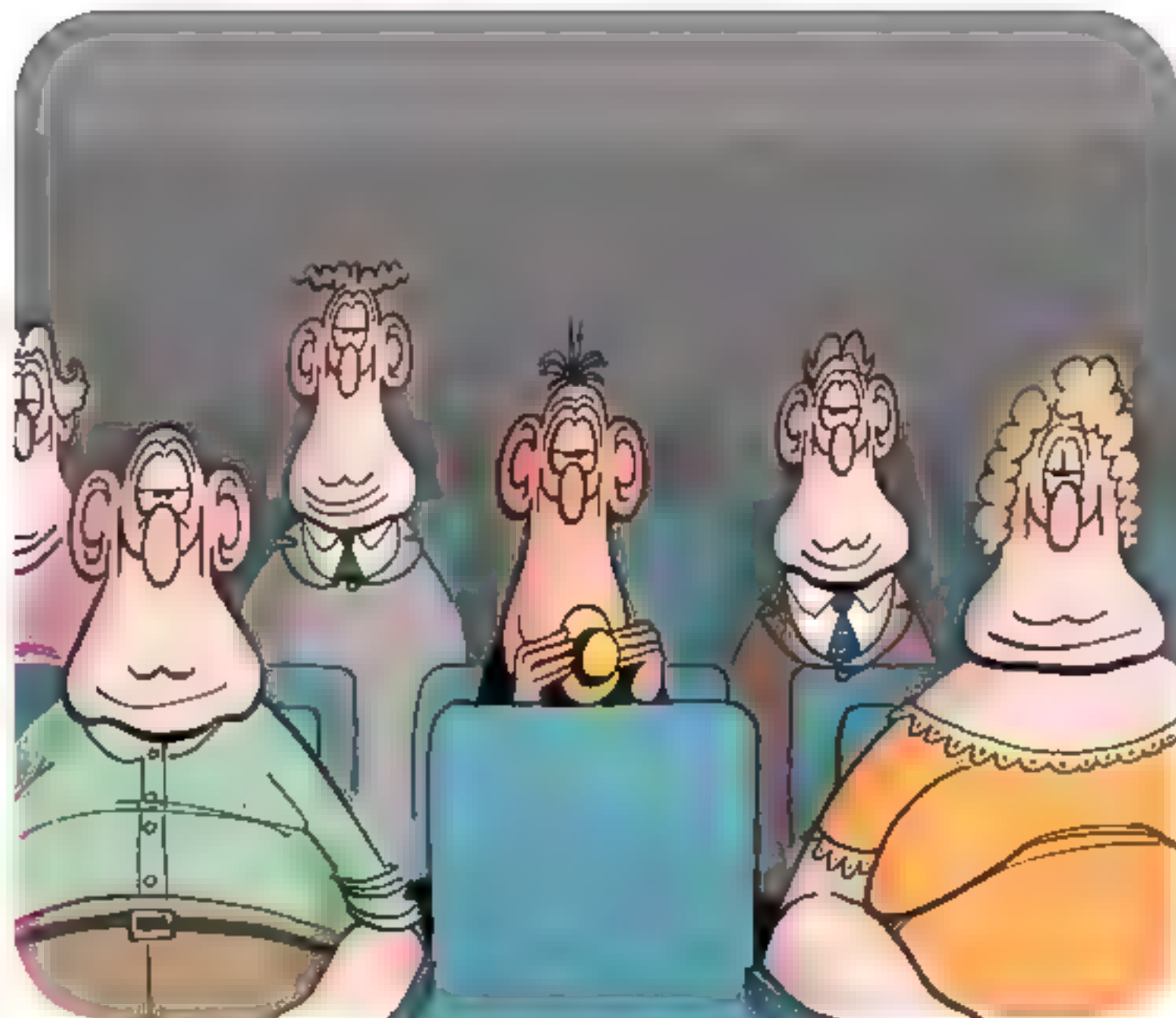


DON MARTIN DEPT.

AT THE MOVIES

WRITER AND ARTIST: DON MARTIN

COLOREST: CARL PETERSON

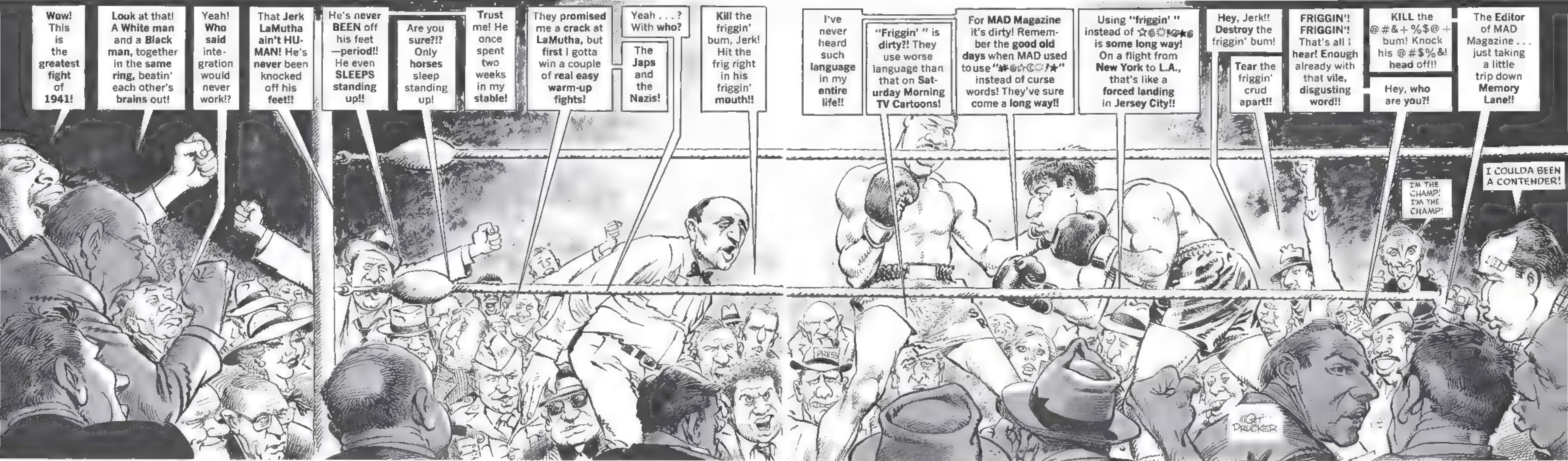




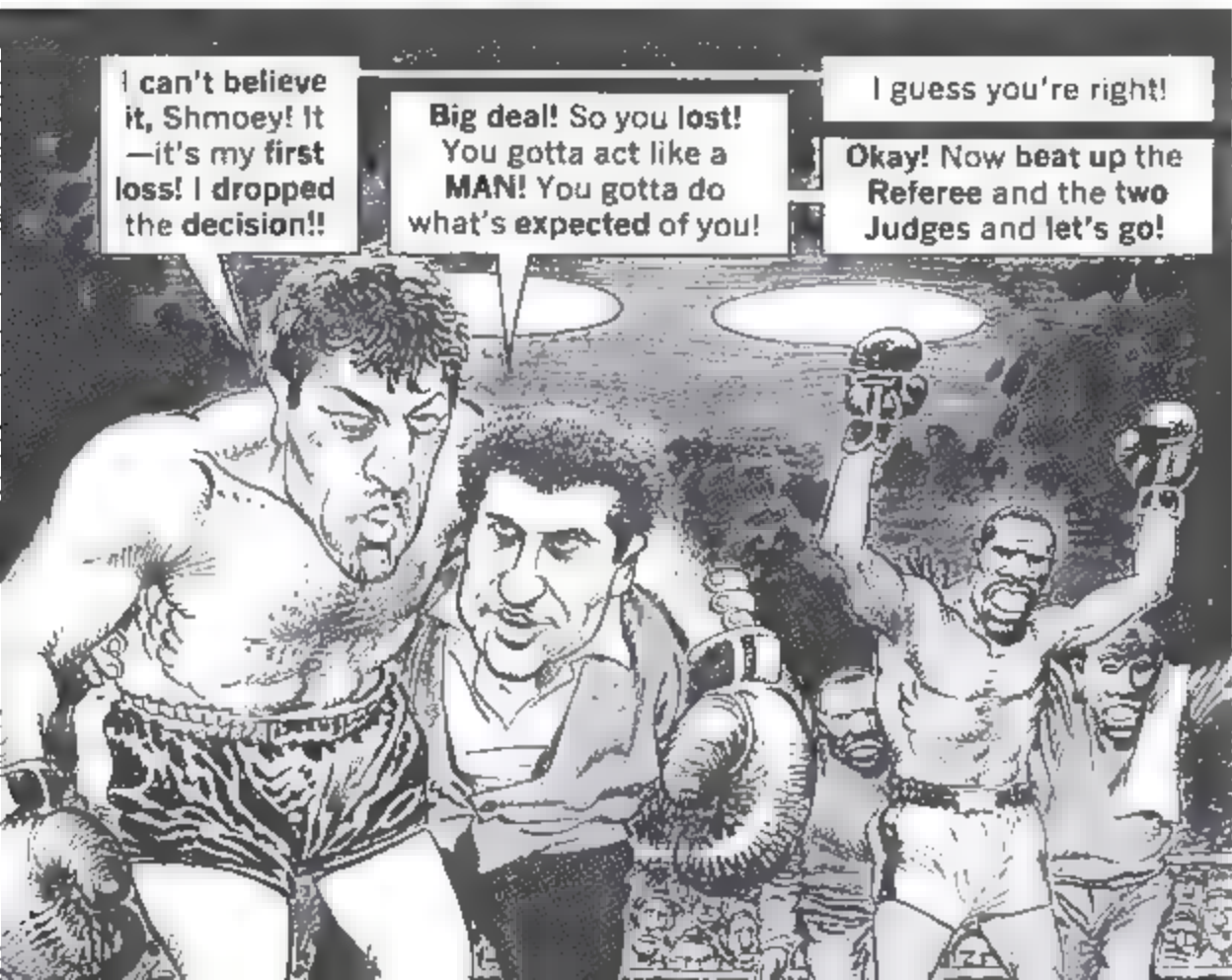
MUCHO DE NIRO DEPT.

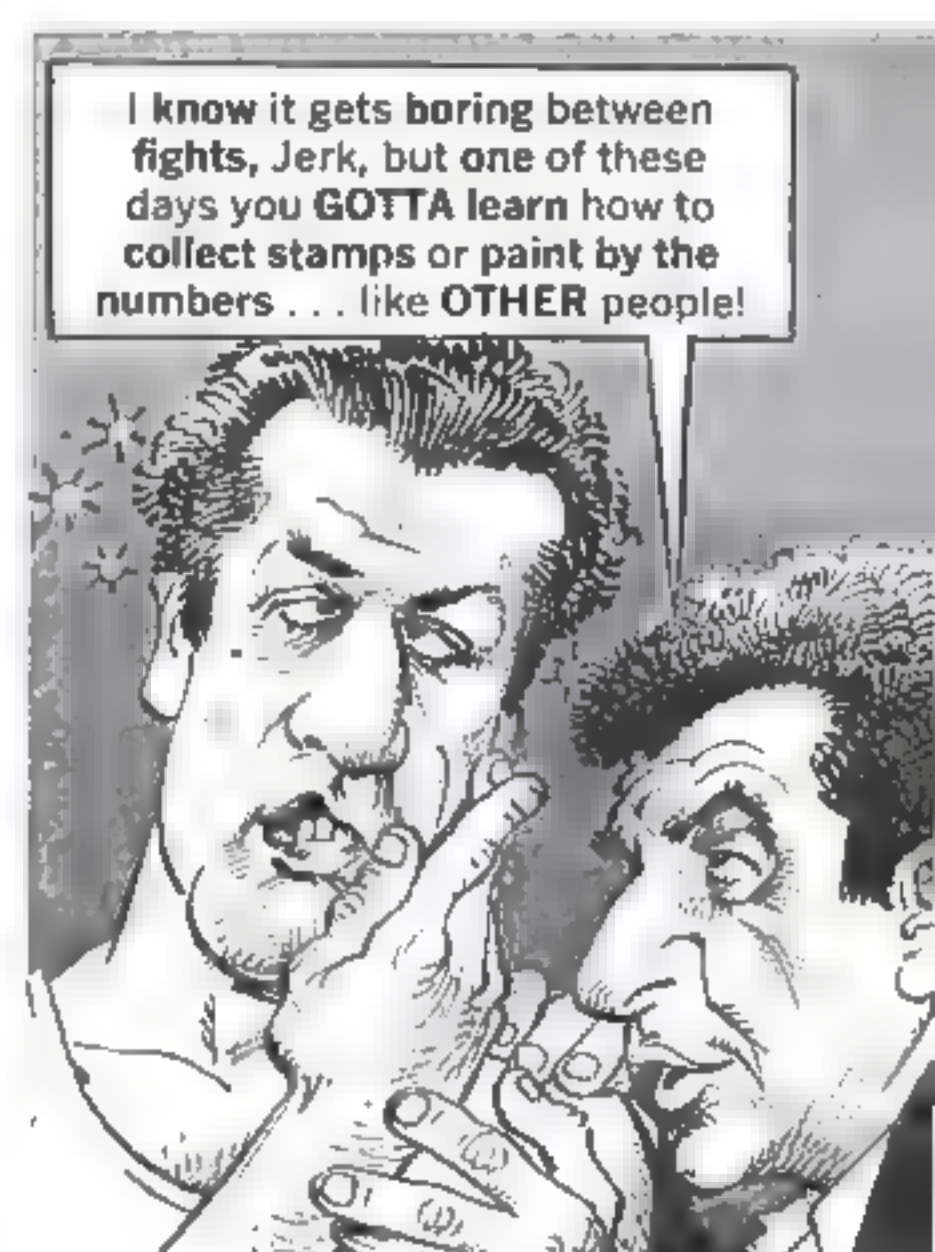
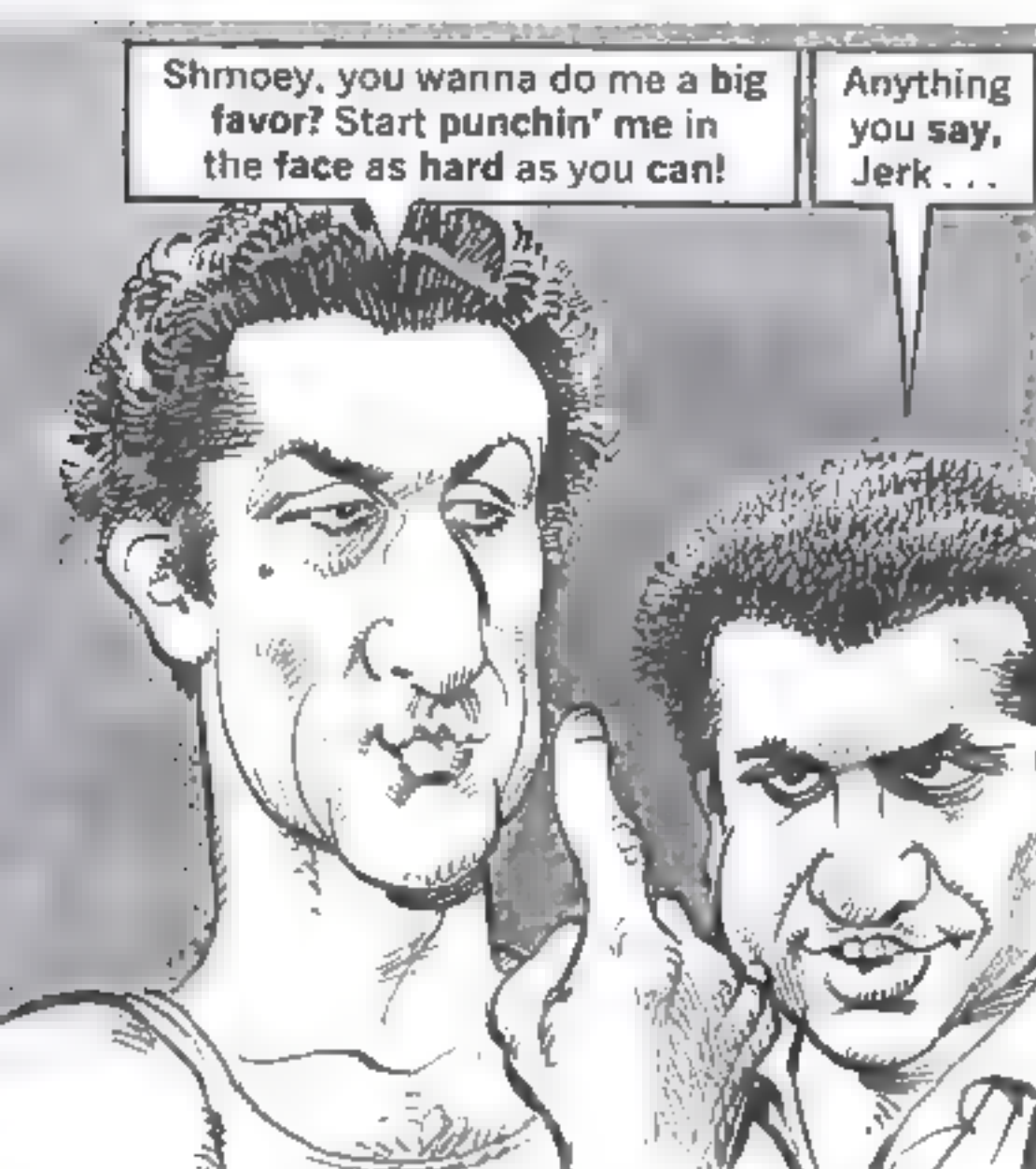
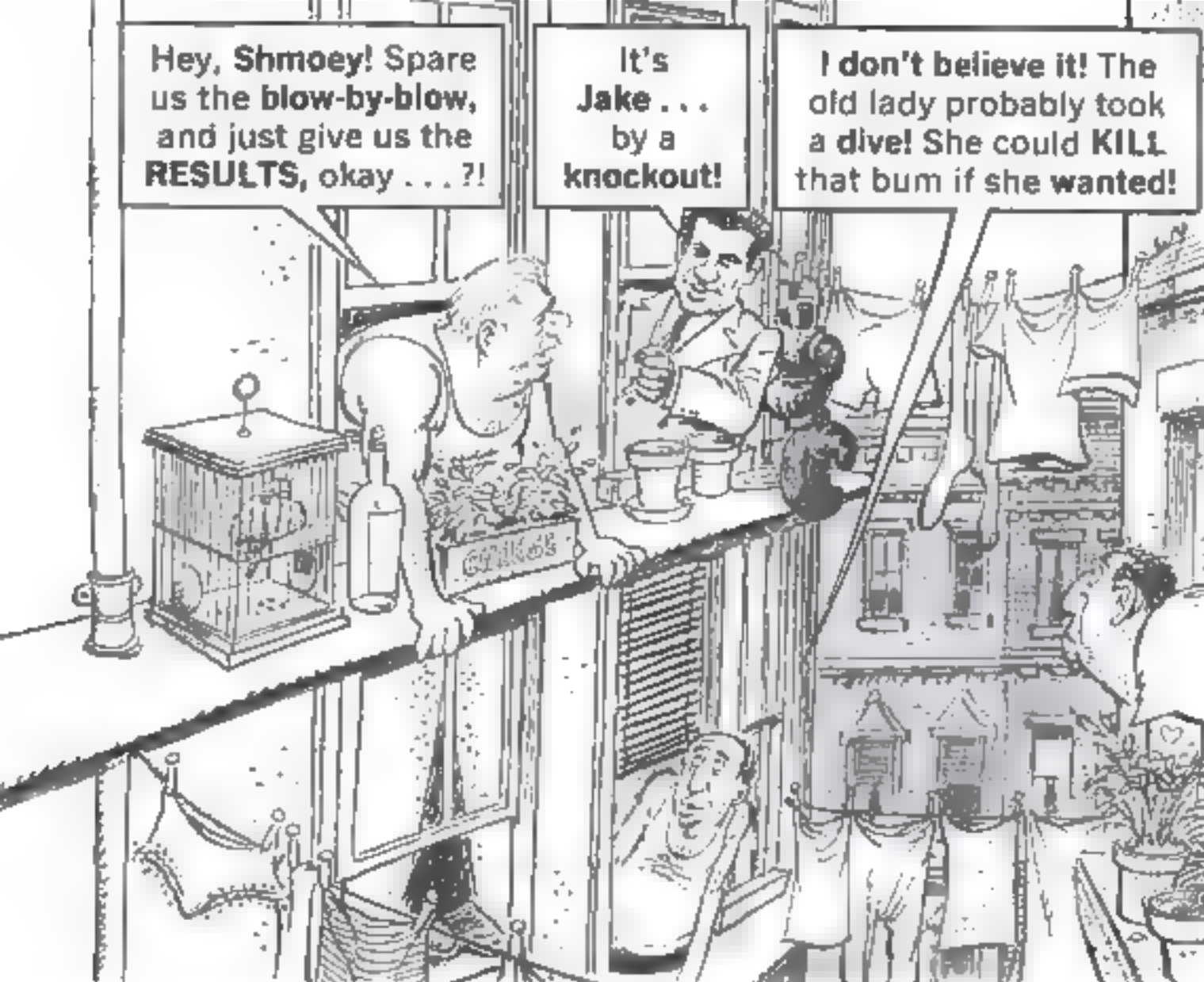
For as long as we can remember, the plot of a "Fight Picture" was usually very simple. An underprivileged kid starts in the gutter, and blasts his way to the top. Then, along comes the first major Fight Picture of the '80's, and what do we get: an underprivileged kid starts in the gutter, and blasts his way to the sewer! Boy, Hollywood has given us our fair share of "anti-heroes" in the past, but now make way for the "anti-anti-anti hero" affectionately known as the ...

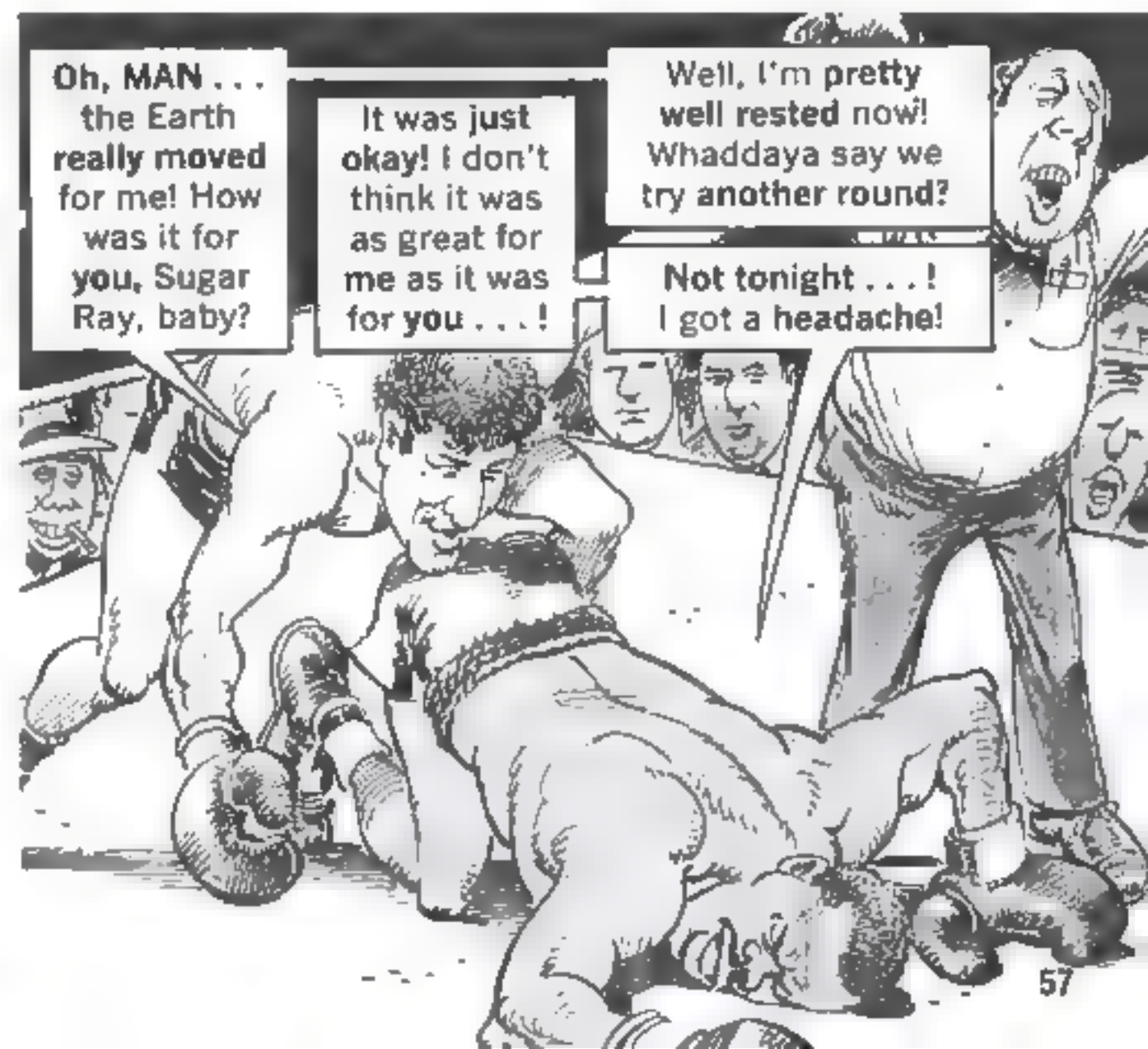
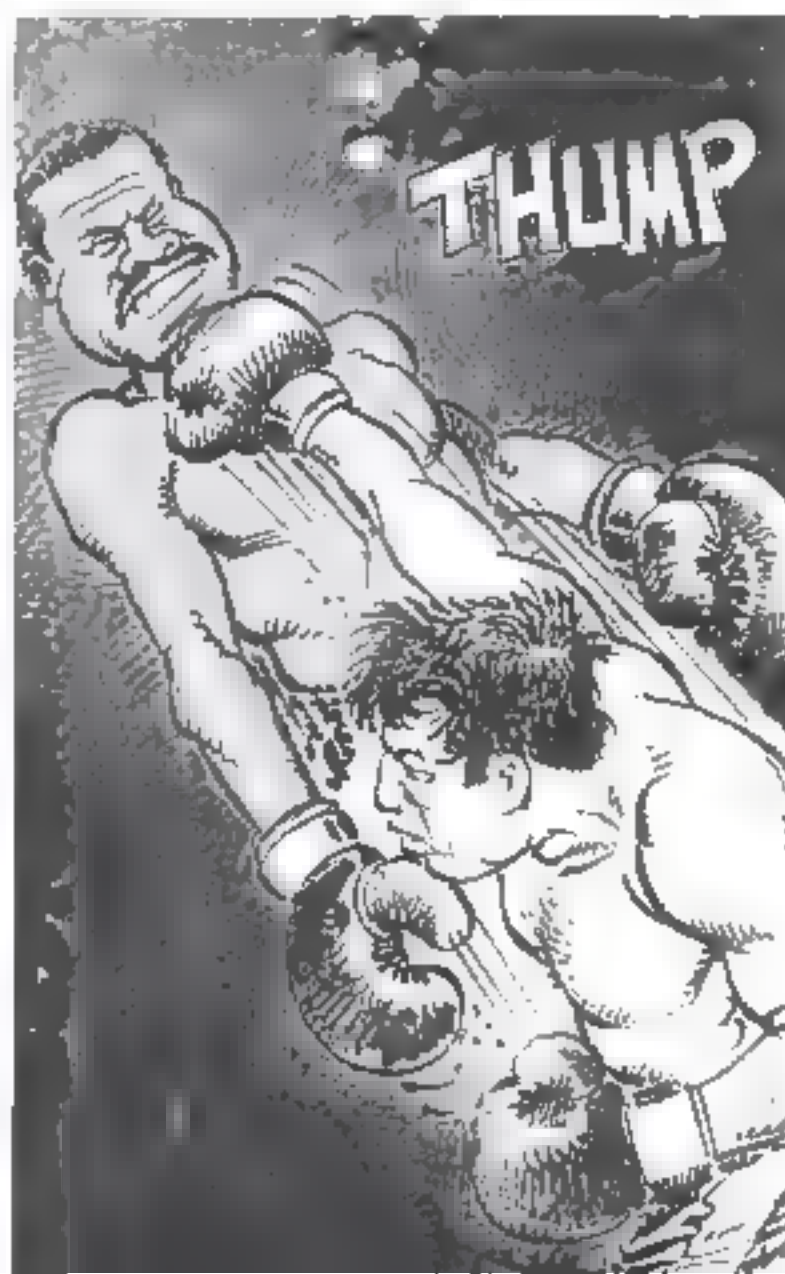
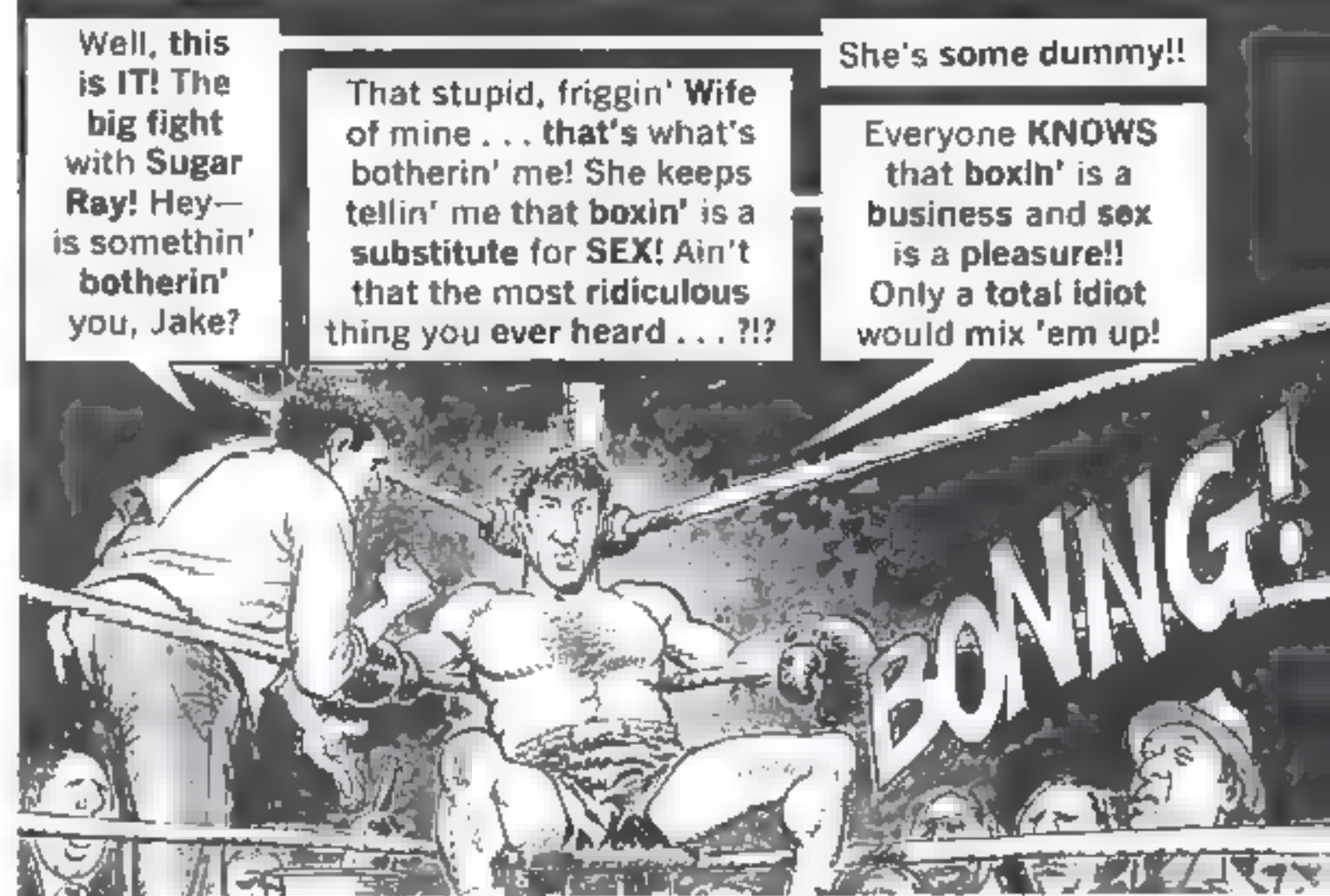
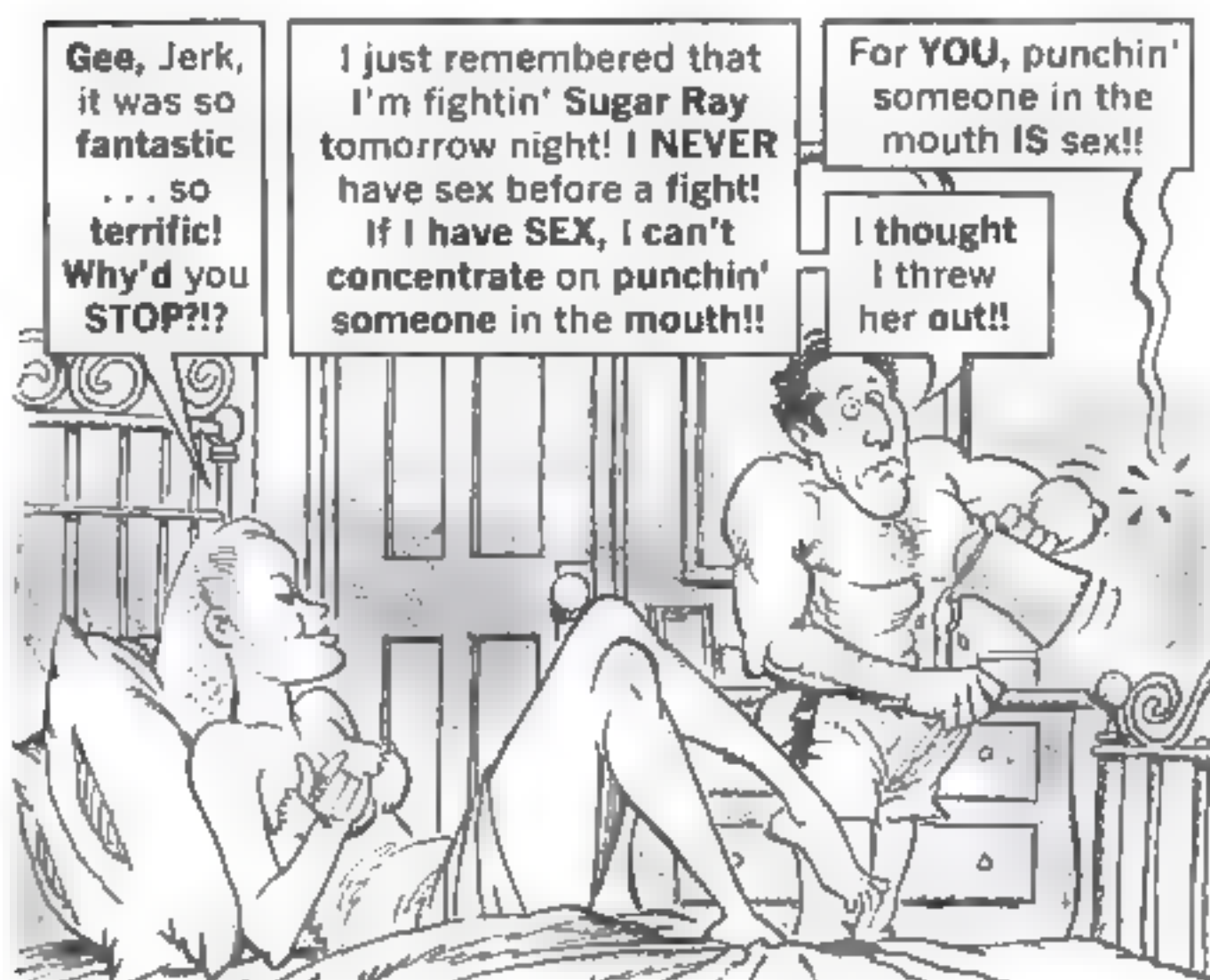
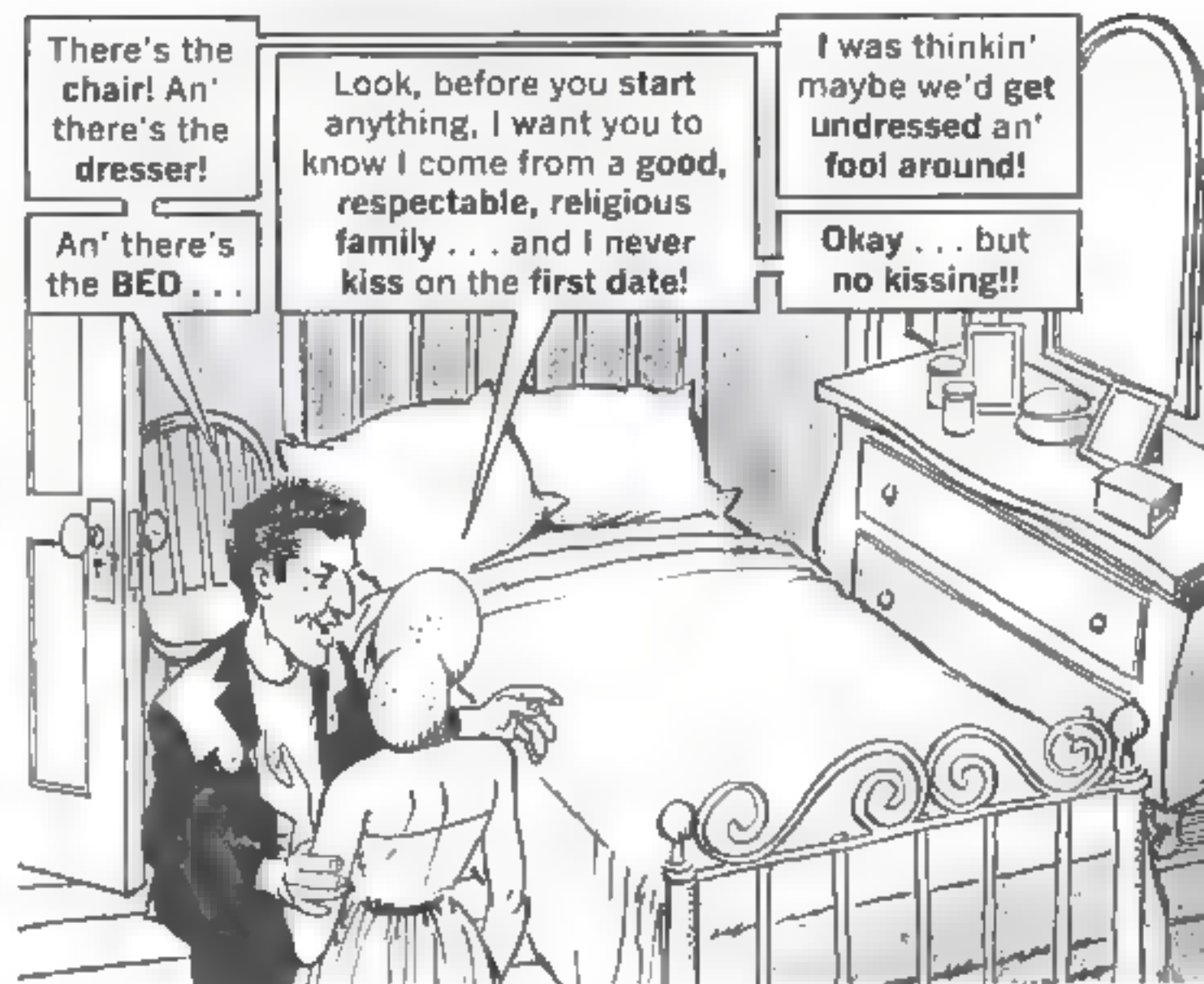
RAVING BULLY

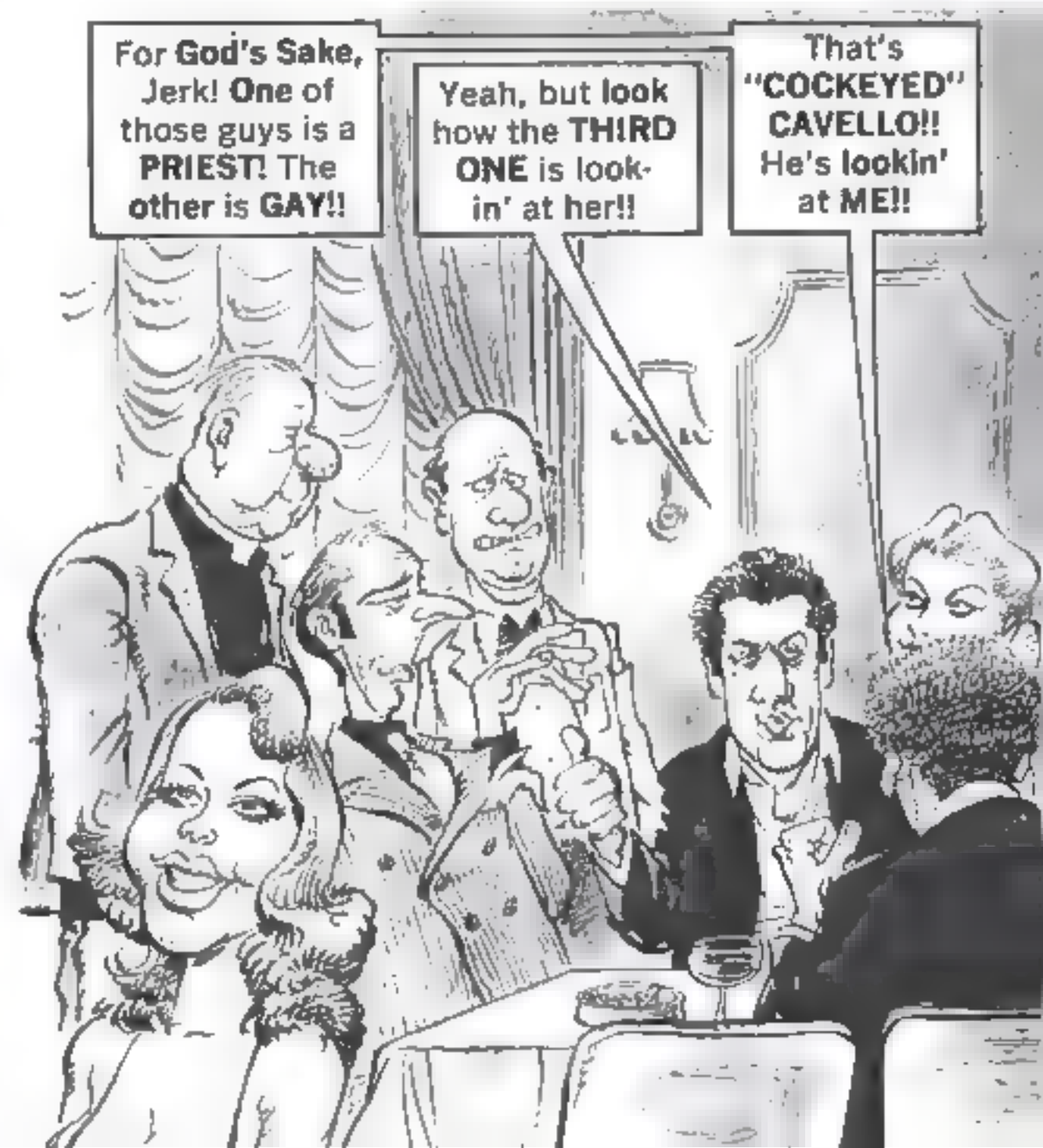
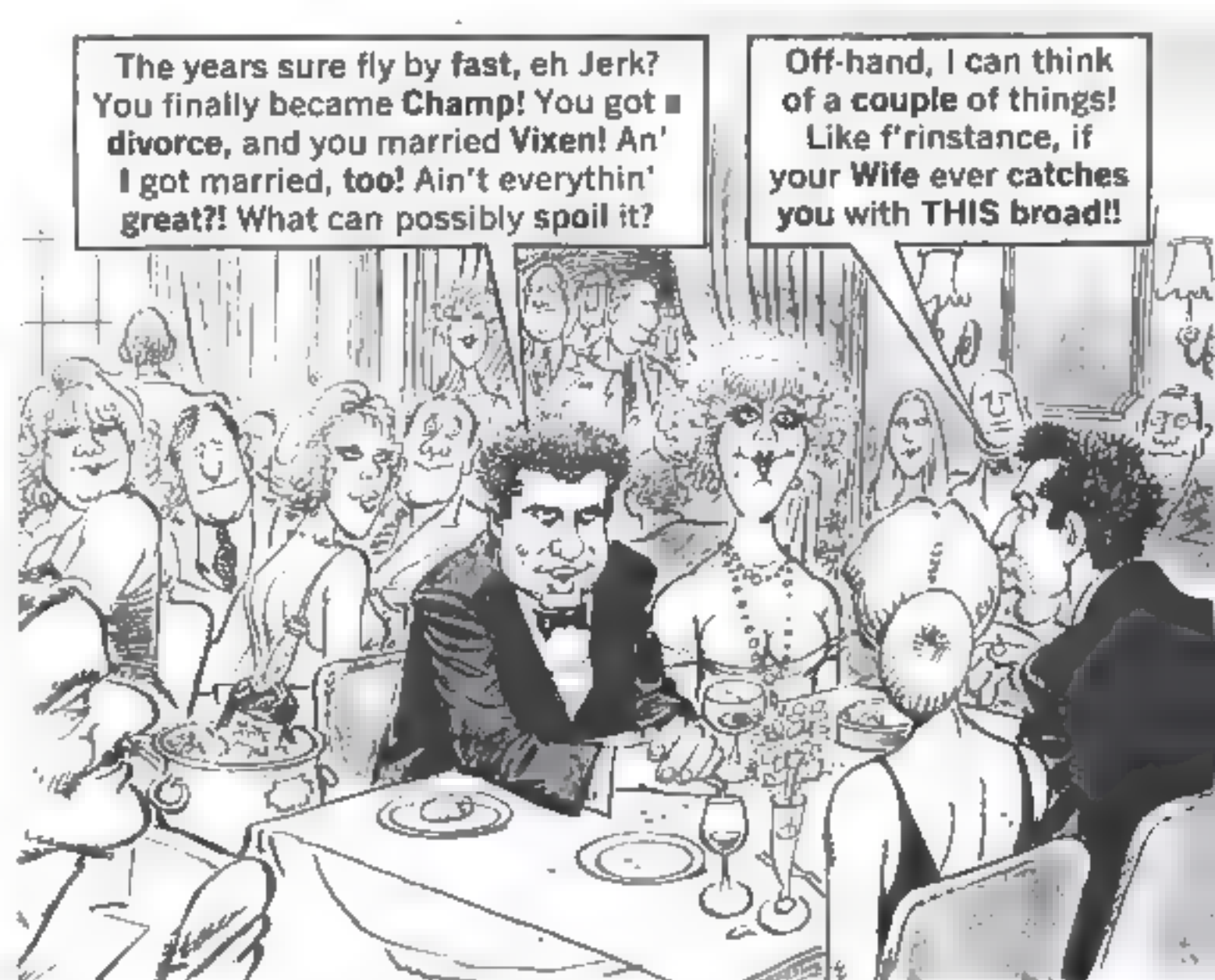
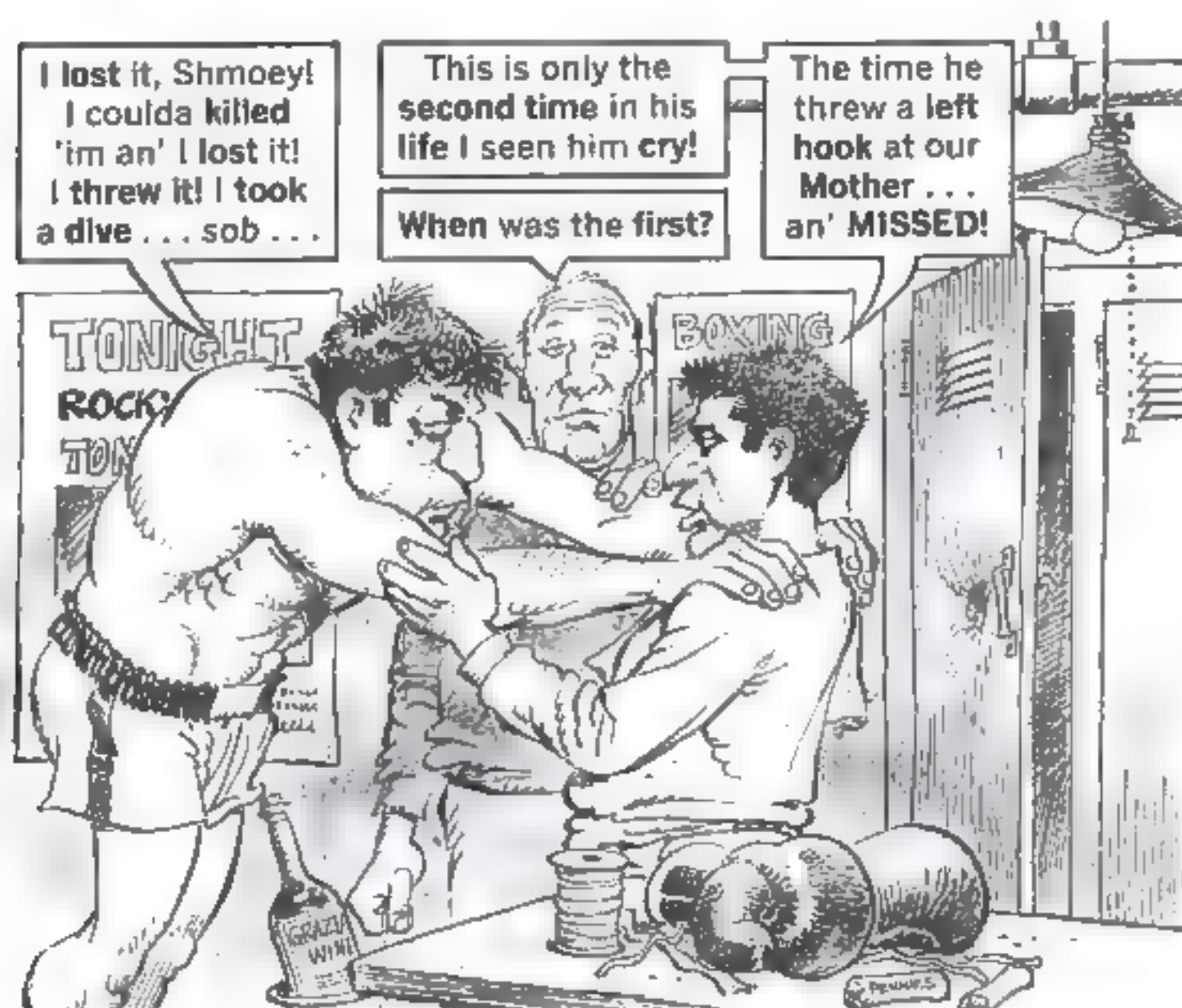
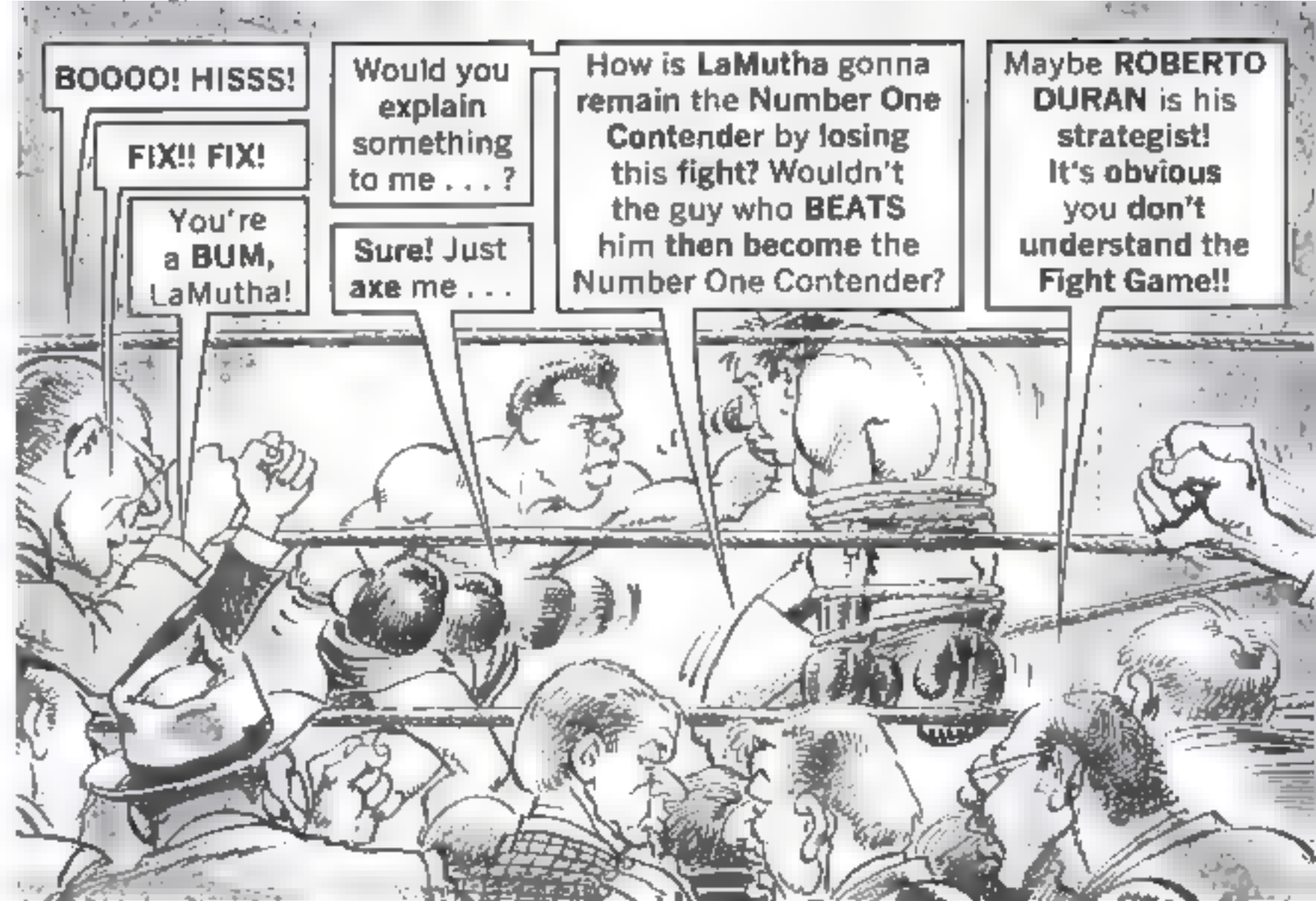
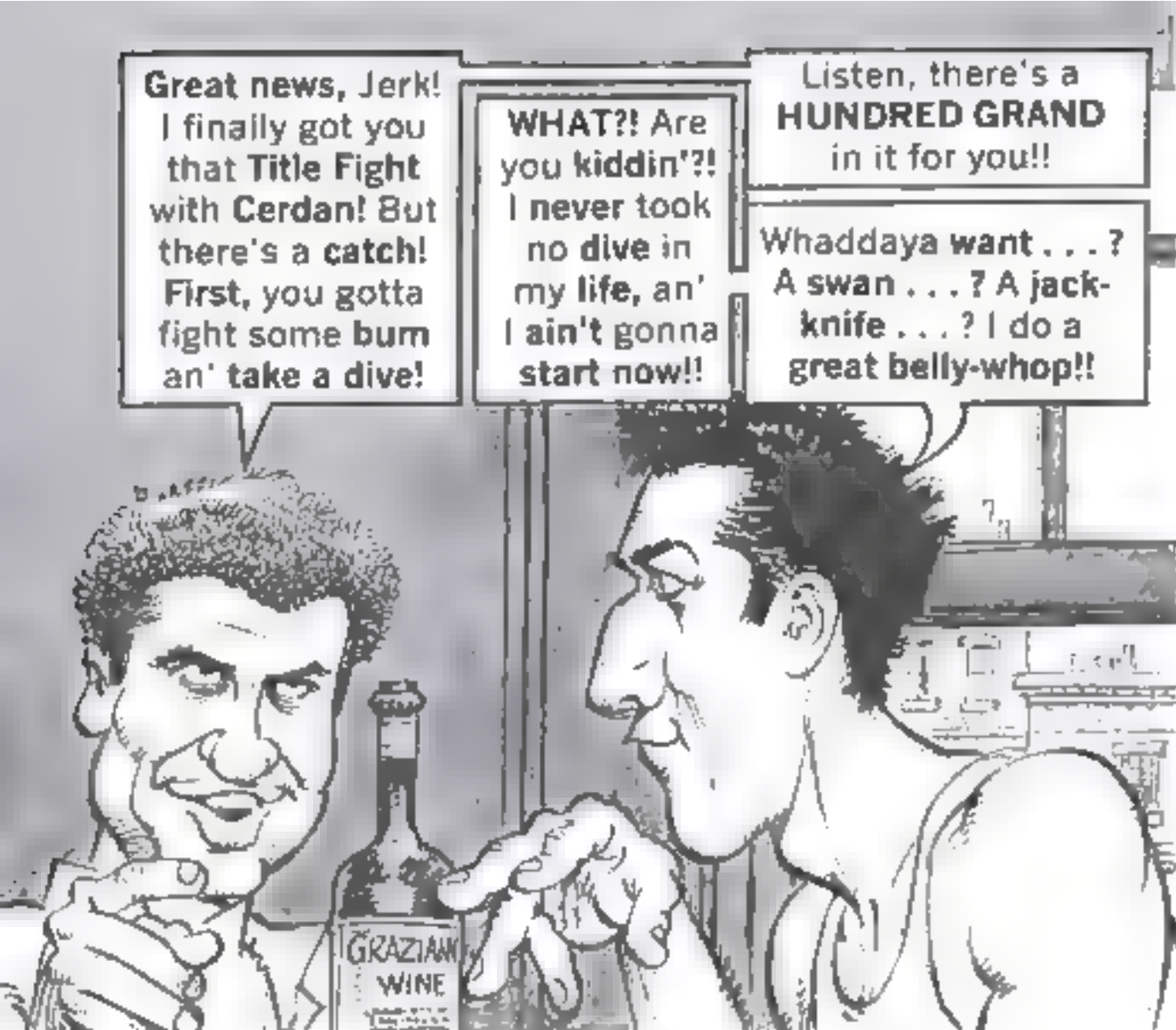


ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL











I **STILL** think she's foolin' aroun'! Last week, when she got back from **Atlantic City**, she had this **DOPEY GRIN** on her face . . . like she'd had plenty of **SEX**!

You friggin' idiot! **YOU** were with her in **Atlantic City**!! You were on your **HONEYMOON**!

And I **NEVER TOUCHED** her!! I **TOLD** you she was foolin' aroun'!!



Okay, you dirty two-timing broad!! Where **WERE** you?! Who were you **MESSIN' AROUN'** with?!? "**HOT LIPS**" **HOROWITZ**? "**LOVER BOY**" **LUNDIGAN**?! "**ROMEO**" **RICOTTA**?!

F'r cryin' out loud!! I jus' took out the **GARBAGE**!! I was gone a minute and a half!



You gotta stop wearin' yourself out like this, Jerk! Listen . . . you got a big return match with **Sugar Ray** comin' up! You gotta concentrate on that! You promise me you're gonna concentrate on nothin' but the **Sugar Ray** fight?

Okay . . . I promise . . .



Way to go, Jerk!!

He's in terrific form!

I never **SEEN** him so sharp!!



Now, you do that to **SUGAR RAY**, and you're a shoo-in!!

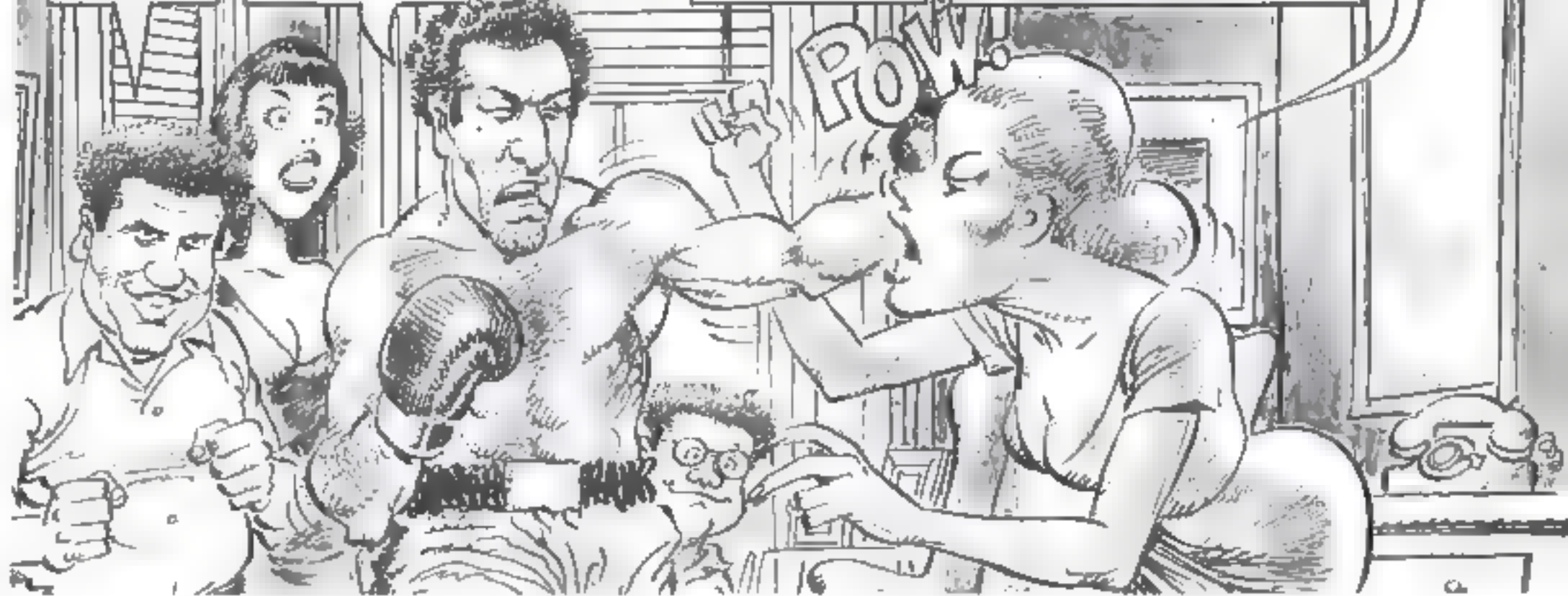
You friggin' tramp! Take that n' that! **THIS** will teach you to cheat on **ME**!

I **AIN'T** cheatin' on you, you damn fool!!

Yes you are! C'mon! Tell me **WHO** you been cheatin' with, or I'll **KILL** ya . . . !

Okay, you really wanna know?! I'll tell you! I been cheatin' with **Clark Gable**, **John Wayne**, **Haile Selassie**, **Pres. Truman**, and your own brother, **Shmoey**!

My God! A friggin' **ORGY**!!



You idiot!! Can't you see she's **JOKING**?! I ain't cheatin' on you! Don't you think I got any family **loyalty**! I would **NEVER** cheat on my **Brother** . . . !!

That's **RIGHT**! I'm married to him, and I know **Shmoey** better than **ANYBODY**! He would **NEVER** cheat on his **Brother**! On his **WIFE**, maybe, but never his **Brother**!

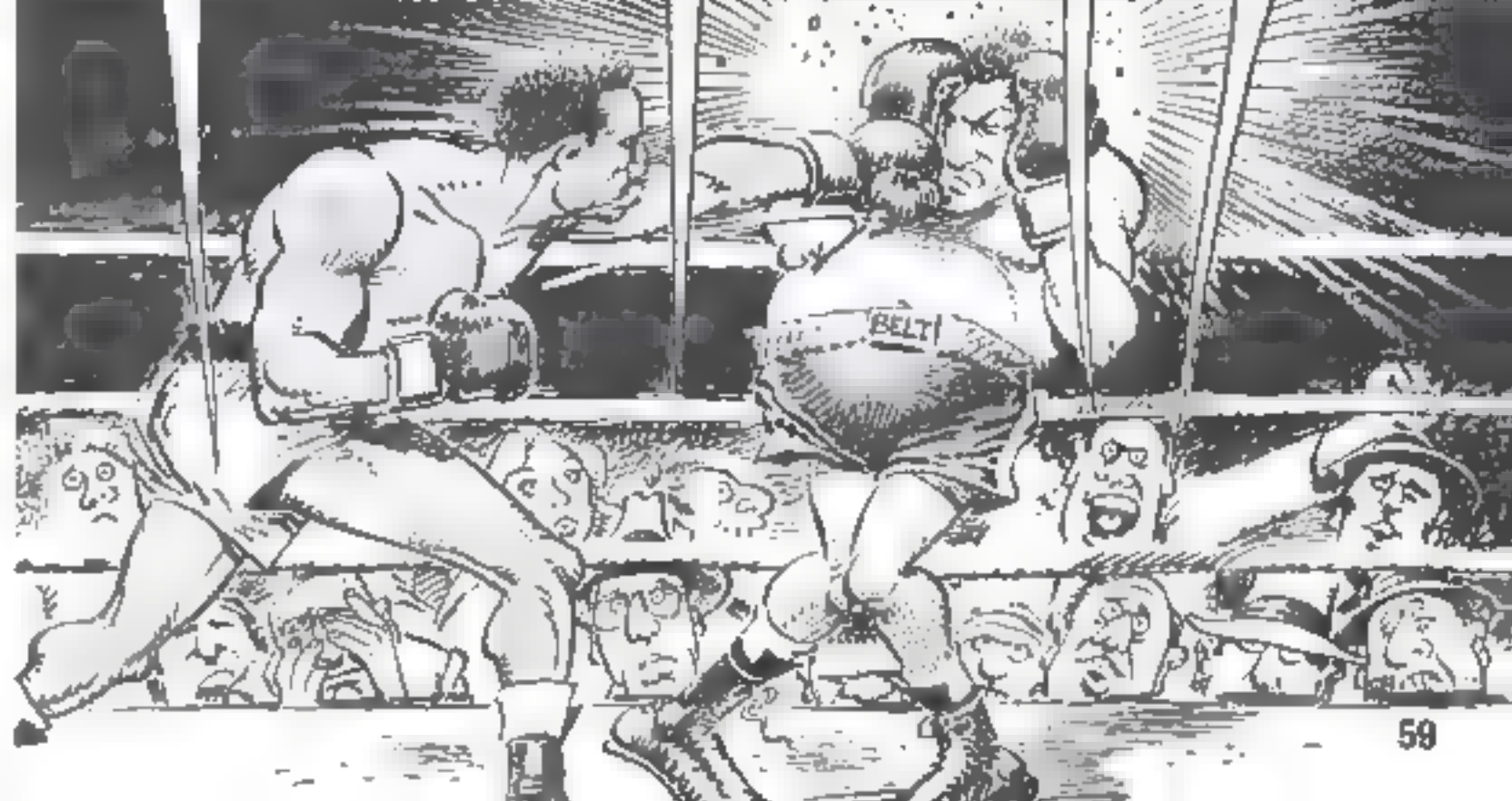


Boy, that **LaMutha** sure made a **MESS** out of his life!

Yeah! His own **Brother** walked out on him, his **Wife** hardly talks to him, and now, **Sugar Ray** is poundin' the crap out of him!

And look at the **SHAPE** he's in! You can't tell **ME** he's a **Middleweight**!

No?!? Take another look at his **middle**!



Y'know, Viven, I think I been hit in the head too many times! Here I am in a black an' white film—lookin' at home movies of us in Florida after I retire, an' they look like they're IN COLOR!!

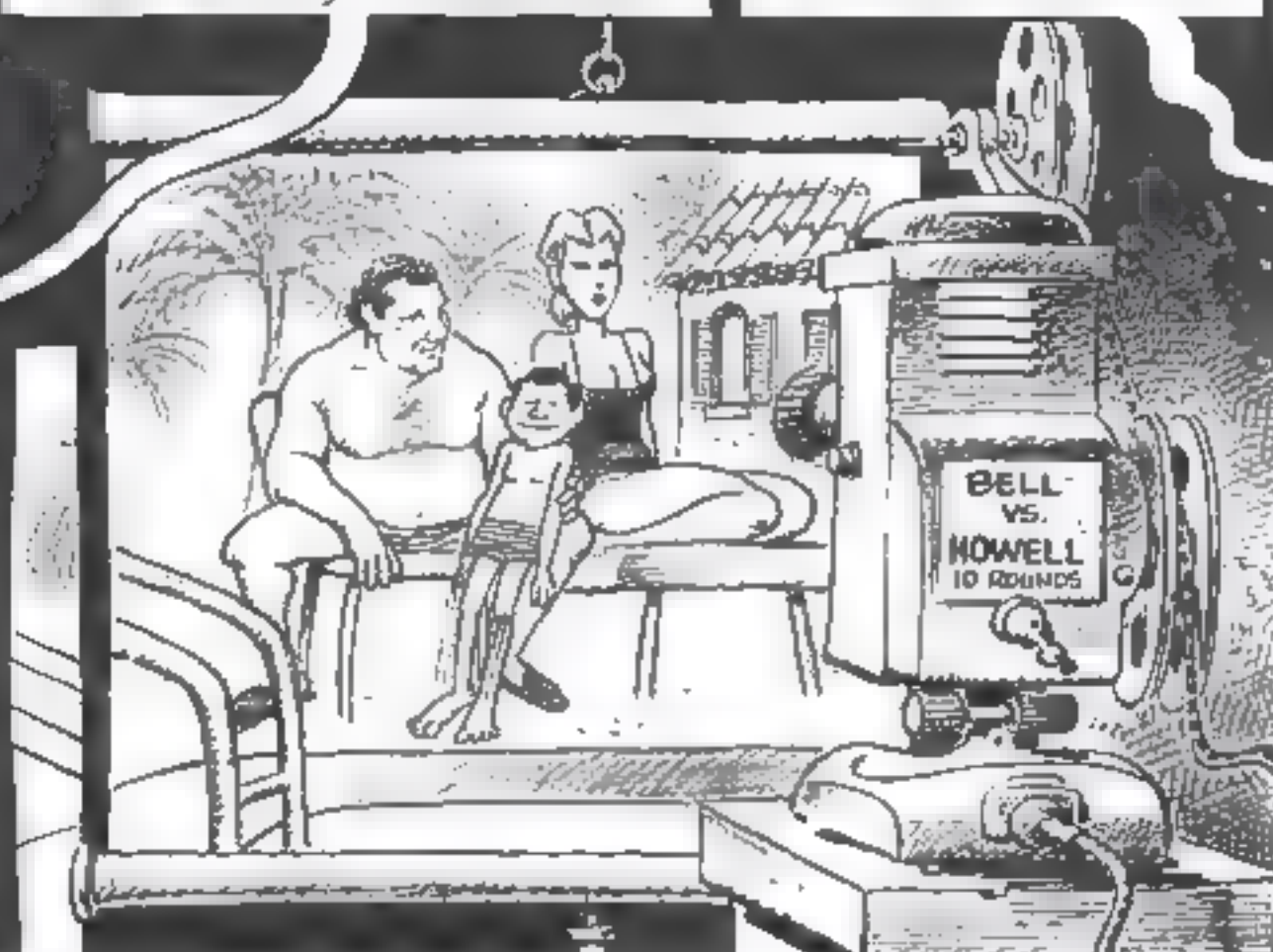
Yeah! You think THAT's strange?! How about a black and white film with a color home-movie sequence in a black an' white MAGAZINE?!!

Since I retired from the ring and opened up this night club, things have been great! Plenty of booze, broads and food ... and lots of laughs!

Man, he musta put on 200 pounds!

There's a rumor he's goin' into Show Business! Is it true he's gonna do "The Odd Couple"?!!

Yeah ... he's gonna play the TITLE ROLE!



Well, folks, I hate to eat an' waddle, but Vixen's waitin' for me out in the car! We've had our problems through the years, but she's been loyal to me ... right to the end ...!

Yeah ... she stuck by him through thick an' THICKER!

Hi, Hon! Sorry I'm so late ...

It don' matter no more, Jerk! It's all over! I'm leavin' you! Forever!

Look ... I'm sorry I've accused you of cheatin' on me all these years! I was wrong!

No, you were right! I WAS cheatin'! I been seein' someone on the side all along!!

What are you talking about?!

He's everything you ain't! He's sensitive and sweet and loved and respected!

Yeccccch!

Sounds to me like you been seein' a COLLEGE PROFESSOR!



Next to YOU, he IS a College Professor!!

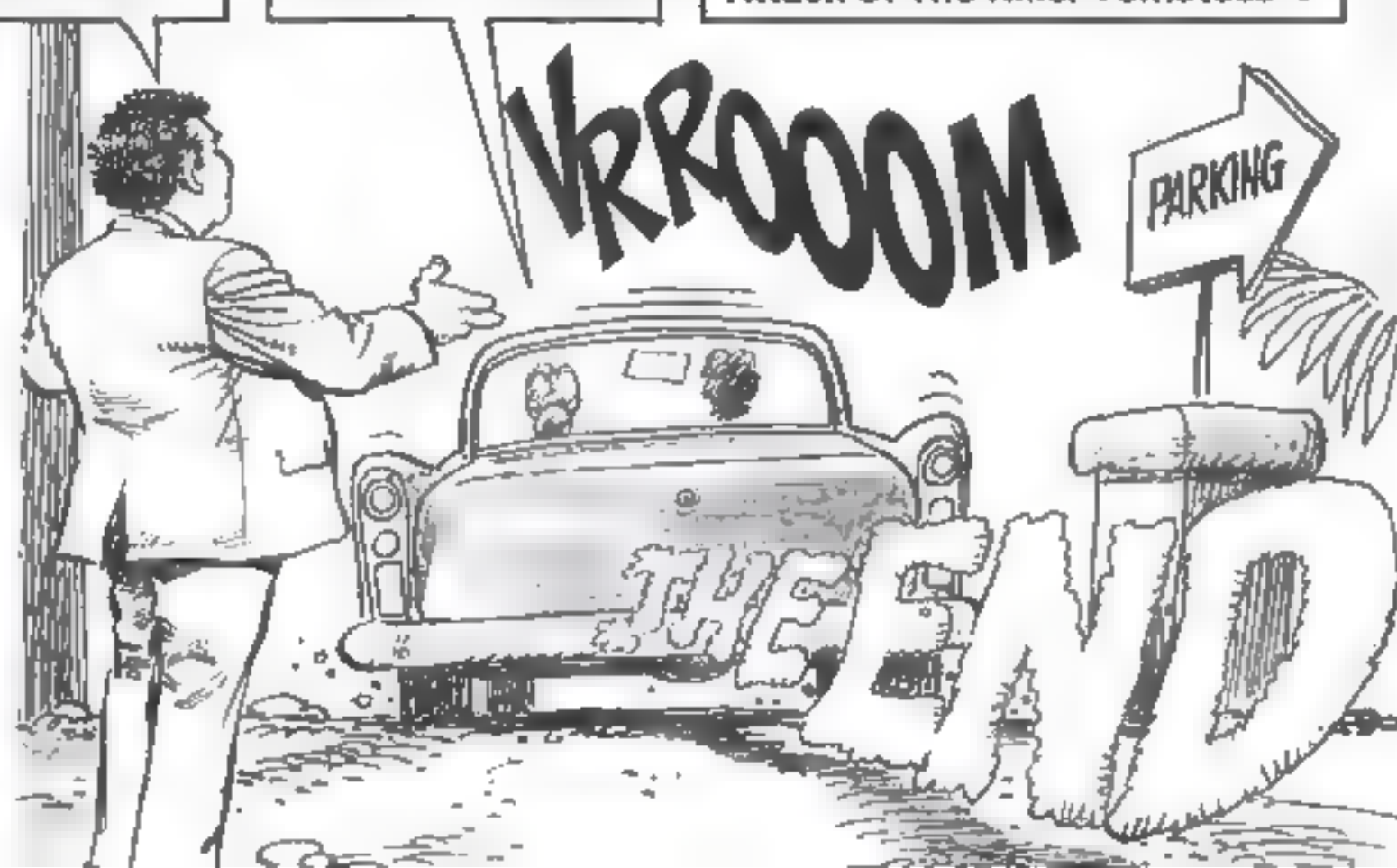
Come back, Vixen! Please come back!

He's just another pug! What can HE give you I can't?

Well, for one thing: financial security!!

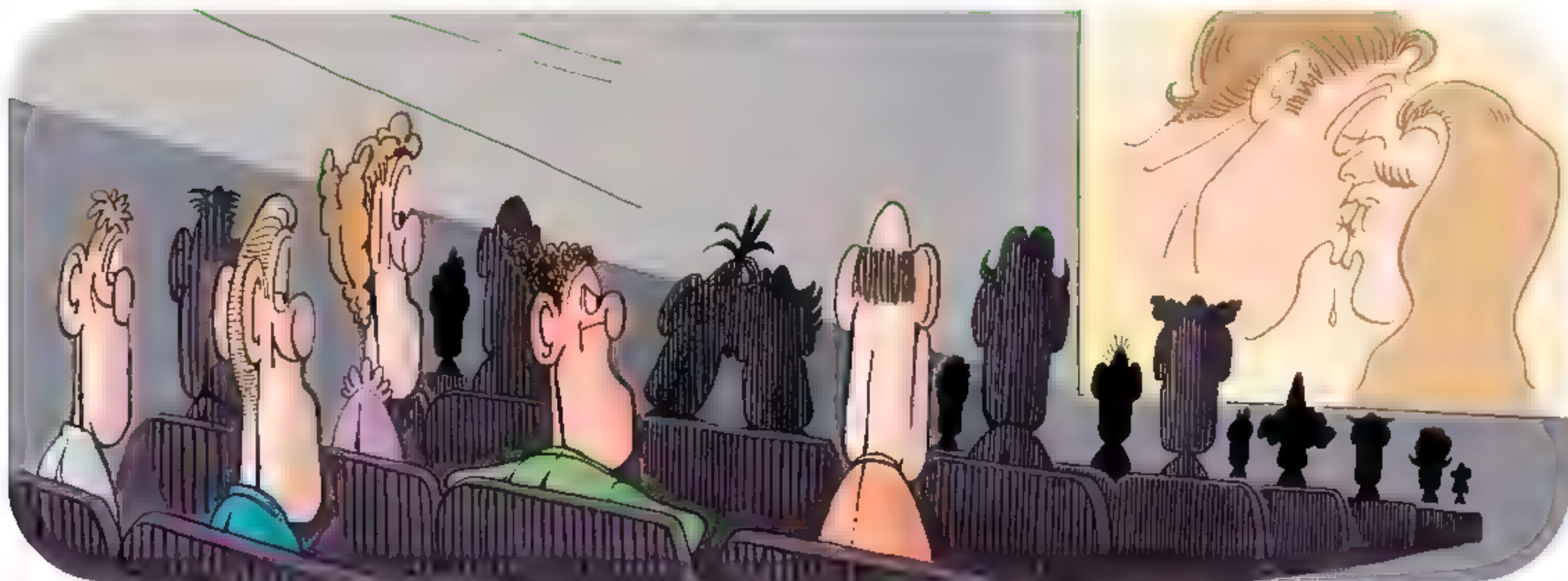
He's got at least FIVE MORE "Fight Pictures" in HIM!!

Hollywood's got about as much chance of making some more money on a fat creep like YOU with a sequel than they got making a sequel to "The Attack Of The Killer Tomatoes"!!





AT A MATINEE



SHORT SUBJECT DEPT.

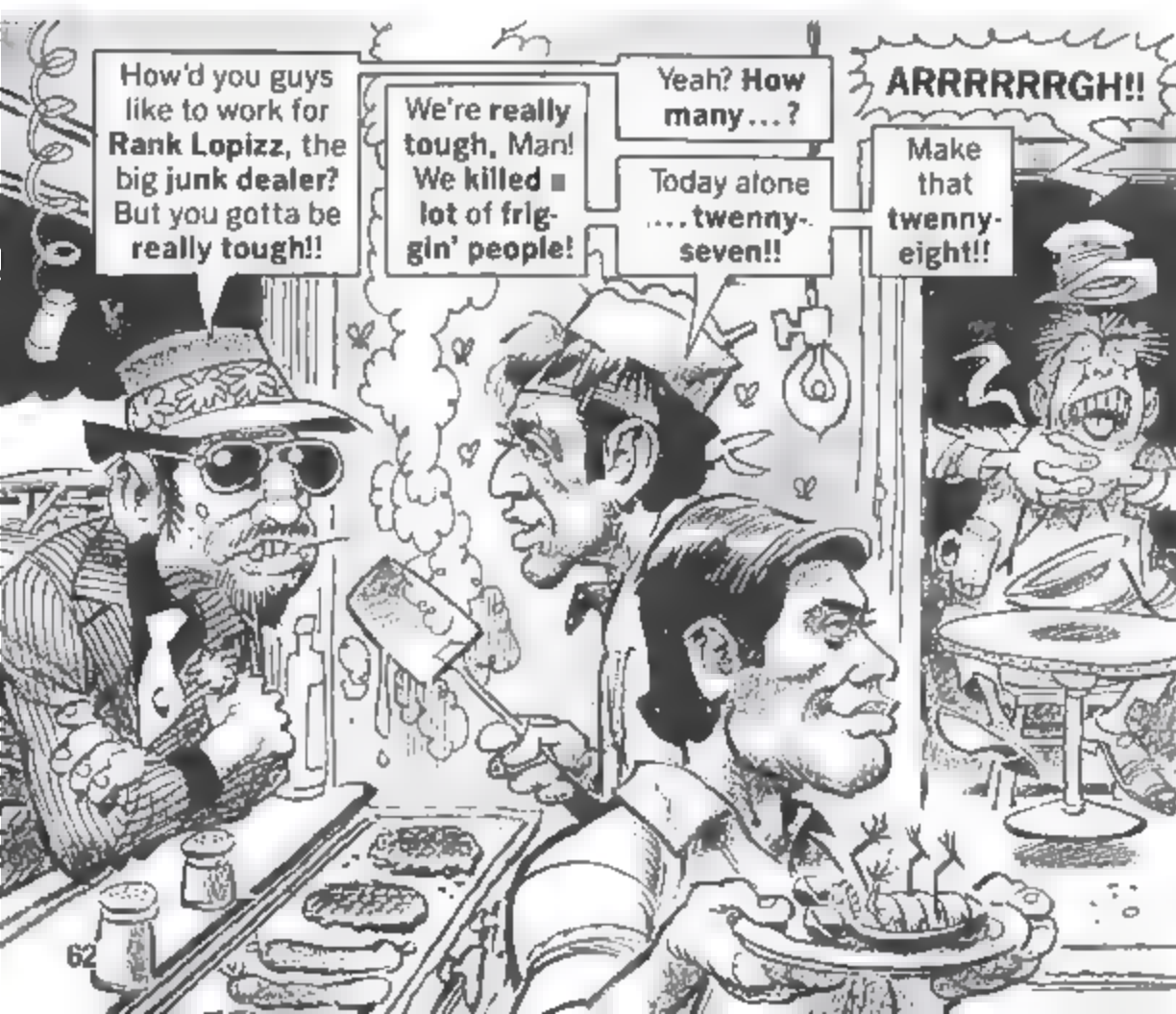
Some time ago, a promising young film star rose to new heights portraying a brilliant Italian-American college graduate who takes over a huge criminal empire. Now, more than ten years later, this same film star sinks to new lows portraying a sick, amoral Cuban junkie who takes over another huge criminal empire. In real life, this would be called "degeneracy." In Hollywood, this is called "progress." Anyway, here's our version of—

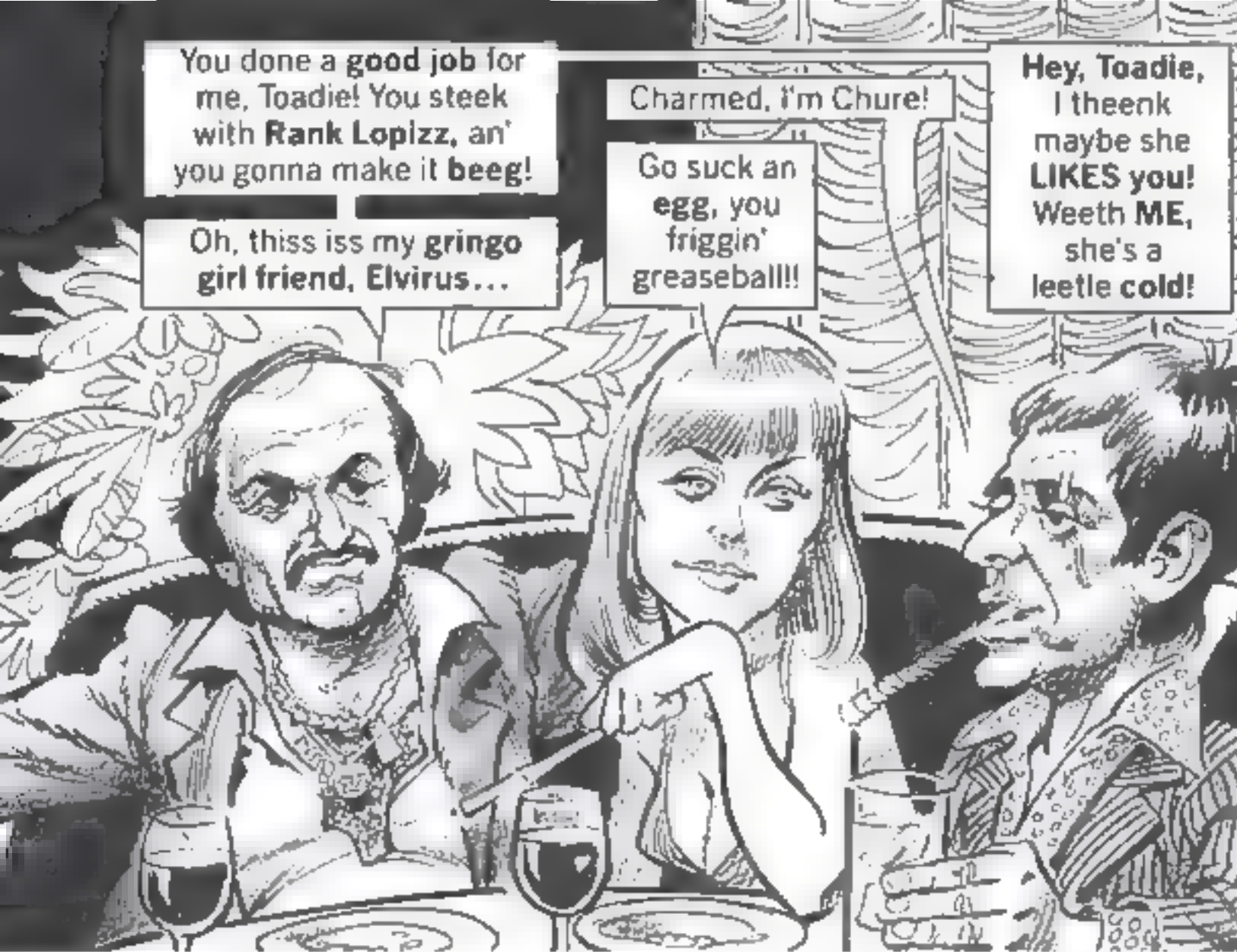
SCAR RED FACE

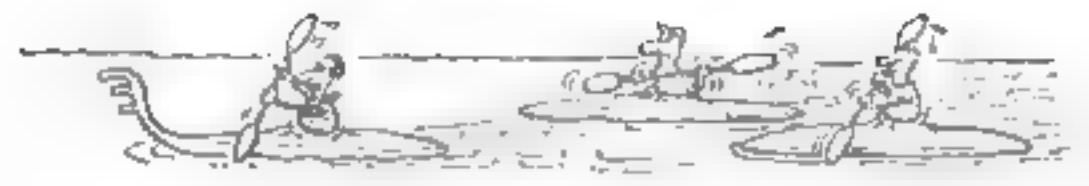


ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL







Hey, Walter! Those two guests just filled you full of lead! How come you don't die?!

Sorry...it's not my table!

RATAT TAT

BLAM

I took friggin' care of your friggin' hoods, an' now I'm gonna wipe YOU off the friggin' face of the friggin' Earth, too!

Wow! You realize they used the word "frig" in this move as a noun, a verb, a preposition, an adjective... forty ways in all! There's no other way to say it!

Frigg you, fink...!!

Frigg YOU, Rank...!!

Hey, Man, that's fanfriggingtastic!

Make that FORTY-ONE!

BAM

BAM

POW

POW

POW

SNIF. SNIF. SNIF.

Well, Bebbie... how you like bein' married to the mos' important dope dealer in Miami, with six billion dollars an' ninety-two mansions!?

Greaseball... ??? I take eight bubble baths a day!!

Is that what you call them?! You're supposed to use SOAP in the water, not COCAINE!

You're still a greaseball, Toadie!

You take YOUR bubble baths, an' I'll take MINE!!

Hey, Boss... I juss found out that your bes' friend, Meanie, iss livin' with your Sister!

What?!? Yecch! Ptui! That makes me feel dirty all over! I'll grab another bubble bath, an' then I'll fly over an' see them!

They're livin' right here in town, Boss! You don't need to take no PLANE!!

Hey, Man... I said I'd FLY over! I didn't say nuthin' about no PLANE!

Wait, Toadie! Before you say or do anything crazy, please listen to me! Meanie and I are MARRIED!

Married?!? You're a sweet, decent girl! You CAN'T marry him! Don't you know that your marriage was already arranged... to a decent, wonderful, old-fashioned boy...!!

Who...???

ME...!!!



YOU?!?
But,
Toadie!
You
KNOW
that's im-
possible!

Okay!
Okay!
I'll
get
a di-
vorce!

Oh... thass
right! We're
Catholic!
I'll get an
annulment!!
Forget it!!

Forget it...?!
Five years ago,
Mama turned me
down! And now,
YOU?! How much
rejection can
I take...?!?



BLAM
BLAM



You've had it,
Toadie! We're
Federal Nar-
cotics Agents!

This is It, Toadie!
We're Dope Pushers
Local 14! You don't
run a Union Shop!

Toadie, we're from the
National Rifle Assoca-
tion! We're here because
we just love to shoot!!



BLAM BLAM
RAT-A-TAT
RAT-A-TAT

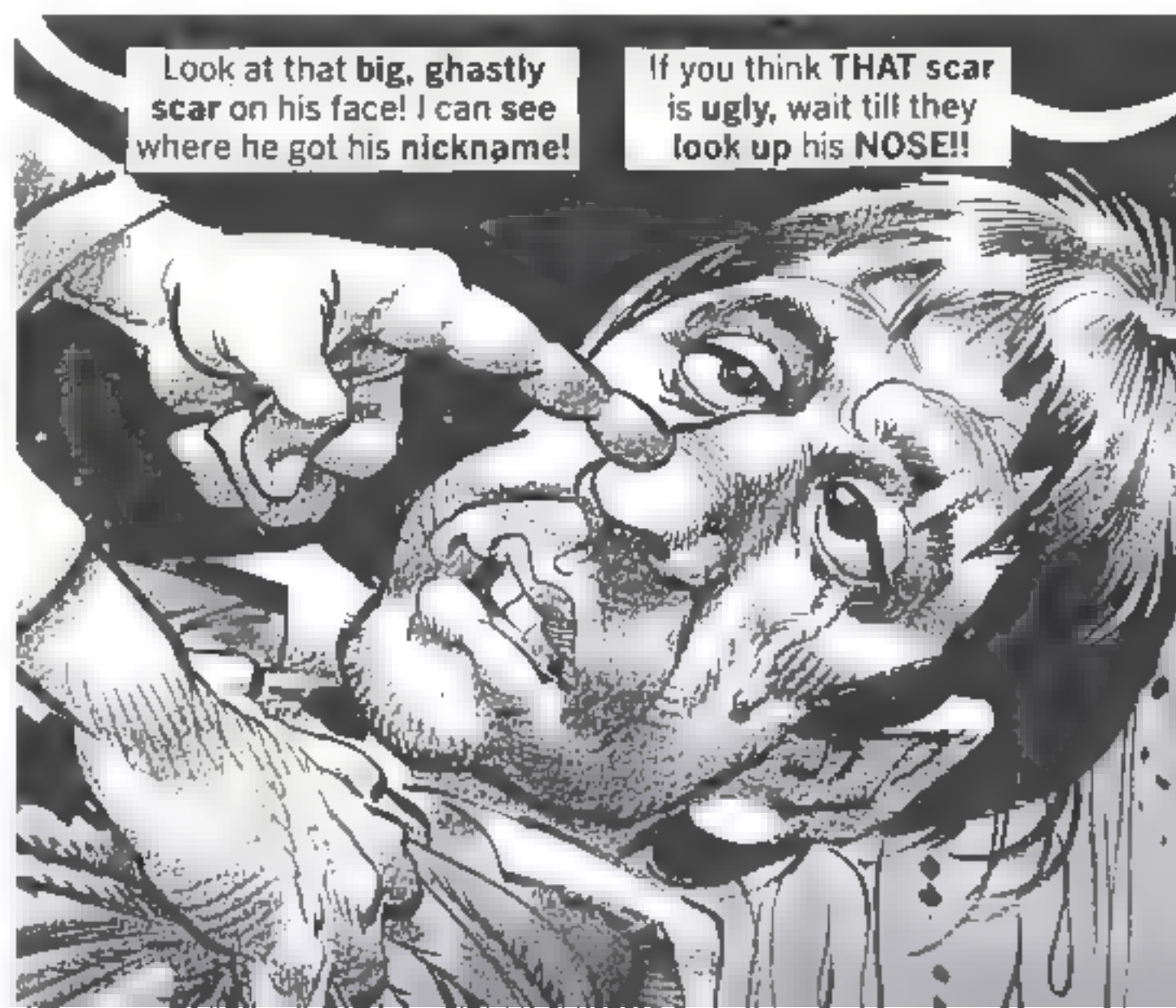
FOOOM KABOOM



Well... it
looks as if
he died where
he wanted to
...in his
bubble bath!

Yeah! But at least he
seems to be showing
some remorse for the
inexcusable life he
led! Hear him crying?

He's not crying! He's
still sniffing coke!
I hear that in extreme
cases of addiction...
death is not necessar-
ily a final deterrent!

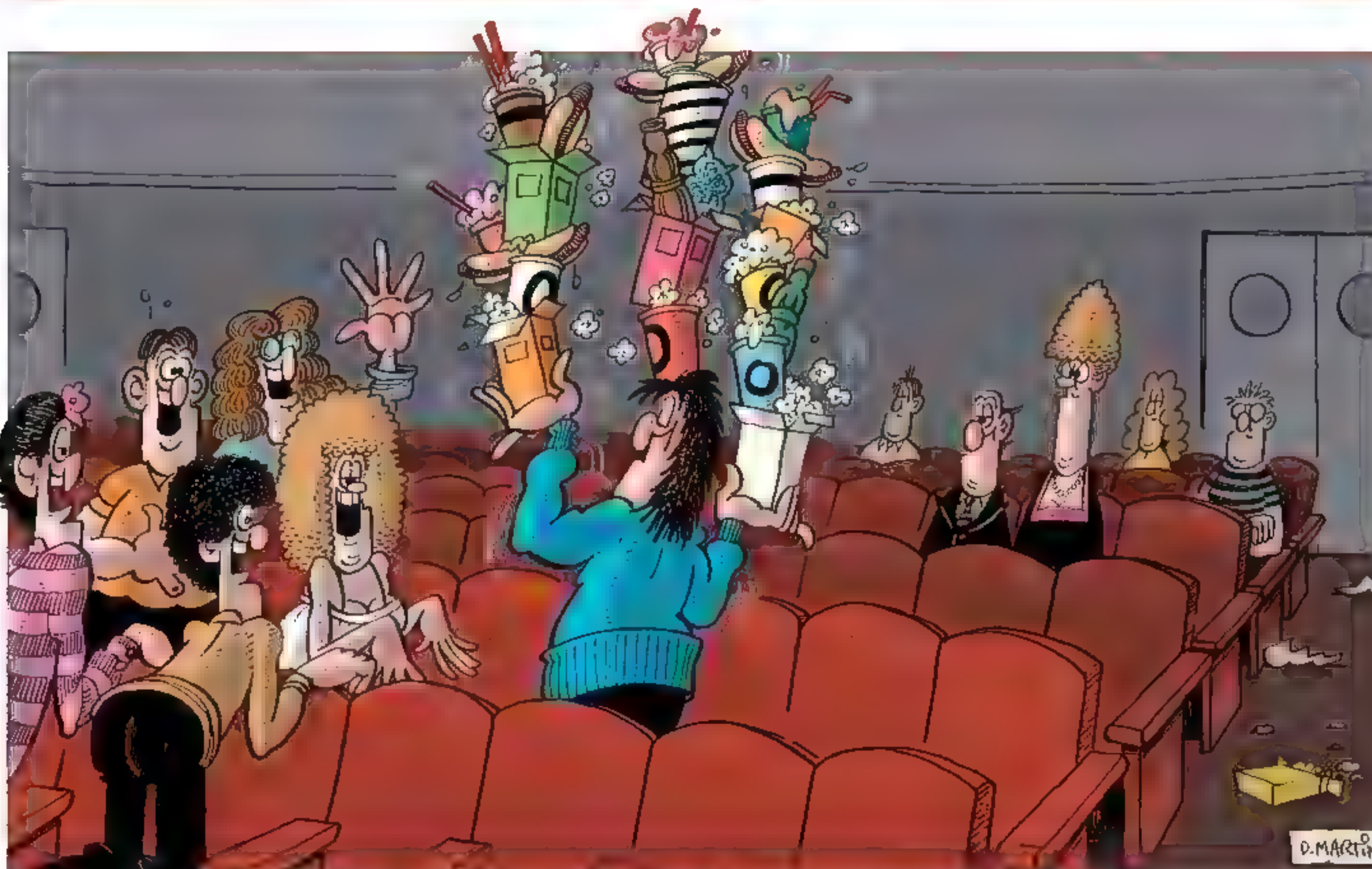
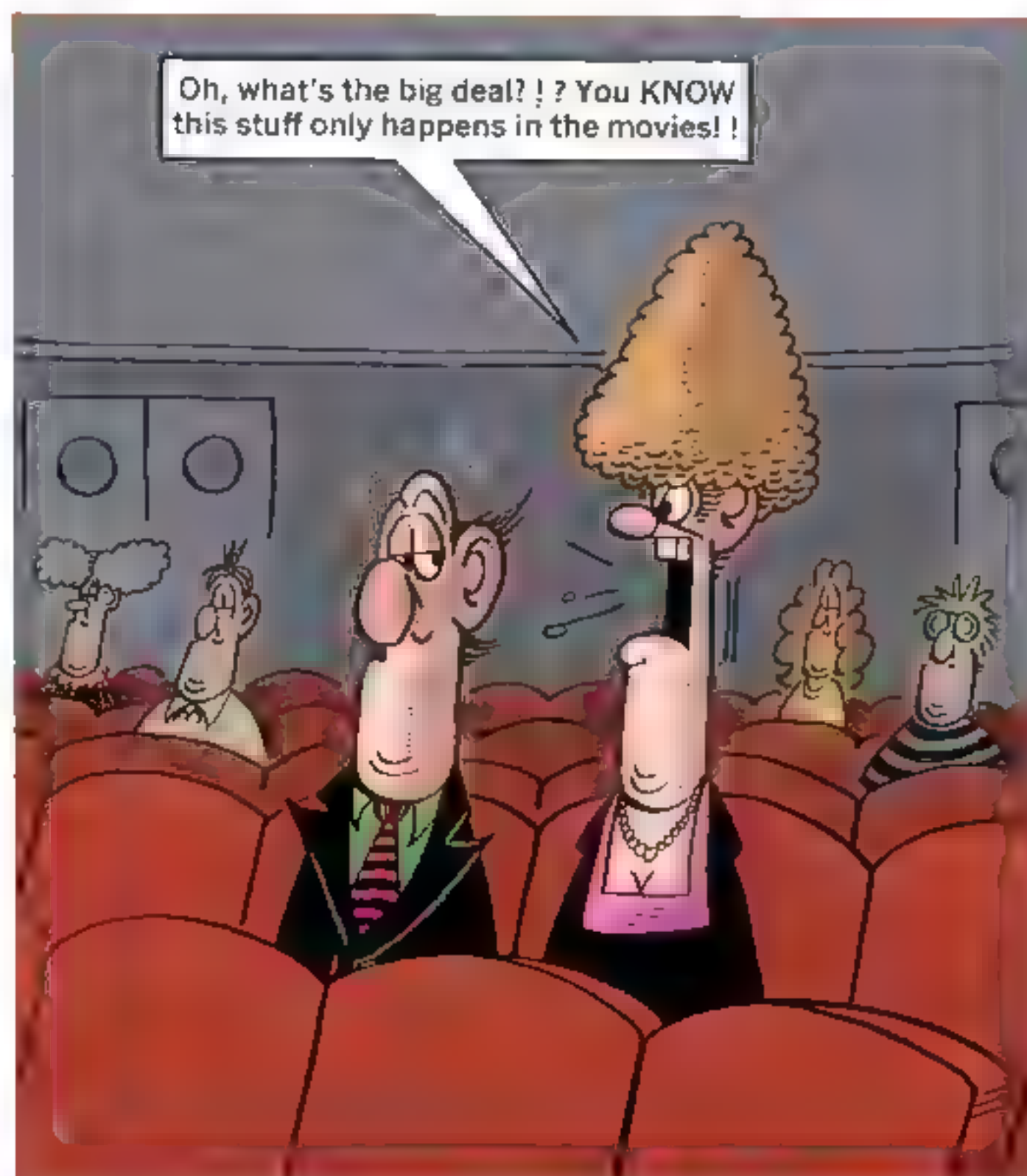
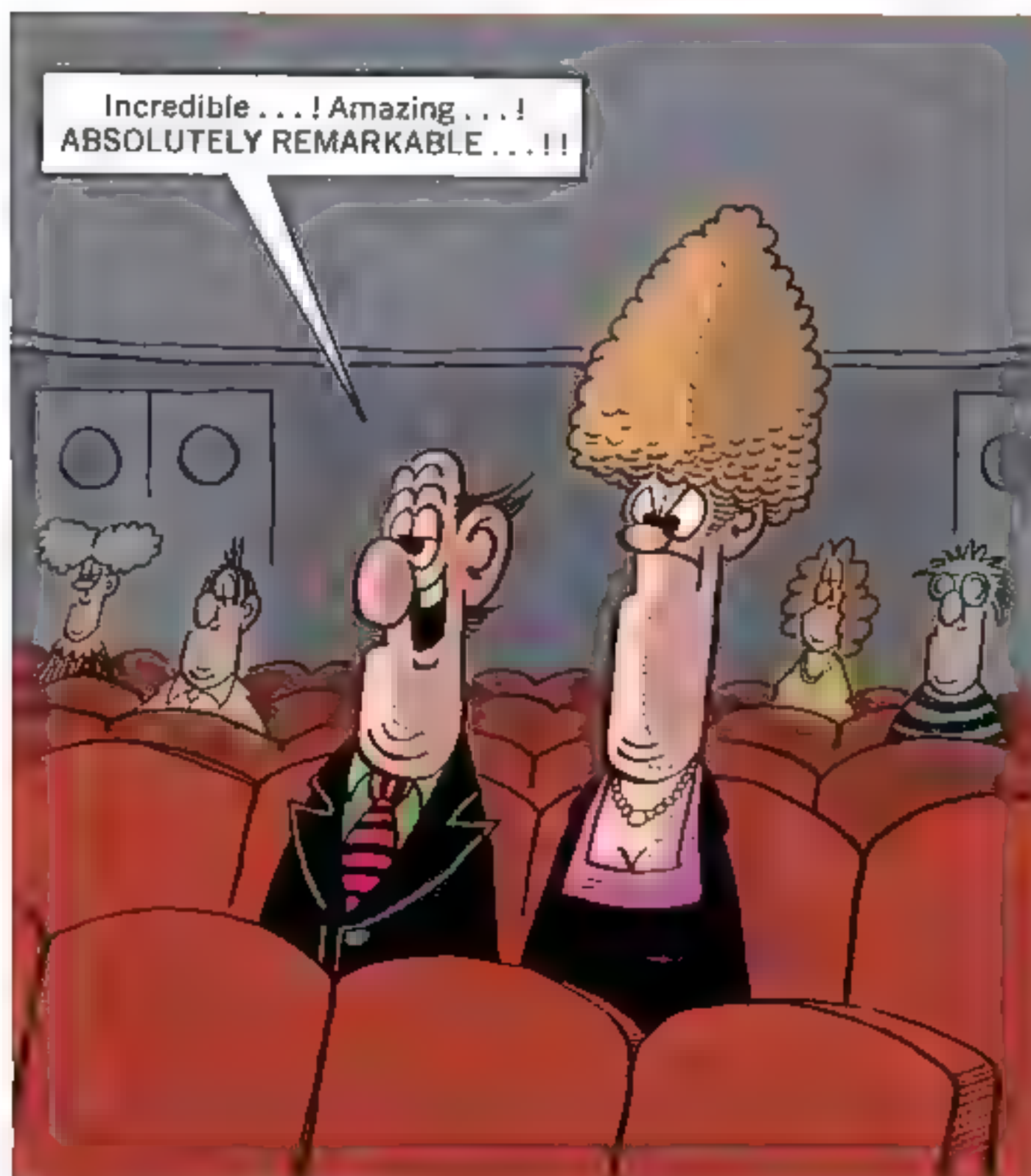


Look at that big, ghastly
scar on his face! I can see
where he got his nickname!

If you think THAT scar
is ugly, wait till they
look up his NOSE!!



ONE FINE DAY DOWNTOWN WHILE WATCHING A DOUBLE FEATURE



GHOST-DUSTERS

Hi, there! My name is Gene Sissy...!

I thought we were just delightful!

I thought our comments were sharp, perceptive and provocative, and our dialogue was far superior to the actual movie spoofs themselves!

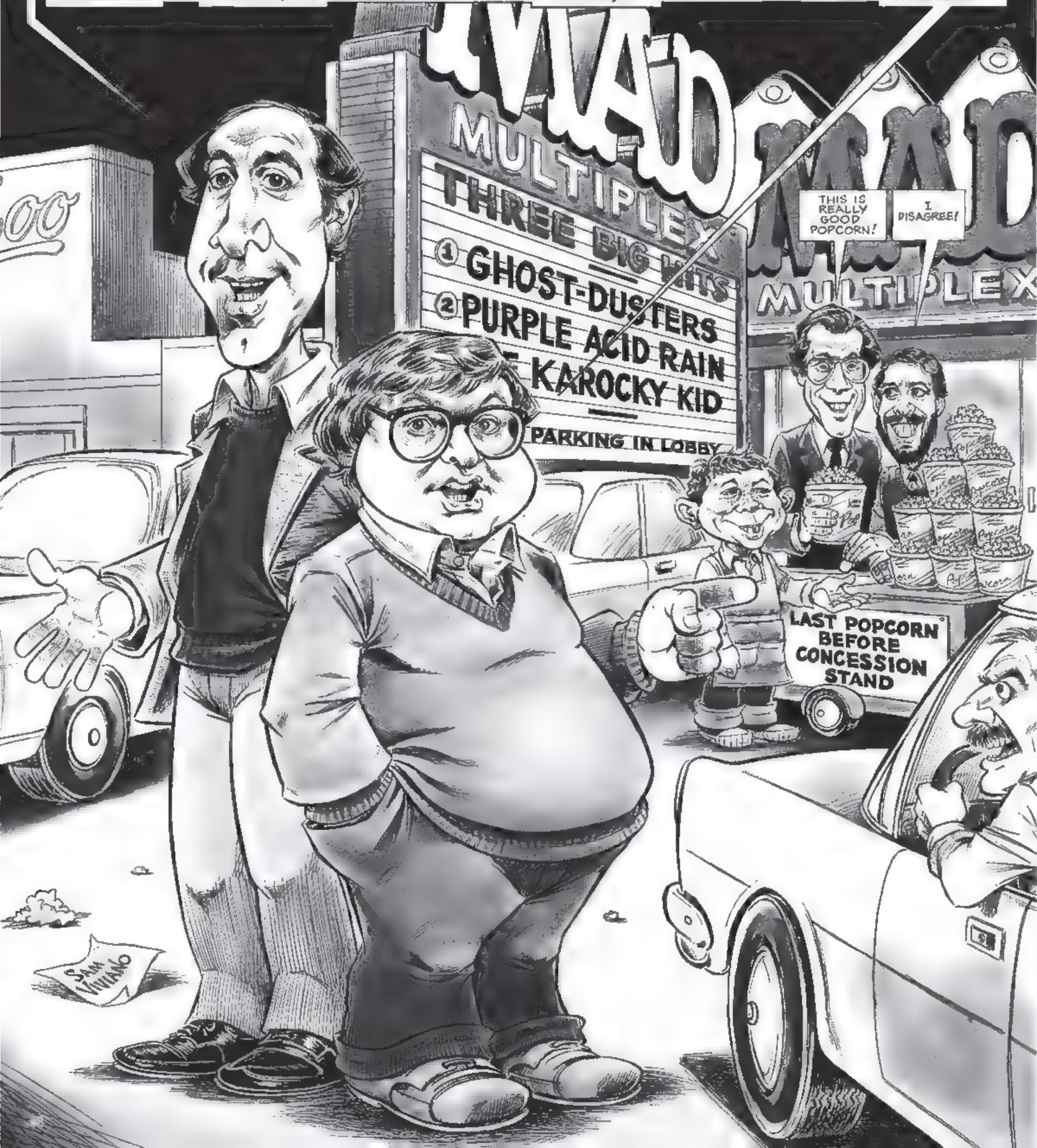
I thought we were witless, tedious, inane and totally lacking in any keen insight... especially in everything YOU had to say...!

I thought you'd be pleased that MAD's artist drew you without filling up the entire page! Anyway, we're back again to review three hot movies of last Summer!

First, let's look at a blockbuster comedy success! This movie was a "satire" of occult films, featuring a trio of investigative scientists! It was called...

And I'm Roger Ebre! We recently appeared in an issue of MAD to review three movies!!

And I disagree!! I thought we were horrible!! I'm surprised they brought us back for this sequel!!



THIS IS REALLY GOOD POPCORN!

I DISAGREE!



Gentlemen... we've got a problem here!

A lady is returning an overdue book...!

She took it out in 1832—and she's returning it IN PERSON!!

What is it??

Well...there's nothing odd about that!

SIGH!



Wow! A genuine free-floating apparition! Let's trap it...!!

Nahh! Leave it alone!

It's even too ugly for ME to date...!!

B-but, why, Leerman??

KLIK KLIK KLIK



You three are a JOKE to the Parapsychology Department of this University!! Pack up your laser beams and leave!! You're OUT!!

I think he's kicking us off campus!

We—we won't forget this!!

Yeah! When you die and you come back to haunt somebody, you're in DEEP TROUBLE, Buddy!!



What do we do now?

Let's try to con our way into another University's Parapsychology Department!!

There ARE no other University Parapsychology Departments! They just made one up for this movie!!

Then we better go into business for ourselves!



Well, this is it! Here we are... Dr. Leerman, Dr. Staunch and Dr. Stickler...in our own business!! You know what's in store for us NOW, don't you??

Yeah! A "Saturday Night Live" sketch that costs thirty million dollars!

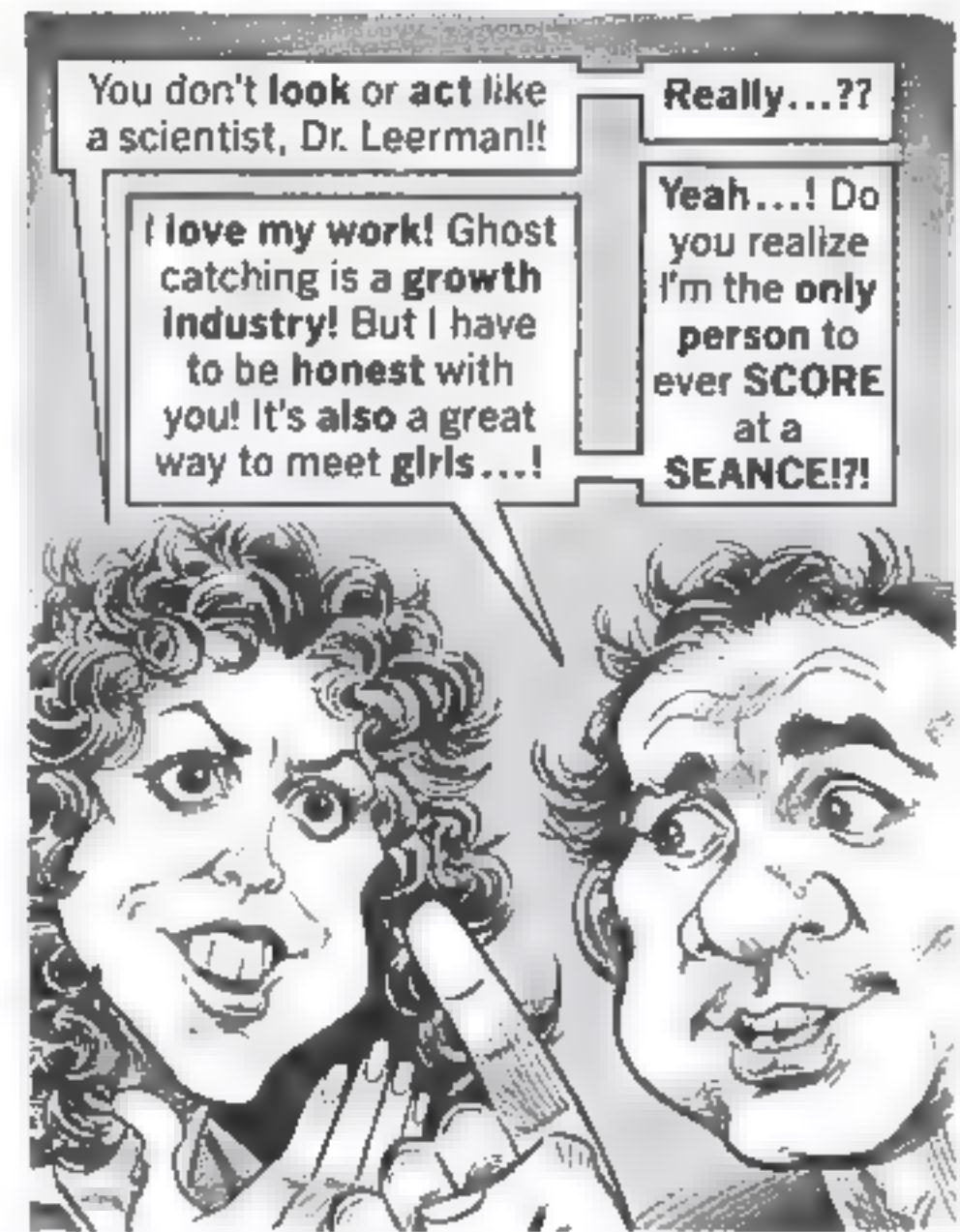
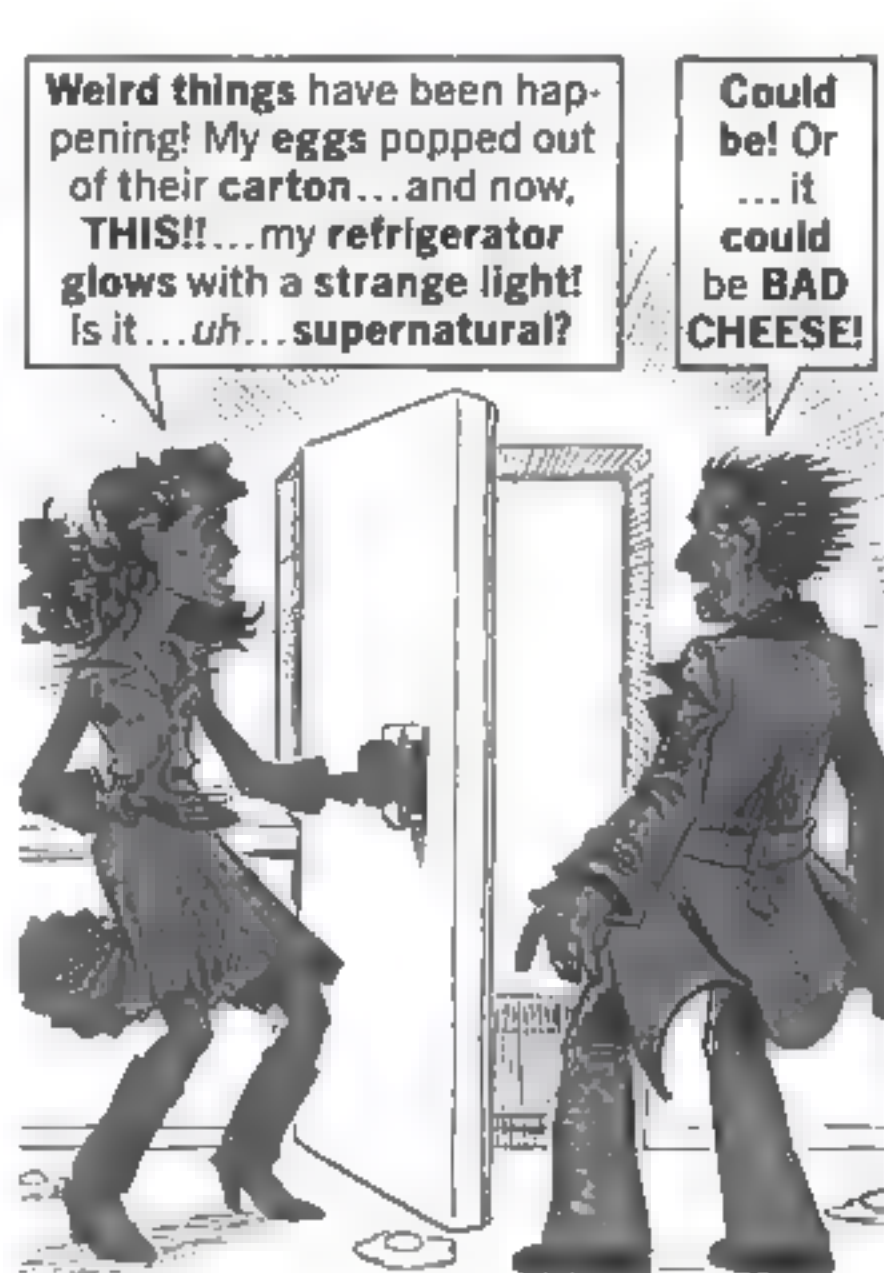


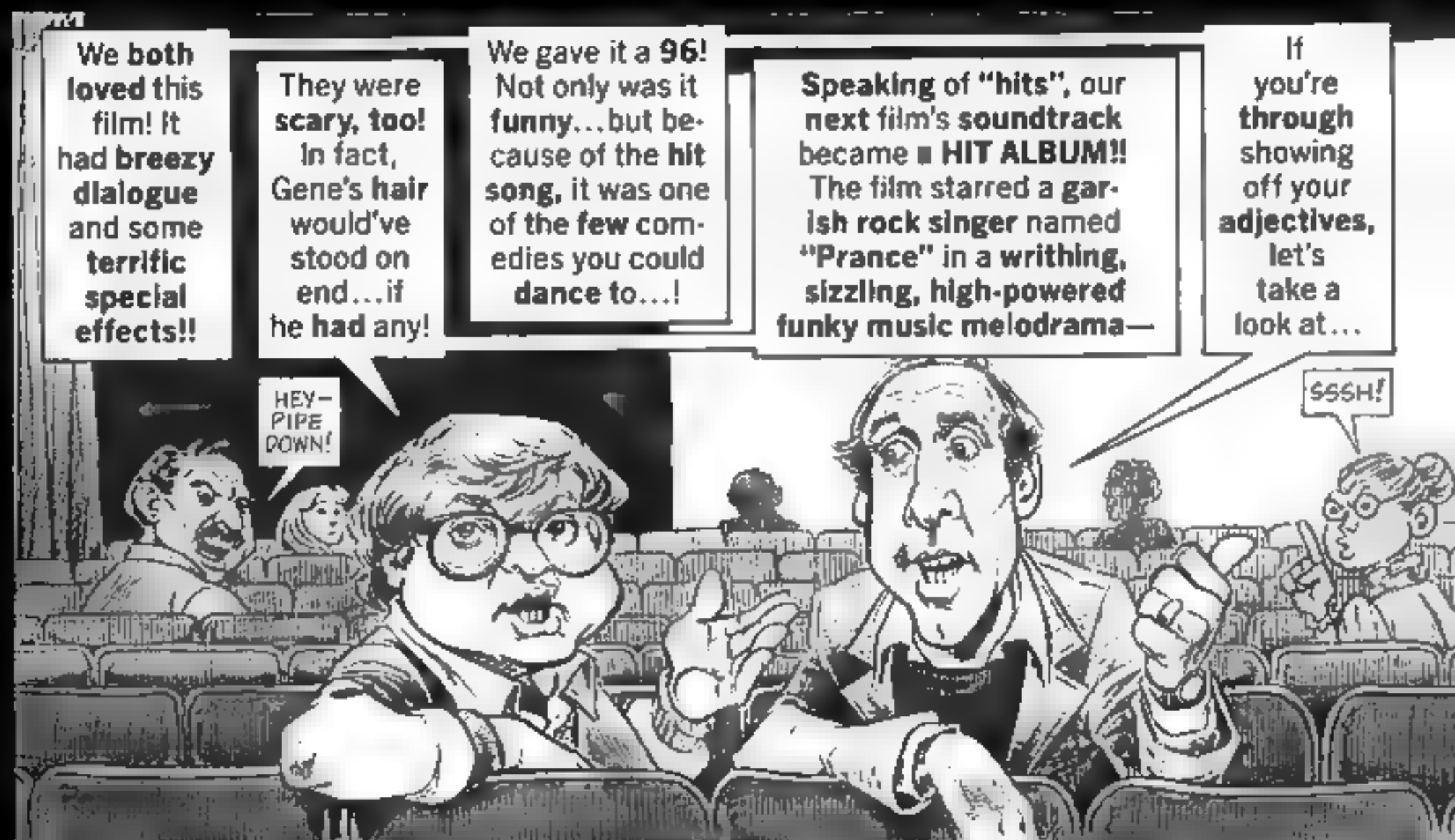
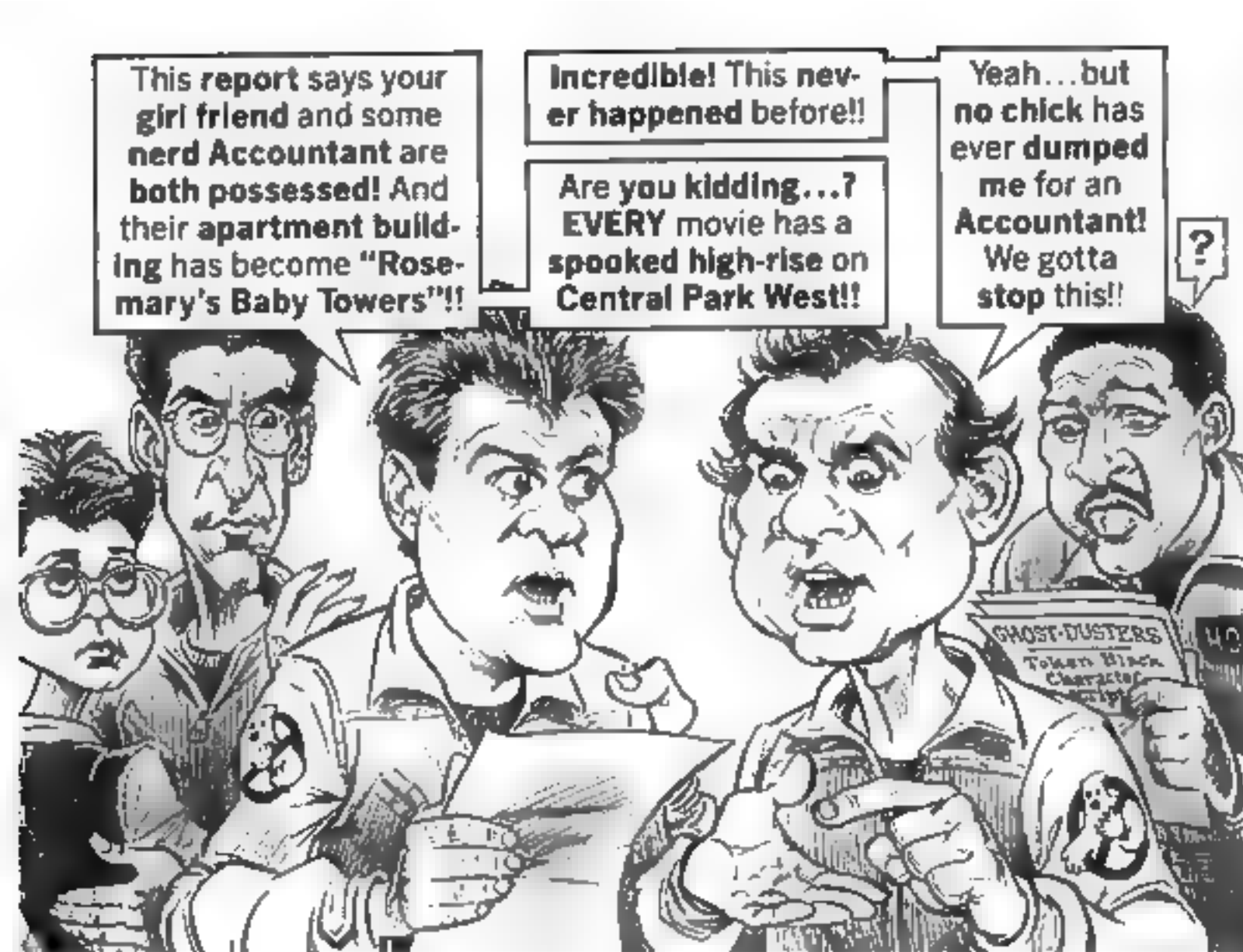
There's a—a supernatural blob, floating through the hotel!!

Don't sweat it! We're the "Ghost-Dusters"!!

Yes...but what credentials do you have! What experience...?

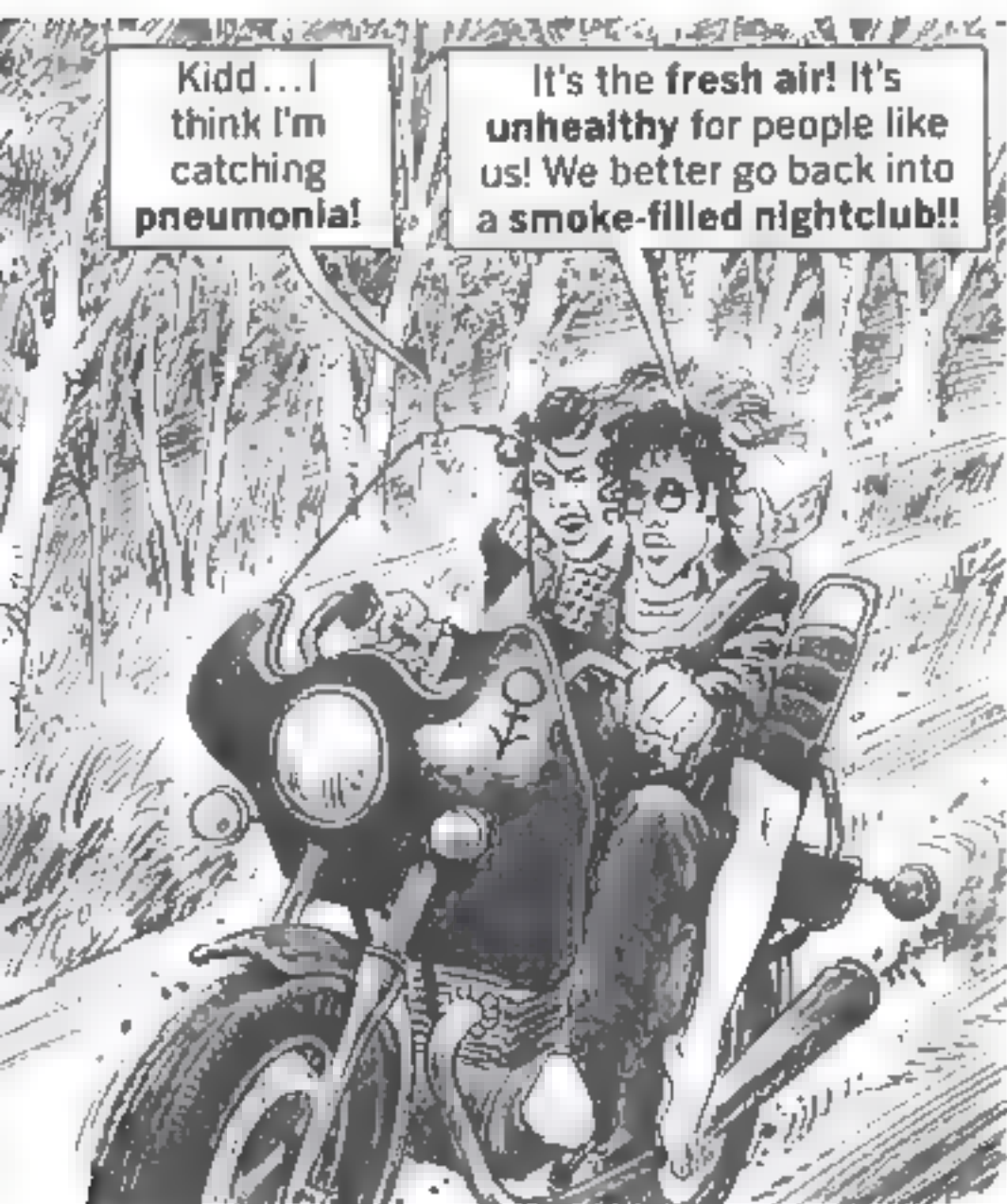
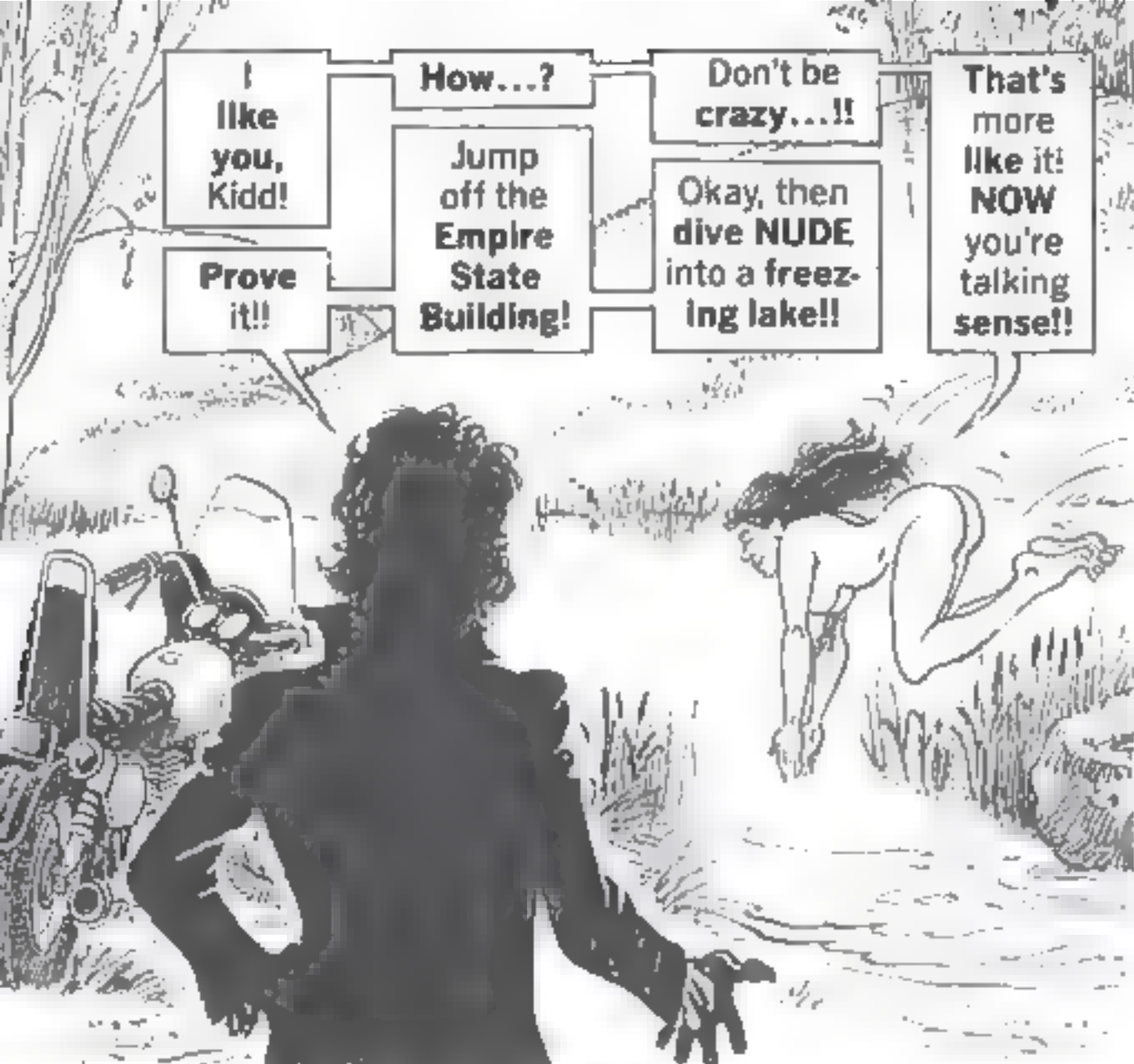
I've read every single issue of "CASPER"!! Now, Back off, Man!! Let us work...!

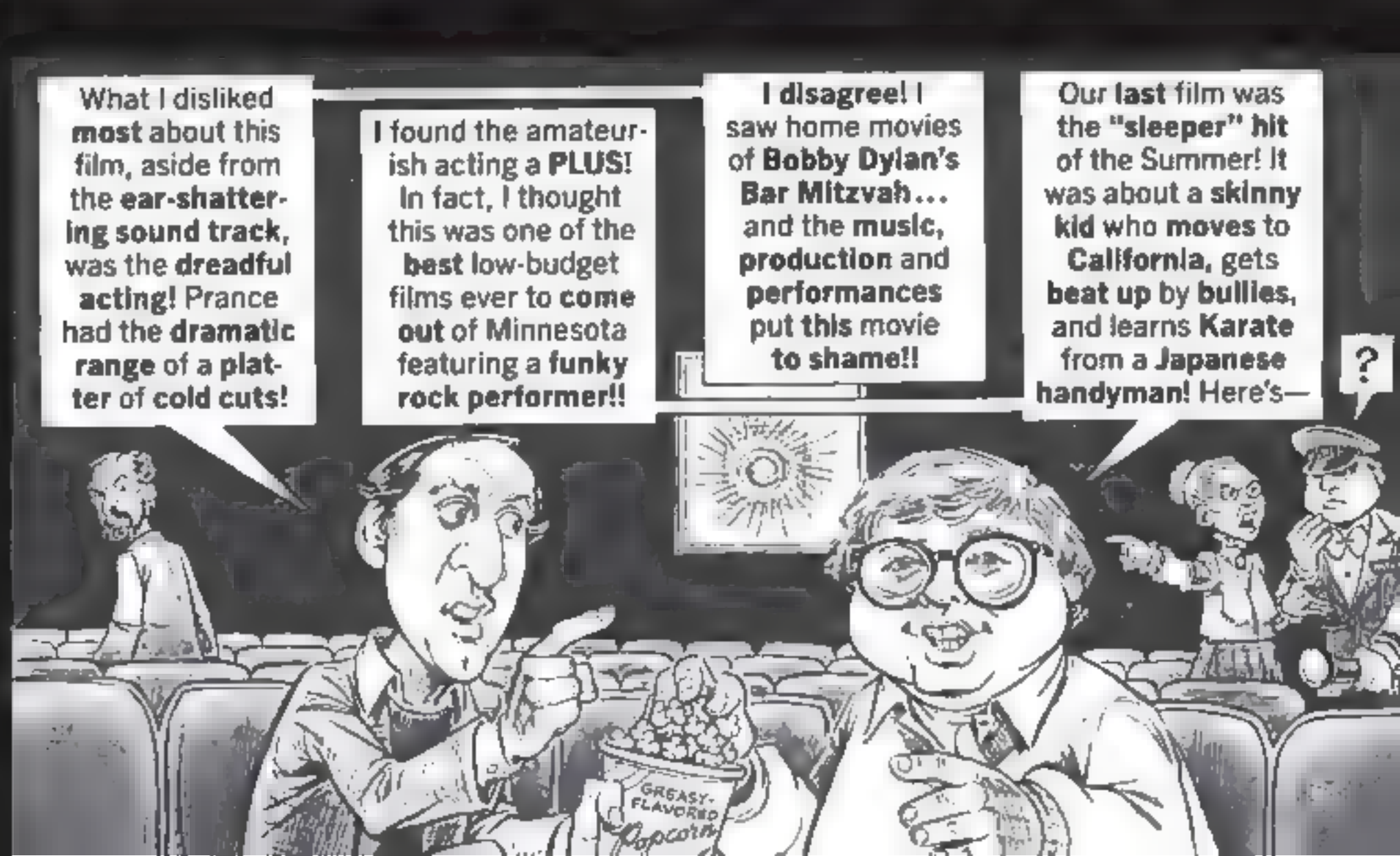




Purple Acid Rain







The Karocky Kid

Danyell, you're gonna love California! It's much better than New Jersey! Whaddya think? Isn't it beautiful...?

I'm not sure, Mom! We've been in L.A. three hours...and I still haven't seen it! Right now, it looks like the Pulaski Skyway during the rush hour!!

ENDING
EXIT HERE



Hi, there! I'm a bright, gorgeous, California blonde!

Hi, there, yourself! I'm trash from New Jersey! We have absolutely nothing in common!

We're holding the same volley ball, aren't we?

Yeah! So what?

In California... that's a COMMITMENT!!



Meet my ex-boyfriend, Johnnymop! He has a Black Belt in Karate!

How come it's over between you two?

He ALSO has a Black Belt in PERSONALITY!!



Punk... I'm gonna beat you up... California style!!

CALIFORNIA style...?!!

Yeah!! You ready...?!!



POW!



Have a nice day...!!





You new boy in building, eh? My name is Miyakki, the most mysterious, wisest Maintenance Man in Southern California!

What makes you so wise? I never do any "maintenance"!!



You've been in California for a week, now, Danyell! How are you enjoying school...?

Well...the kids have a NICKNAME for me! They call me "TIMEX"!!

"TIMEX"? Why do they call you "Timex"?

Because...I'm being beaten up like clockwork! But...I take a lickin'...and keep on tickin'!



Wow! The old man singlehandedly wiping out five teenage toughs! Hey, Man, where'd you learn that??

I learn from very special person—in place I was at years ago!

From your father? Back in Okinawa?

No...from man called "The Fonz"—in series called "Happy Days"!



You were terrific, Miyakki! I want you to teach me Karate!

Violence is always last answer to problem, Danyell!

But I'm getting my butt kicked every day!

Karate not in fists! Karate in heart and in mind!!

Tell THEM that! So far...their hearts and minds are beating the crap out of me!!



Those are the guys that have been pounding me to a pulp! And that macho lunatic is their instructor!!

Remember! Strike first! Strike hard! No mercy—EVER! Boni, you showed mercy! Give me thirty pushups—the hard way!!

On my knuckles...??

On your FACE!! The rest of you, practice today's lesson..."How To Knee A Peace-Loving Pacifist In The Groin"!



Truss, I come to request that your student refrain from beating up Danyell until the Karate Tournament...when they will meet in big match!

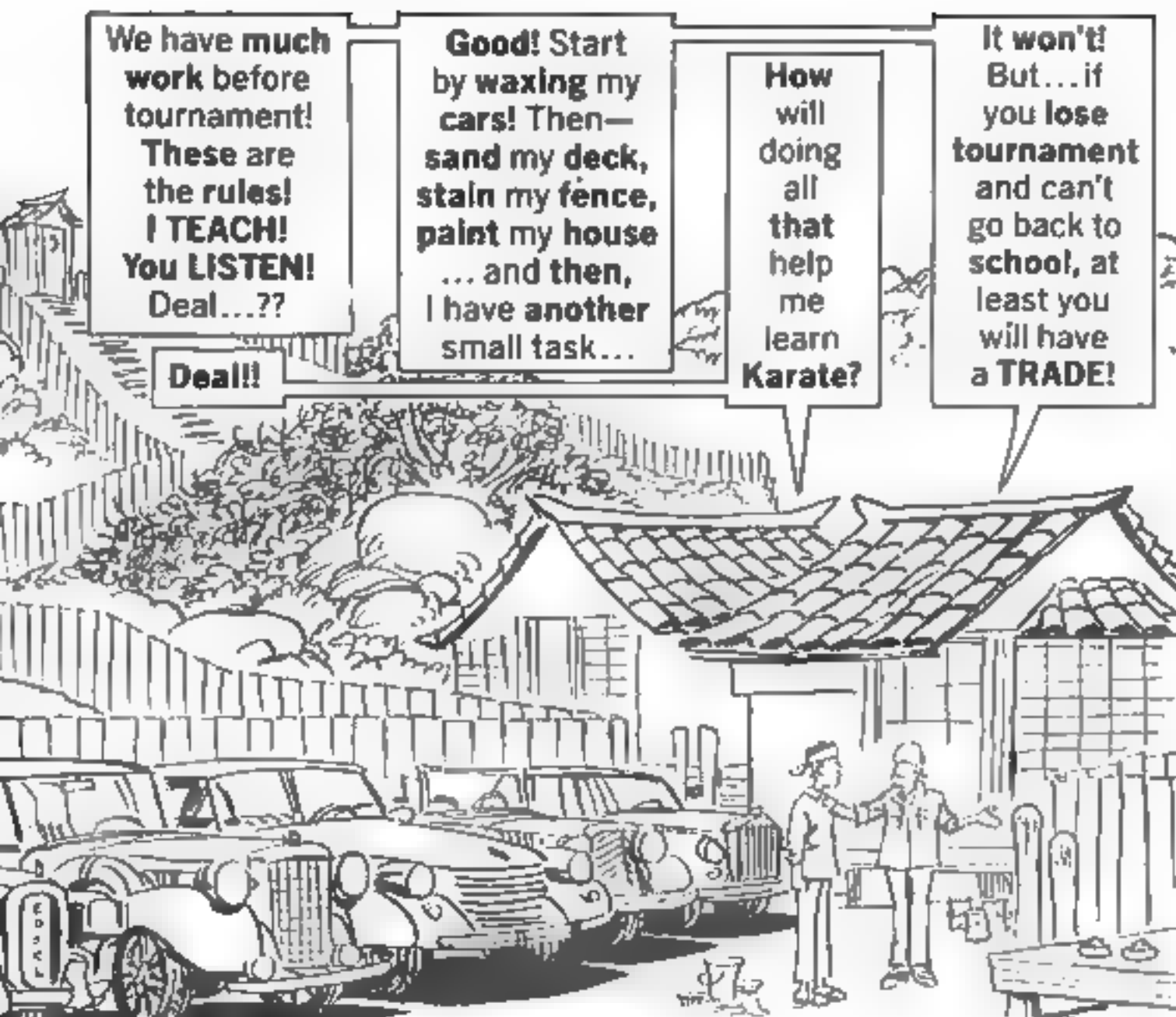
What! This wimp doesn't stand a chance! Johnny-mop is stronger, faster, more experienced, and fights dirtier!

True, but we have tradition on our side...!

WHAT tradition?

Inspiring motion pictures called "Rocky I", "Rocky II" and "Rocky III"!





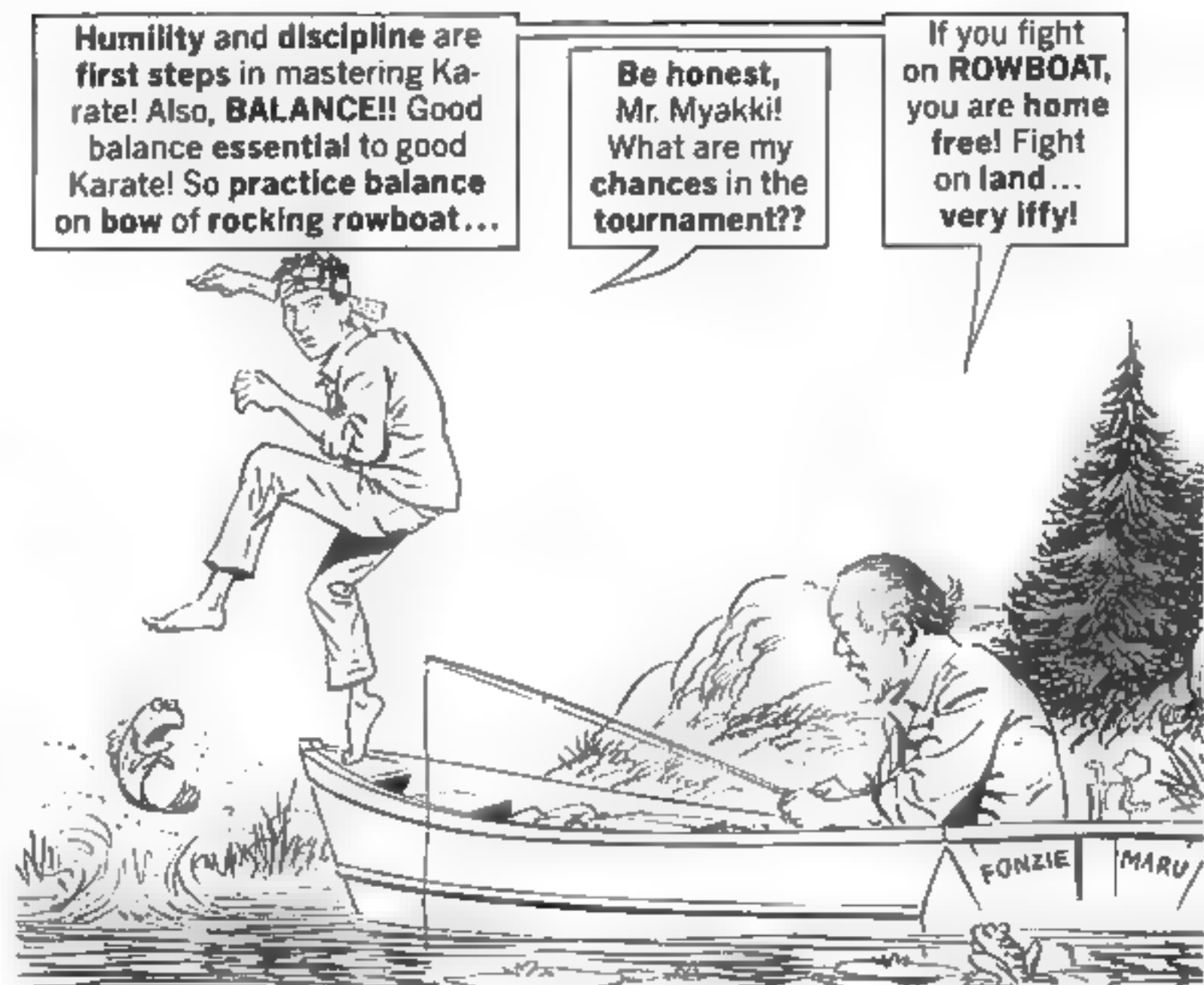
We have much work before tournament! These are the rules! I TEACH! You LISTEN! Deal...??

Deal!!

Good! Start by waxing my cars! Then—sand my deck, stain my fence, paint my house ... and then, I have another small task...

How will doing all that help me learn Karate?

It won't! But...if you lose tournament and can't go back to school, at least you will have a TRADE!



Humility and discipline are first steps in mastering Karate! Also, **BALANCE!!** Good balance essential to good Karate! So practice balance on bow of rocking rowboat...

Be honest, Mr. Myakki! What are my chances in the tournament??

If you fight on **ROWBOAT**, you are home free! Fight on land... very iffy!



I have taught you well! Your heart and your mind are well-disciplined—and your balance is tuned!

Yeah, but his fists and his feet are lethal weapons...and he outweighs me by a hundred pounds! I think he's got an edge ... and I'm scared stiff!

See...?? You are already qualified for a "Yellow Belt"!!



I find it hard to believe that a skinny kid like me—with only "mental toughness"—won't get **KILLED** by a **Black Belt Super Star** like him...!!

If you're looking for things that are hard to believe, how about a **Maintenance Man** who owns five antique cars and a huge house...?

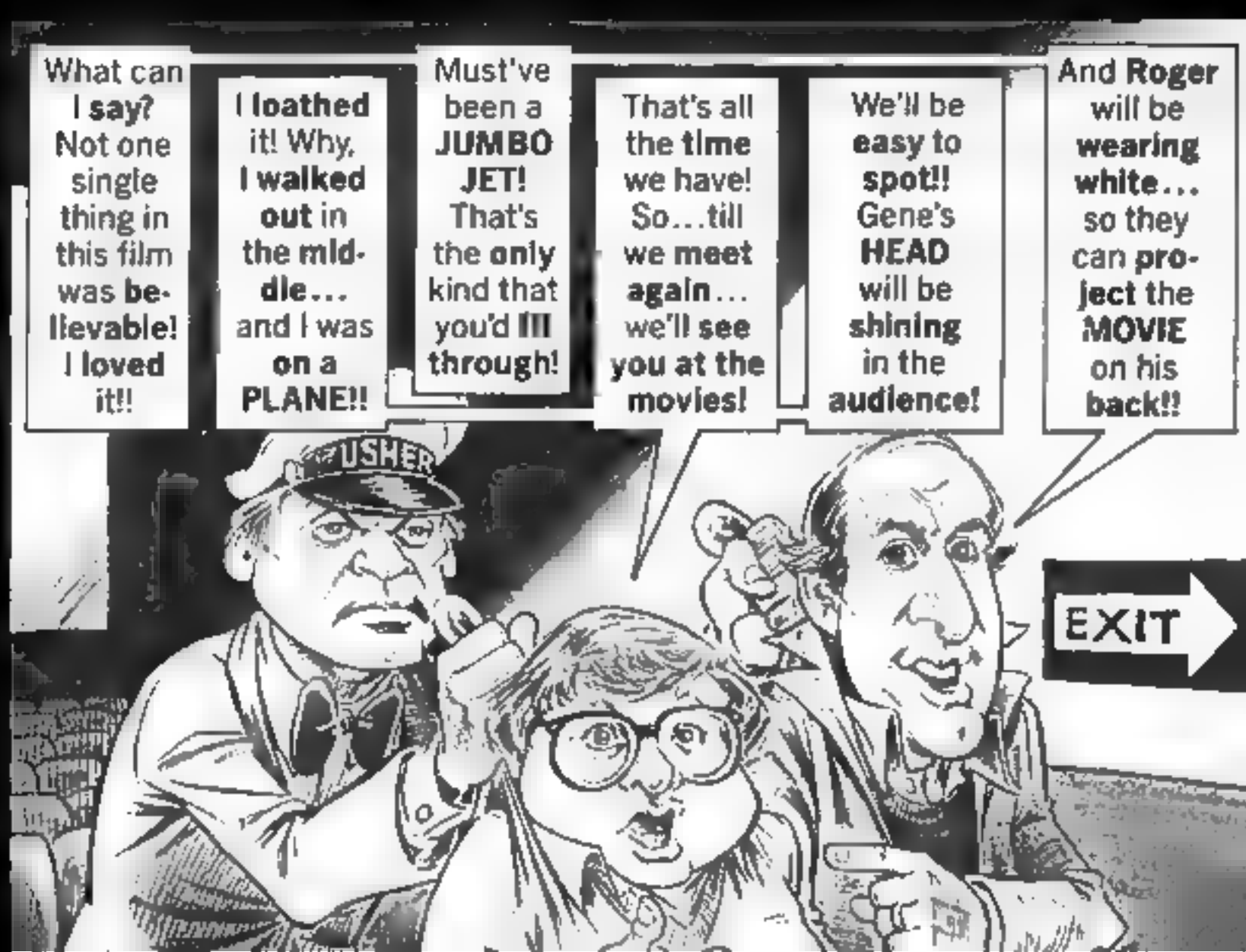
And a cute, rich blonde who's attracted to the school wimp...?

Great! My spirits are really soaring now!!



You **WON!!!** How'd you DO it???

I got smart! At the last second, I came to my senses and **CHANGED COACHES!** If not, I'm a dead man!



What can I say? Not one single thing in this film was believable! I loved it!!

I loathed it! Why, I walked out in the middle... and I was on a **PLANE!!**

Must've been a **JUMBO JET!** That's the only kind that you'd III through!

That's all the time we have! So...till we meet again... we'll see you at the movies!

We'll be easy to spot!! Gene's **HEAD** will be shining in the audience!

And Roger will be wearing white... so they can project the **MOVIE** on his back!!

EXIT

TOOTSIE ROLLED DEPT.

Mrs. DOUBTFUL

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: STAN HART

Just remember—
it's **my** job that's
important! Not our
kids and certainly
not your "acting"!

My kids deserve a
normal home life with
a mother and a father!
Thanks to my brother
here, I'm now both!

You're gorgeous! ■ you
were just some guy dressed
like that and not my
brother, I'd kiss you hard
and full on the lips!

There's our uncle who's ■
flaming queen, our father who's
■ cross-dresser and our uptight,
maniacally-driven mother! Is there
a decent role model in the house?



Haven't the makers of
this film ever seen
Soapdish or *Punchline*
or the two *Smokey And
The Bandit* flicks? Don't
they know Sally Field
isn't a comedy star?

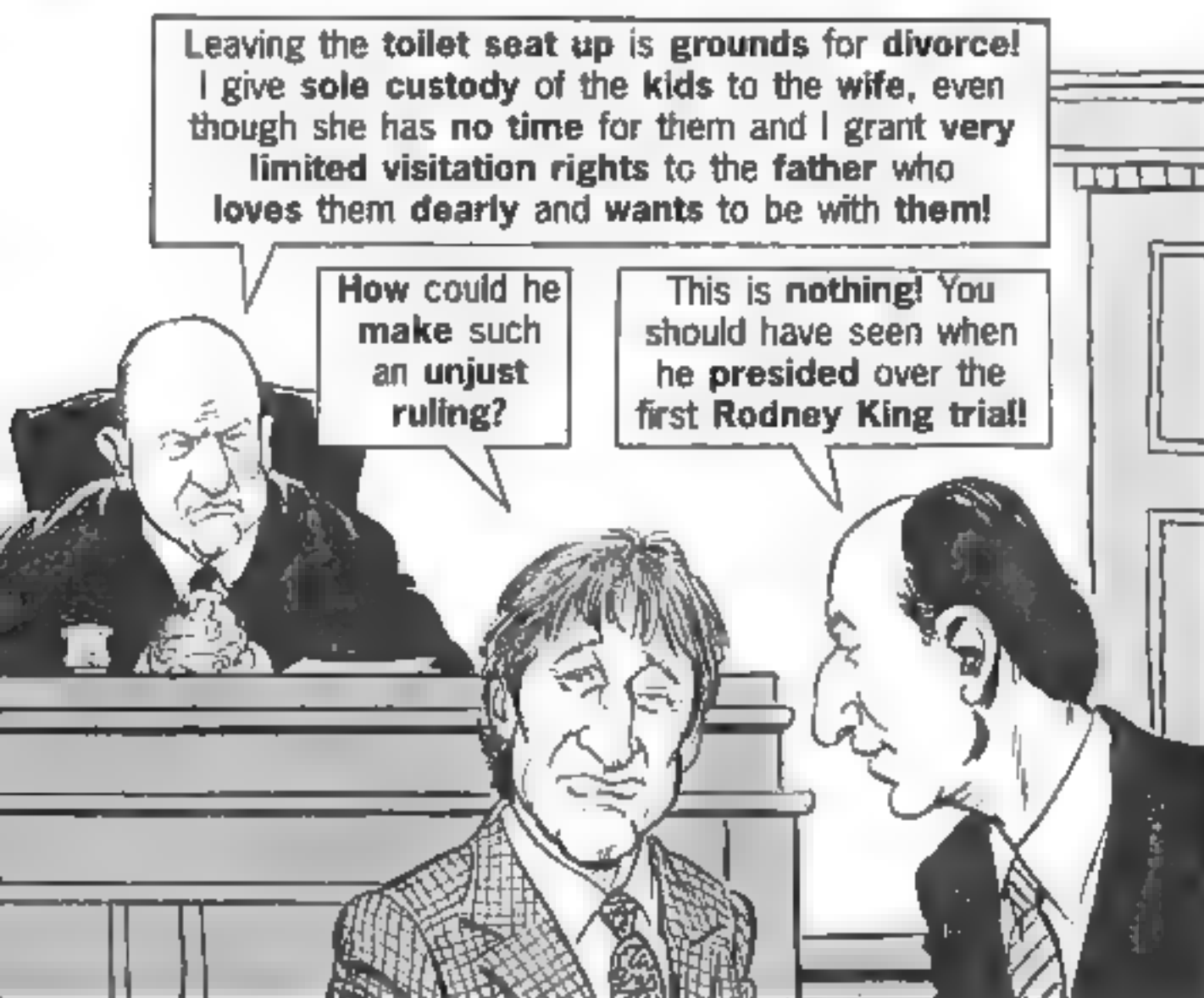
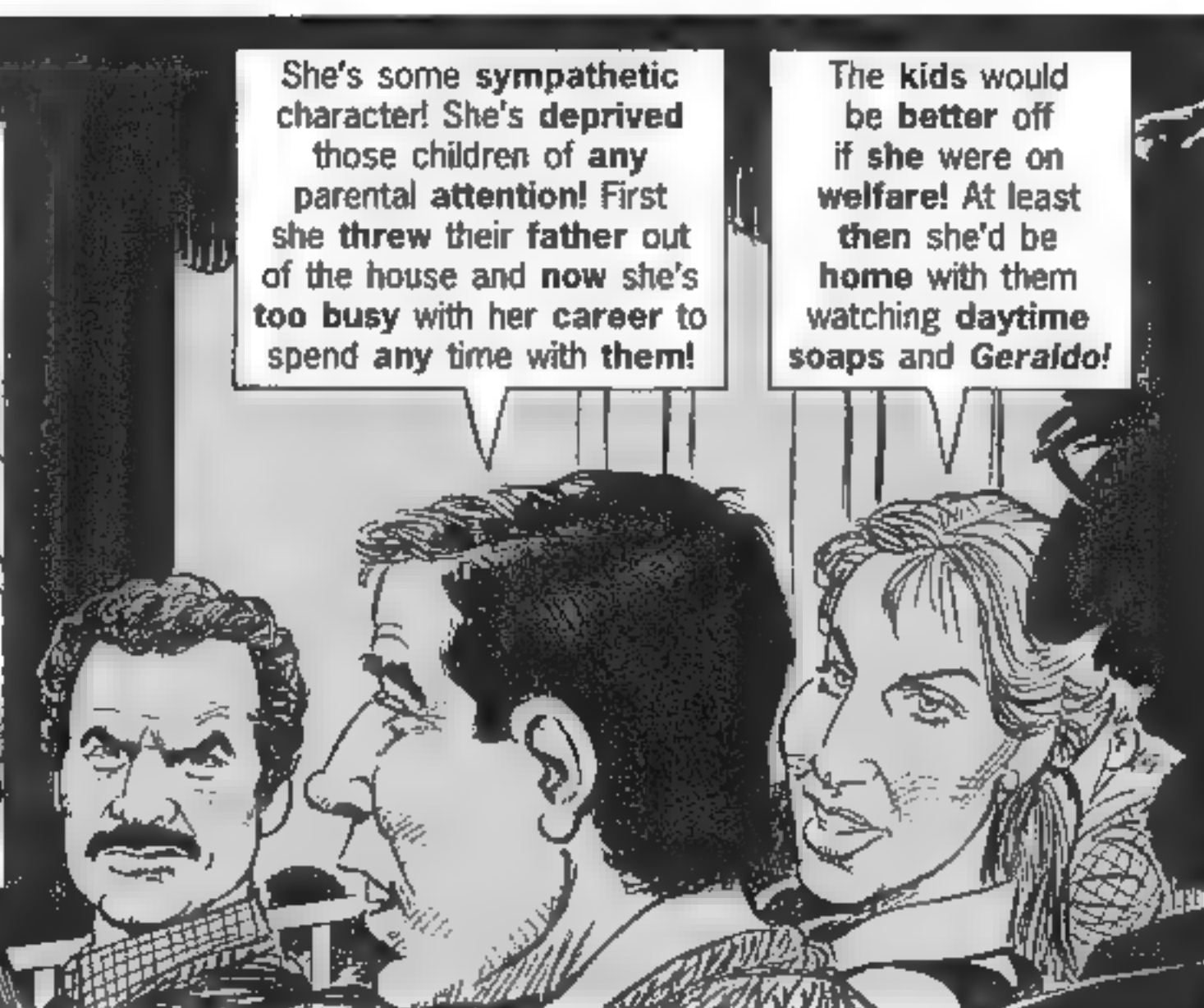
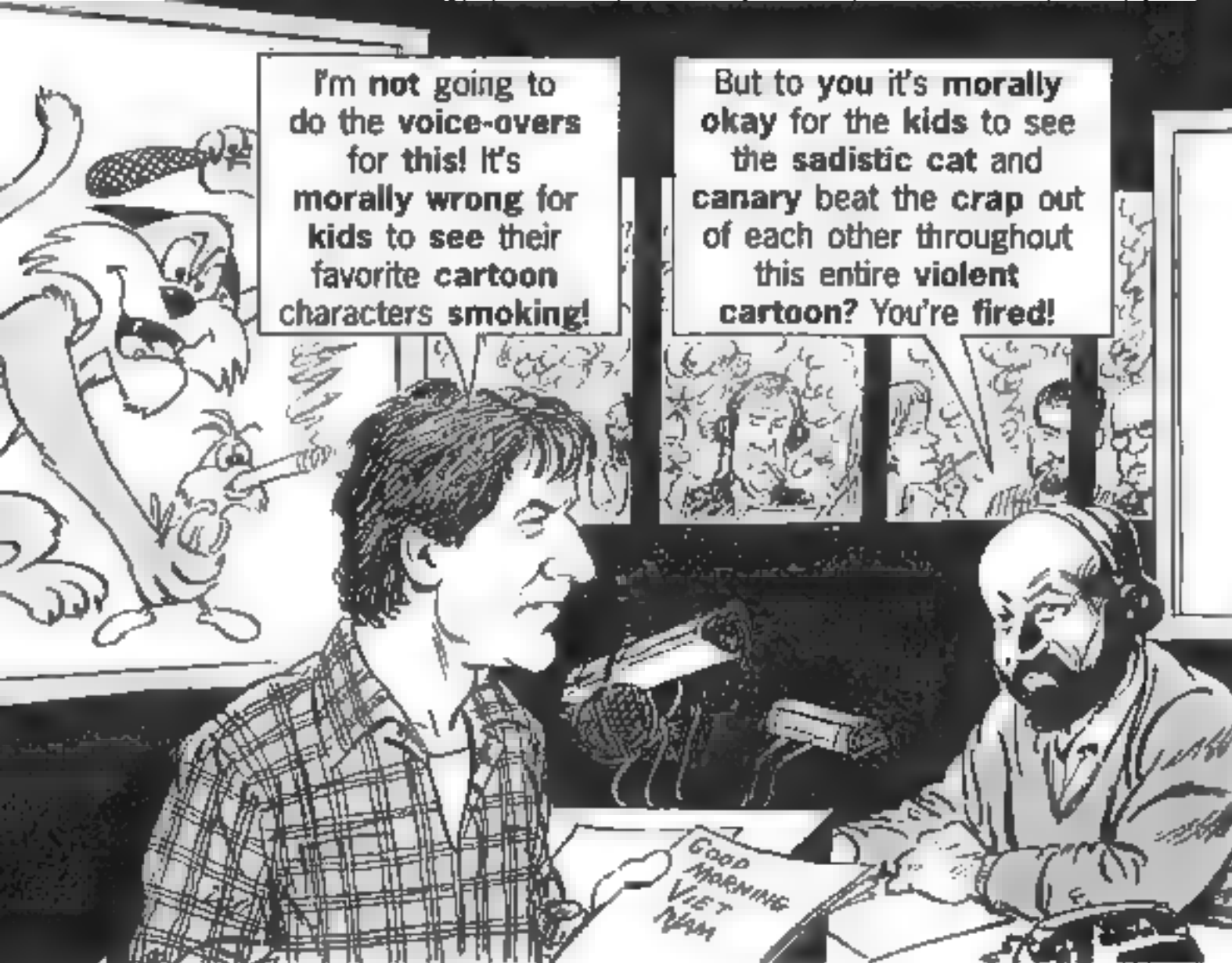
She's more like
a comedy black
hole! When she's
on camera, all
the comedy
mysteriously
disappears!

They say
this film
is filled
with
warm,
tender
moments!

God, I hope
not! I have
diabetes!
That much
sugar in
my system
will kill me!

This
movie
has
an
important
message!

Yeah, that
crime really
pays well! The
producers stole
the whole story
from *Tootsie* and
got away with it!



That handsome guy wants you to decorate his new house: I think he's got the hots for you!

Stuart Dimwire! He must be the richest man in San Francisco!

He must also be the horniest! Why else would he hit on someone who looks to be suffering from sleep deprivation and has three kids to boot?!

Maybe he just hates going out with anyone prettier than he is!



Aren't visitation days fun, kids?

Chinese food again, dad?! You served us the same thing last week!

So we're having leftovers! Tell me one thing wrong with that!

Well, for one thing, you don't have a refrigerator!



I'm placing an ad for a house-keeper to watch the kids while I'm working!

How do you know you won't get some deviate who'll take advantage of our innocence and abuse us?!

I said I was hiring a house-keeper, not a priest!

I'll change the number so no one can call! Then I'll make crank calls to her to set up the moronic plot! It's dumb, but it'll give me a chance to do more schtick!



I'm a middle aged nanny from England with great references, looking for a position of responsibility!

You sound so nice! What's your Name?!

My name? Oh...it's... er... Mrs. Raw Sewage!

Mrs. what?!!

I mean my name is Mrs. Doubtful!



Changing you into a woman is a snap! I did it for Jack Lemmon and Tony Curtis in *Some Like It Hot*, and Dustin Hoffman in *Tootsie* and that darling little guy in *The Crying Game*!

Didn't you also do work on Michael Jackson?

Sure, but he left in the middle! Once I put a huge fake nose on an actress and accidentally used *Crazy Glue*! It never came off! But do you think Barbra Streisand ever thanked me? The ungrateful bitch!

THE BOYS IN THE BLAND



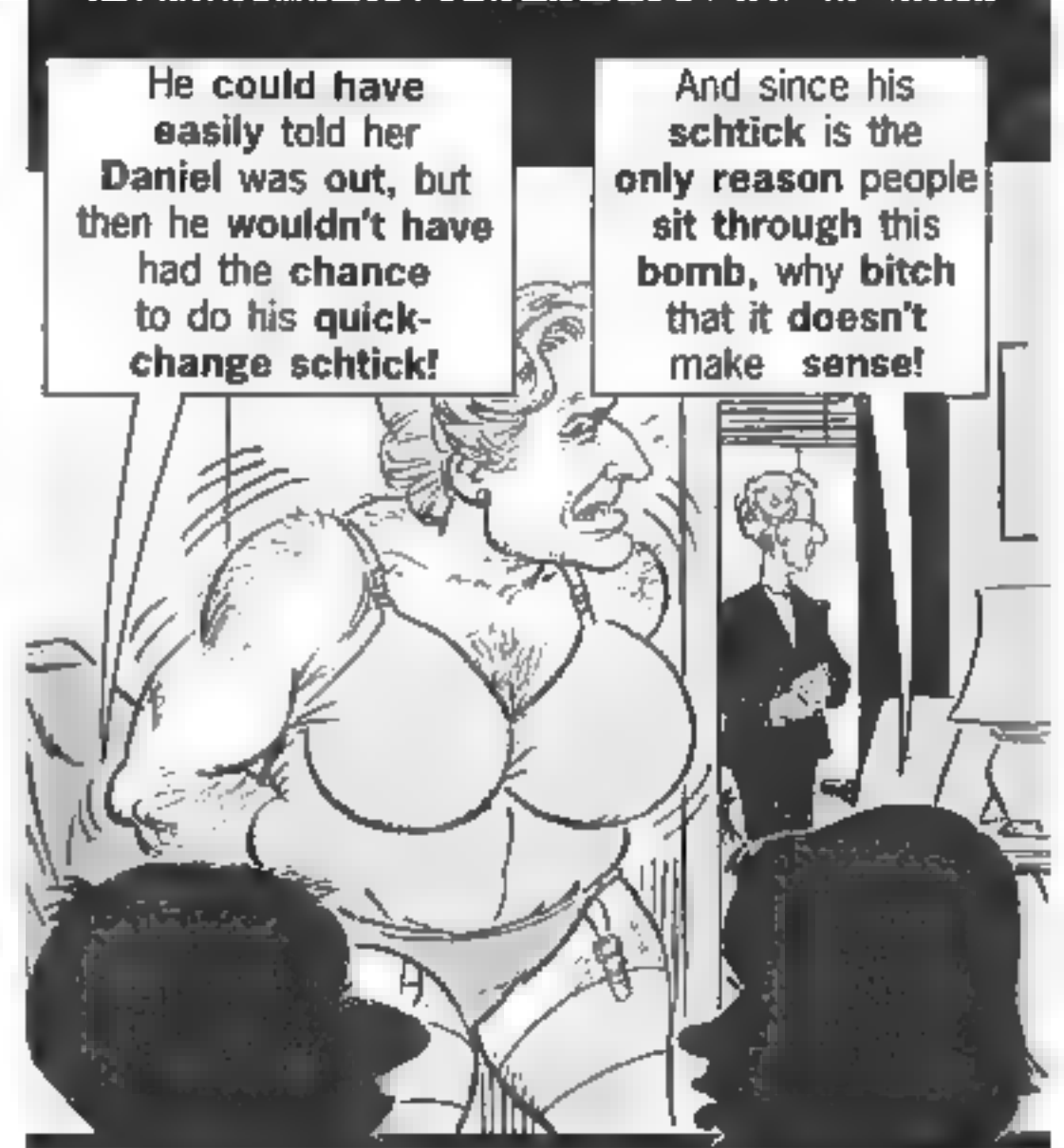
When you get home from school you'll do homework, clean the house, cook dinner and clean up!

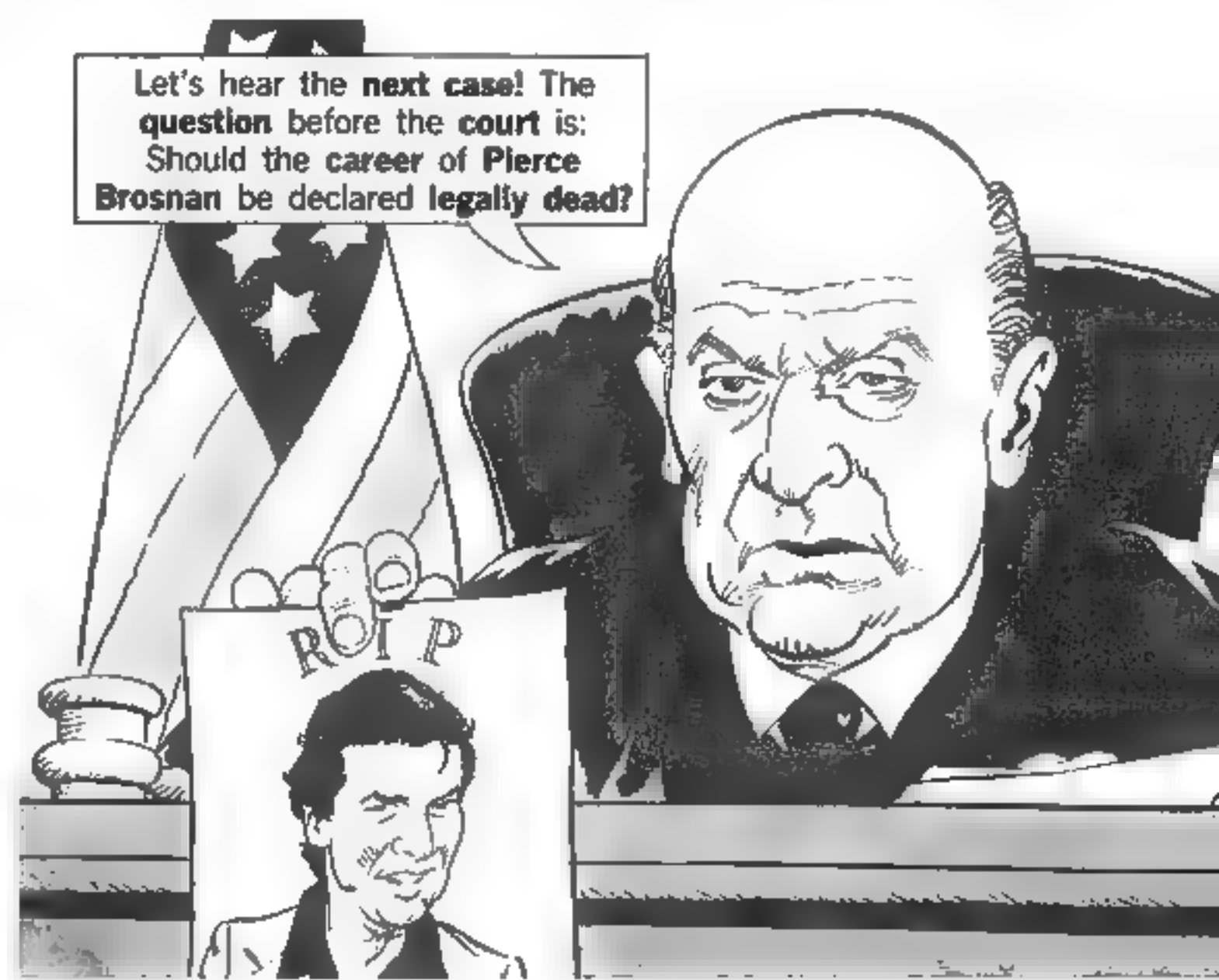
If I have to do all that I'll die!

Only if you ask my permission first!

How come I suddenly changed from a total slob into a rigid disciplinarian? If I'd been half as strict as a father, I'd still be living here!







THE SECOND SLIME AROUND DEPT.

What's the hot-action, feel-good hit of the summer that people are flocking to see? *Batman*, of course! Which is why MAD now proudly presents its satire of...

GROSSBUSTERS II

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: STAN HART

Why are Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd and Harold Ramis playing the same roles they played in almost the same movie more than five years ago?

Look at the awful films they were in when they tried something different: Ramis in *Baby Boom*; Murray in *The Razor's Edge* and *Scrooged*; Aykroyd in *Spies Like Us*, *The Great Outdoors*, *The Couch Trip* and *My Stepmother is an Alien*—all bombs!!

I guess the Sly Stallone philosophy really applies: "If at first you do succeed, do it over and over and over again!"

What made you choose this dangerous line of work?

I'm fascinated by terrifying occurrences that people can neither understand nor explain!

Yeah, like what?

Like Dan Quayle being Vice President!

ZAP!



At the end of *Ghostbusters I*, we were big heroes! Now we're bums! What happened?

Two things: First, the marshmallow man you exploded resulted in lawsuits because it gave half the people in New York diabetes! Second, it's another Sly Stallone philosophy: "To guarantee that the audience will like the stars of a movie, keep returning them to the underdog roles!"



Why is the baby so disturbed?

How secure would you feel if your mother once turned into a monster-killing dog?!!



Everyone thought you and Peter would live happily ever after!

I left him and his Grossbusters to stay with a group with a lot more class—some Gorillas in the Mist of Africa! That's where my baby was born!

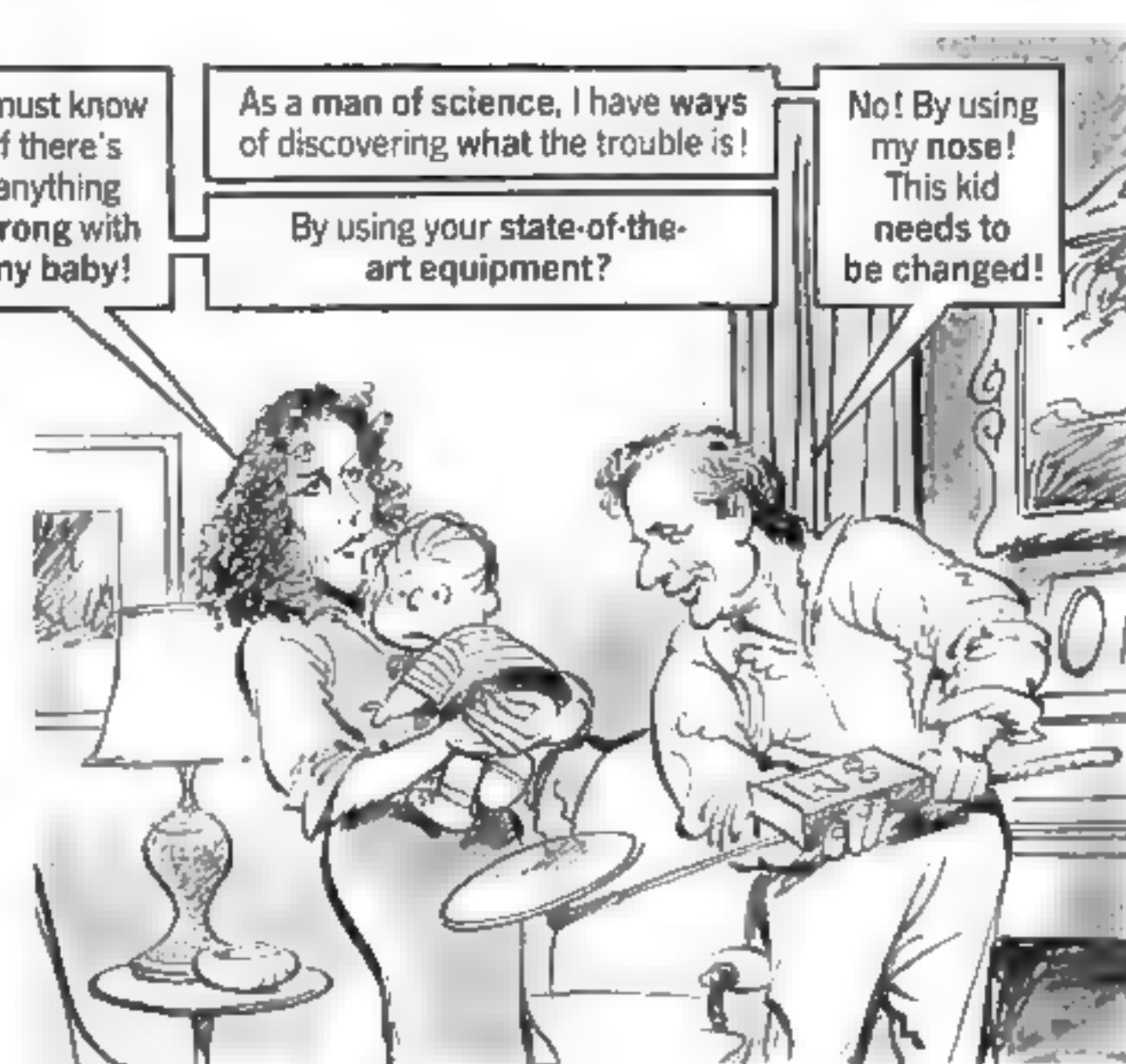
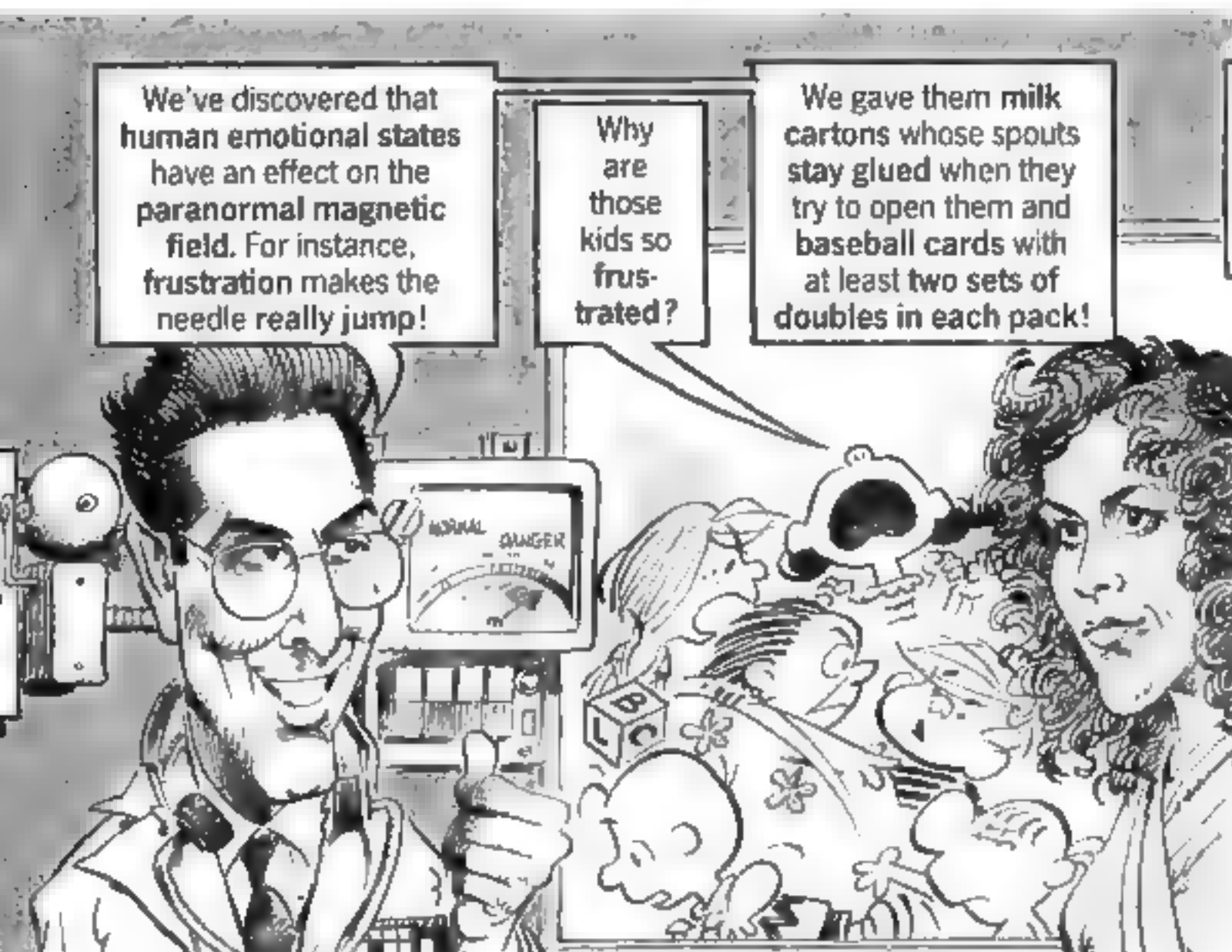
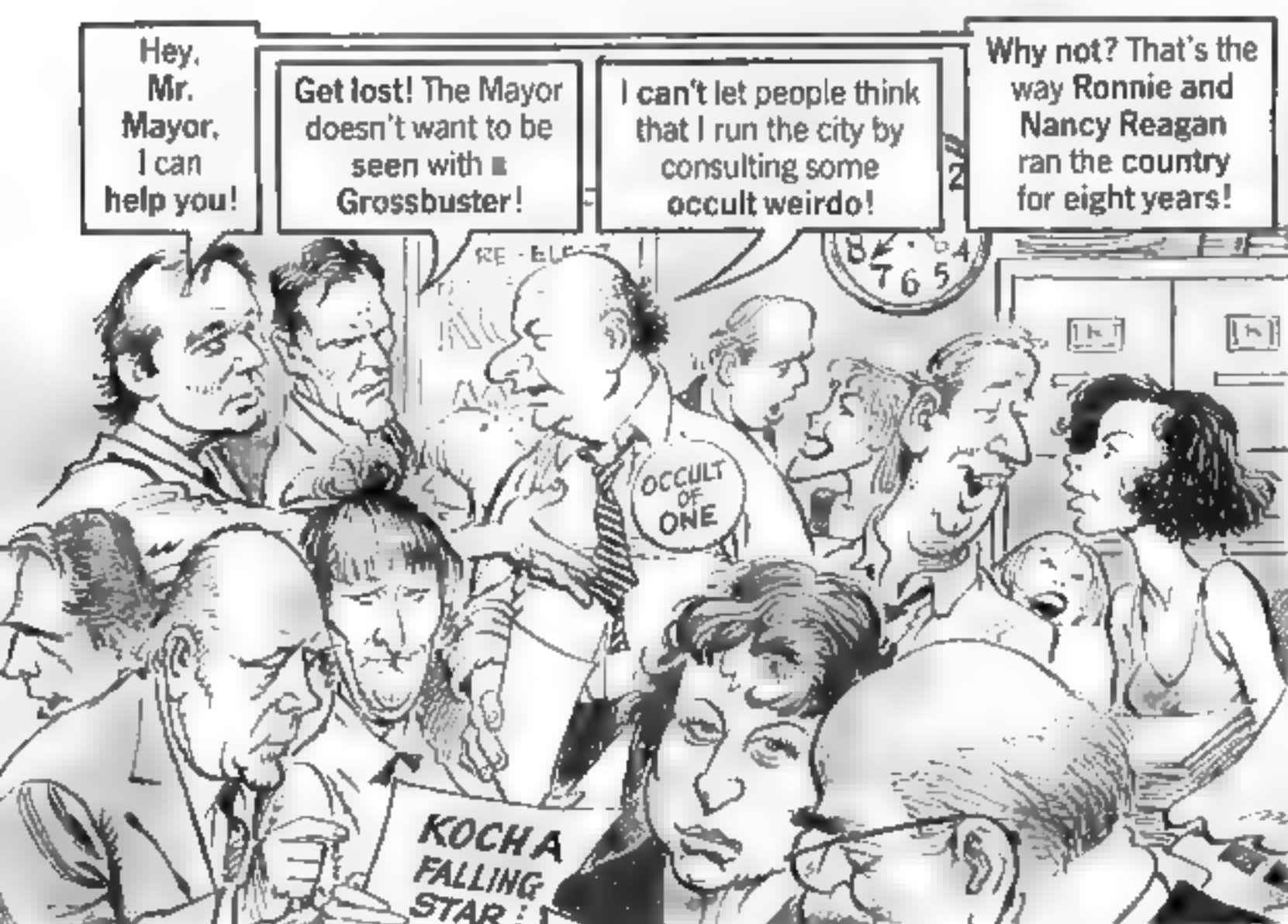
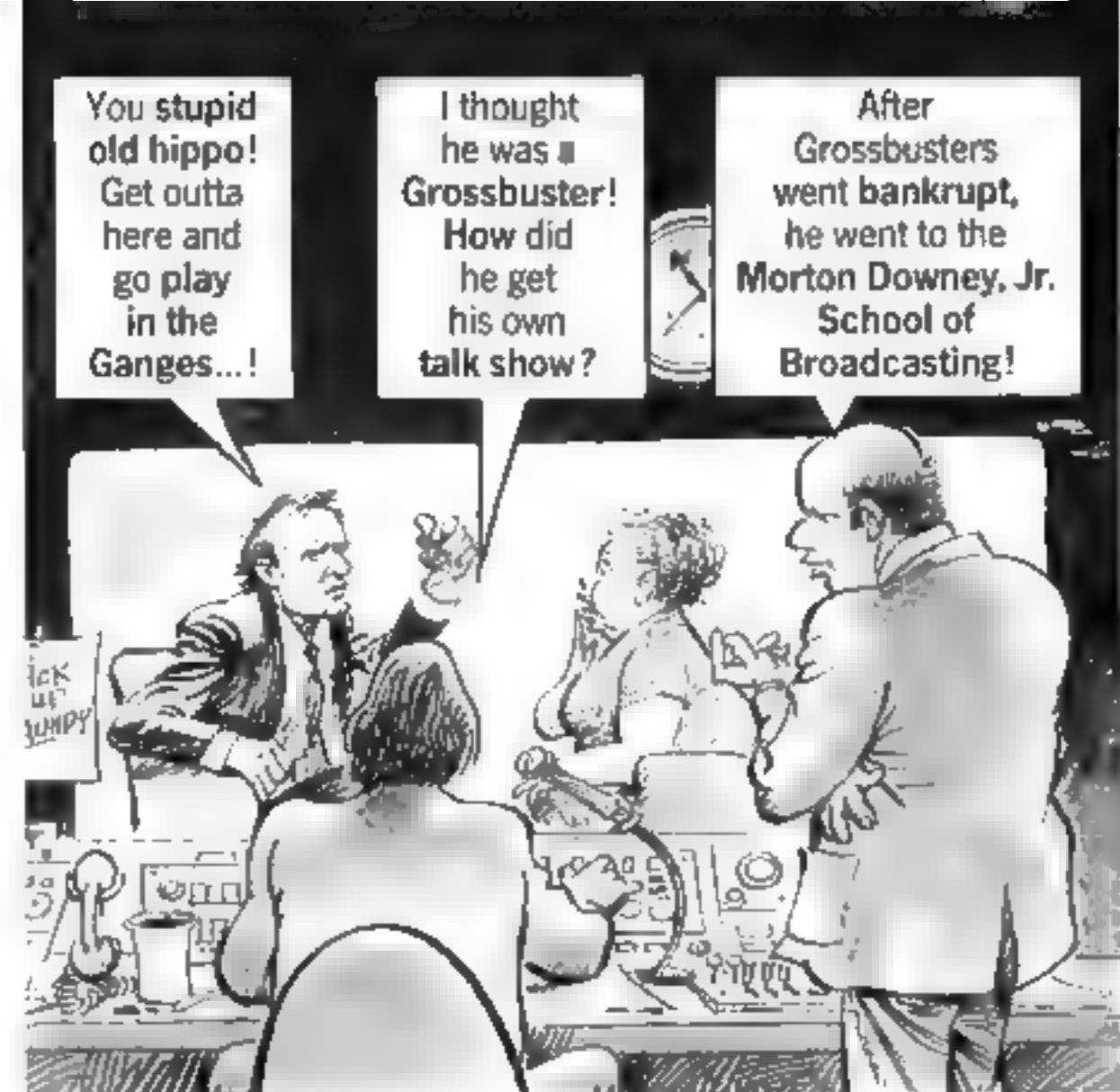
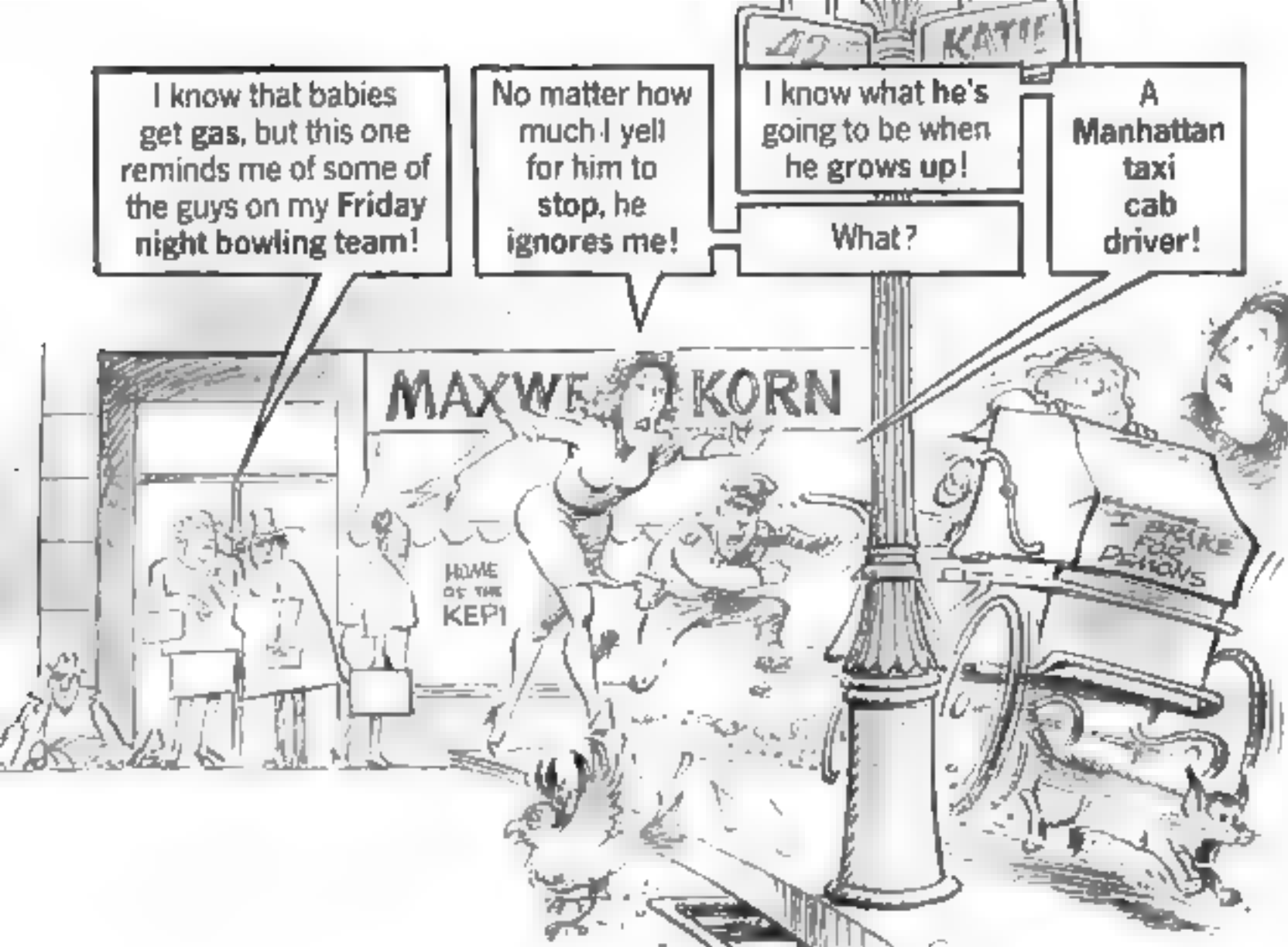
And who is the baby's father?

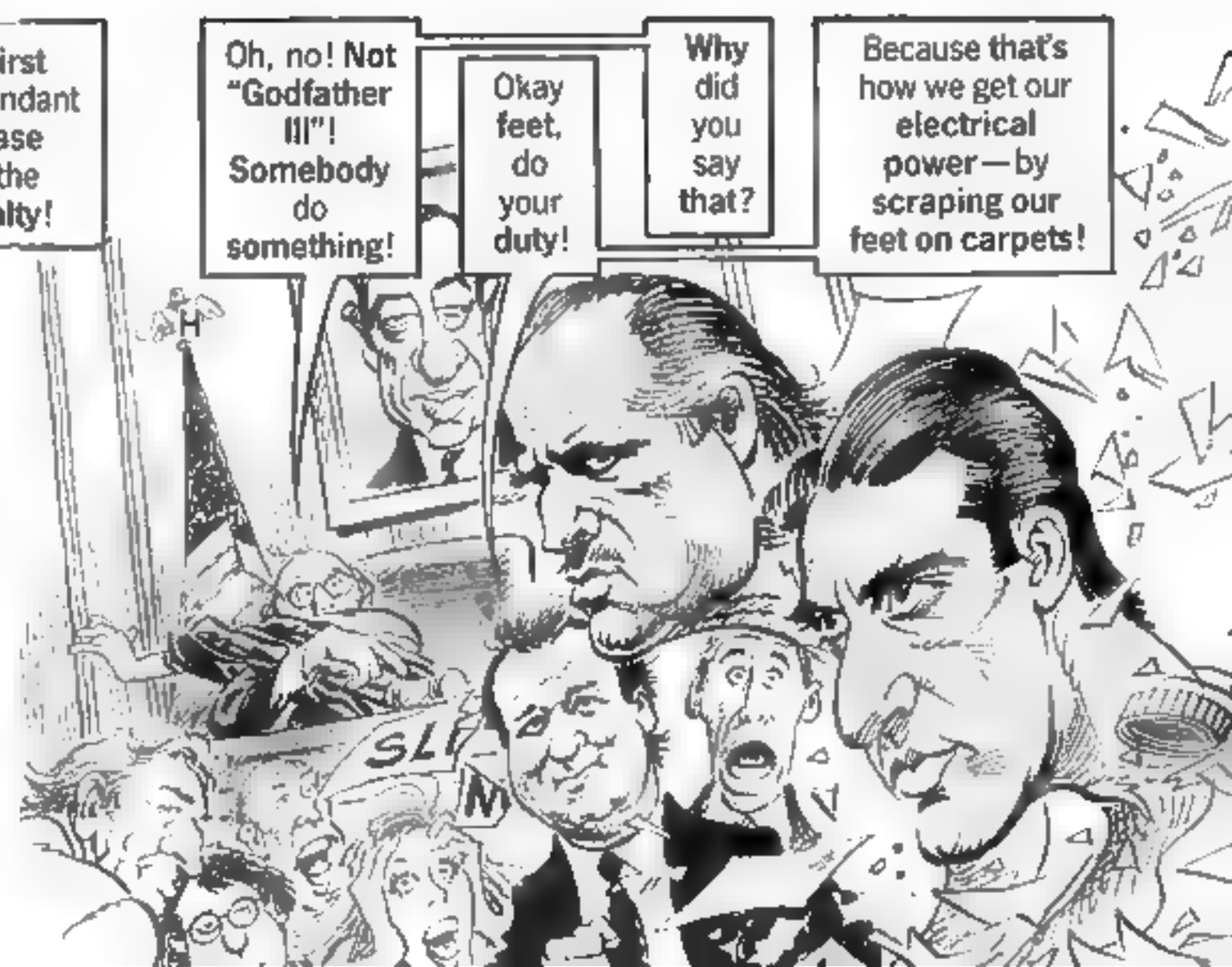
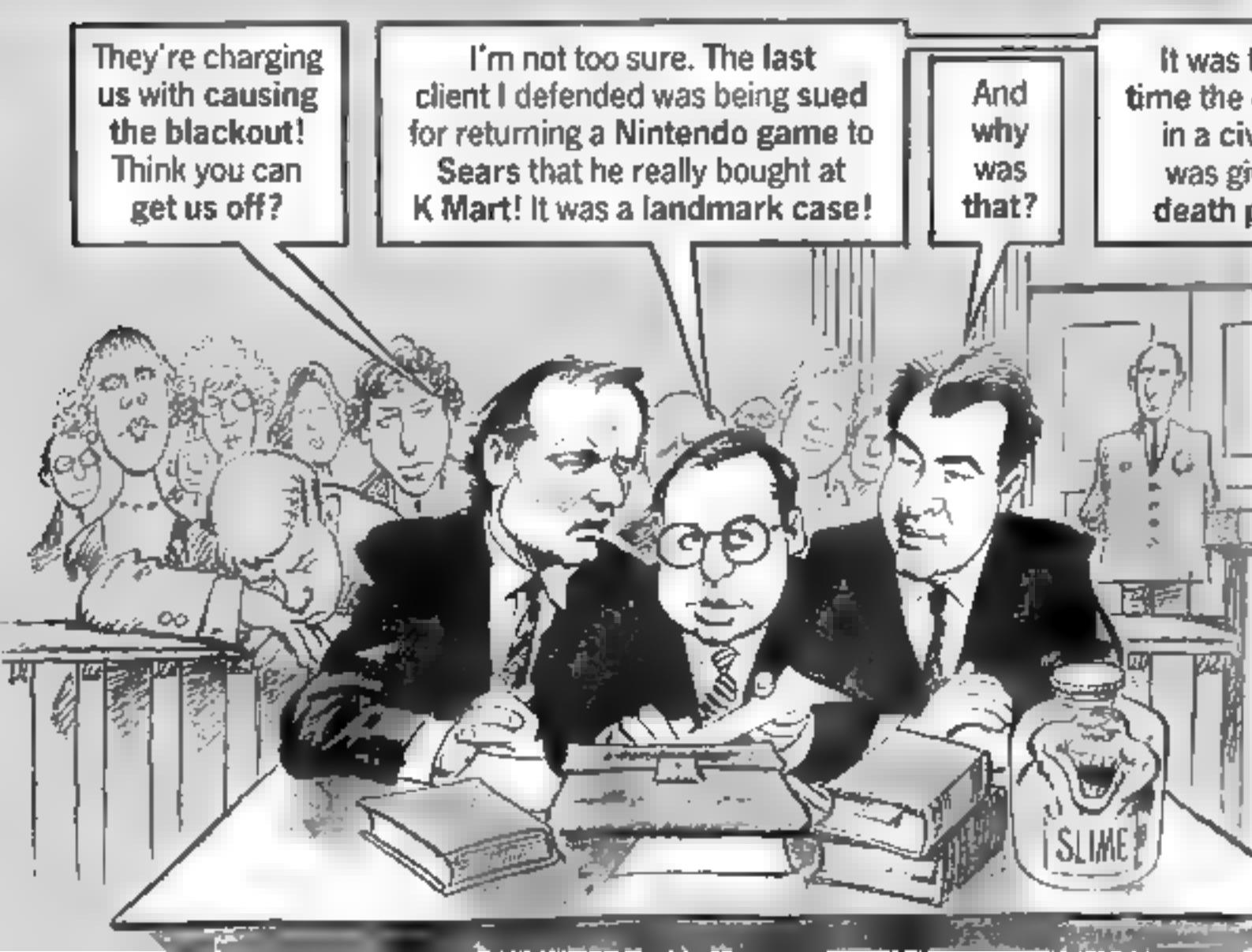
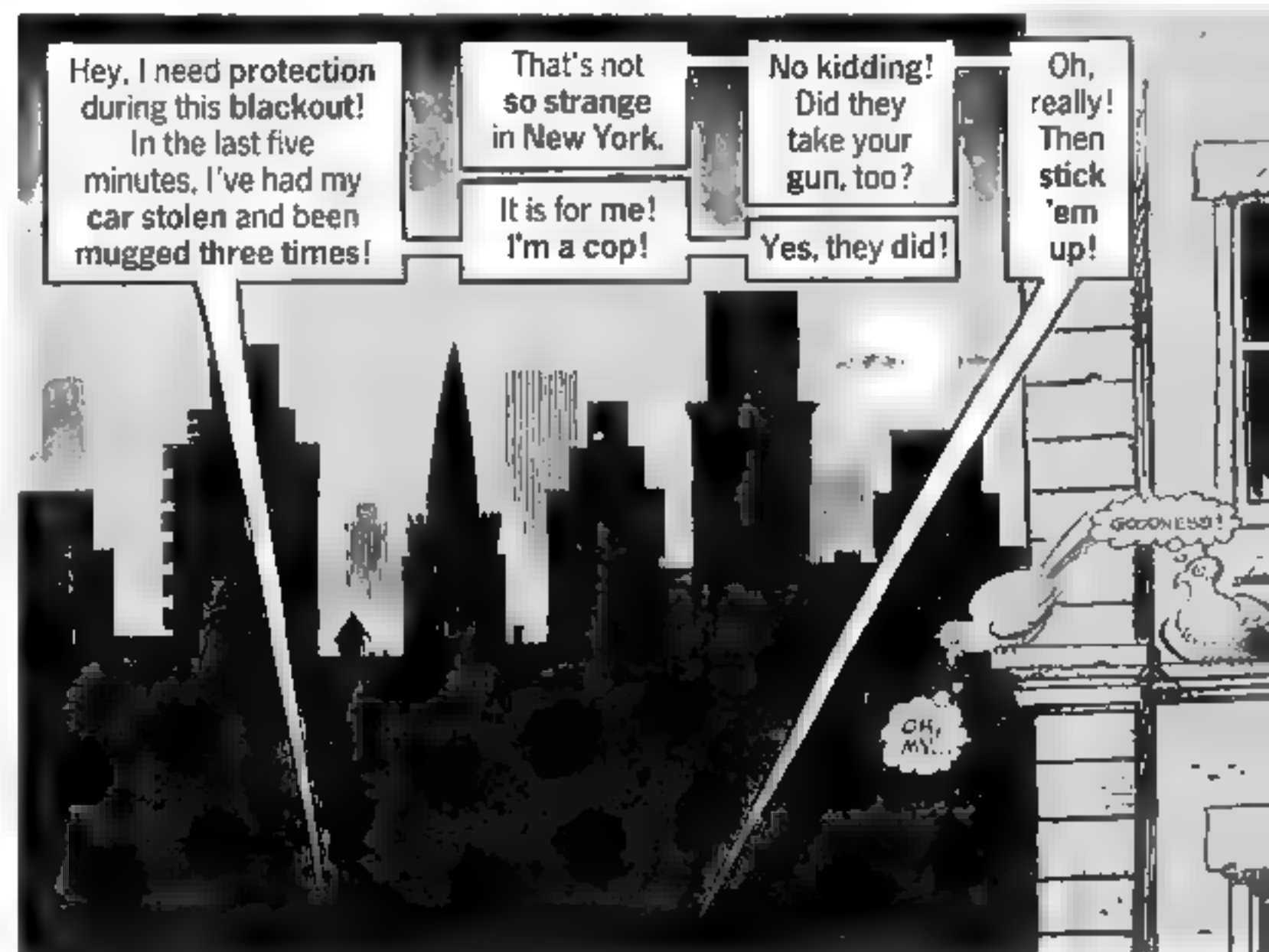
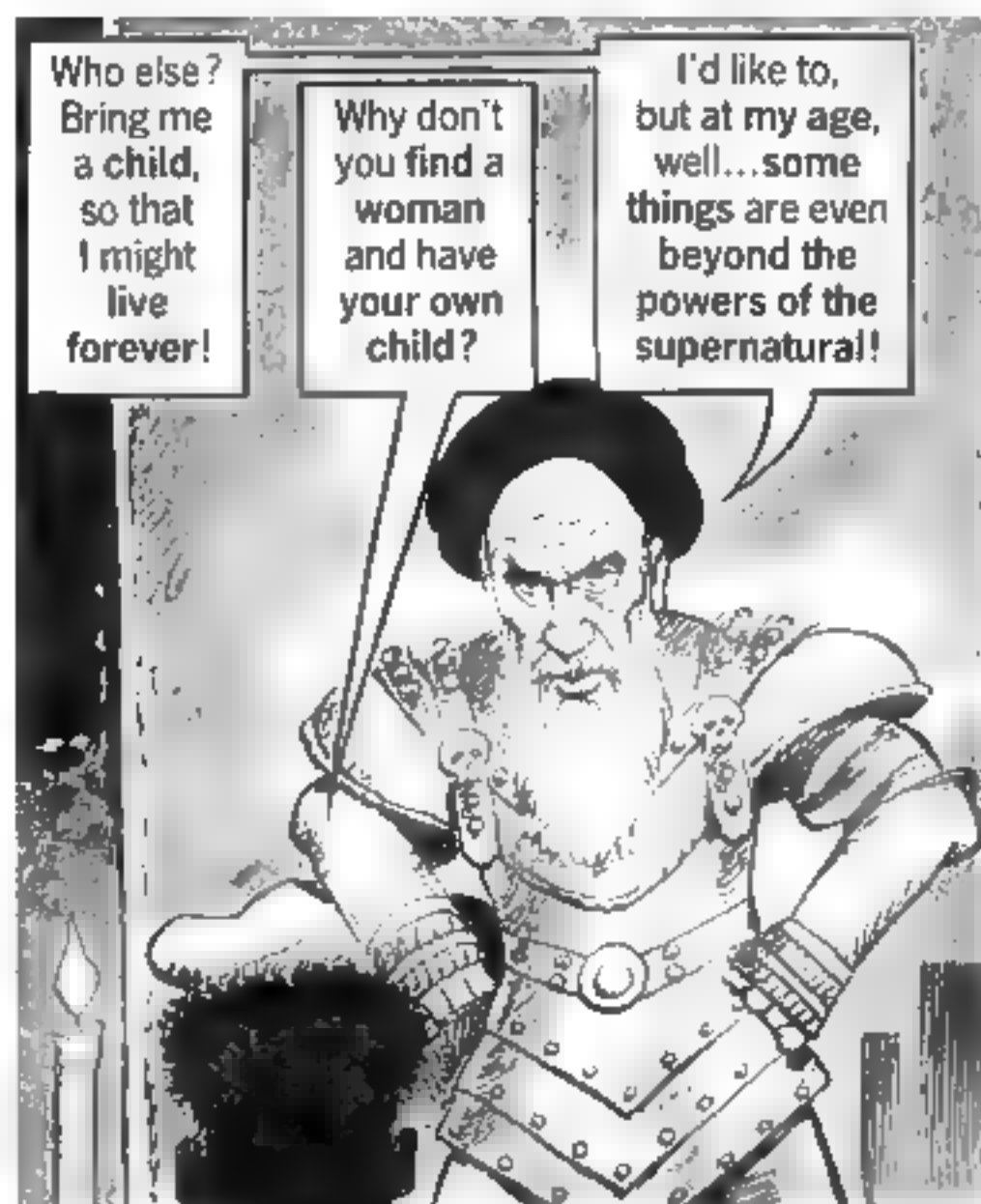
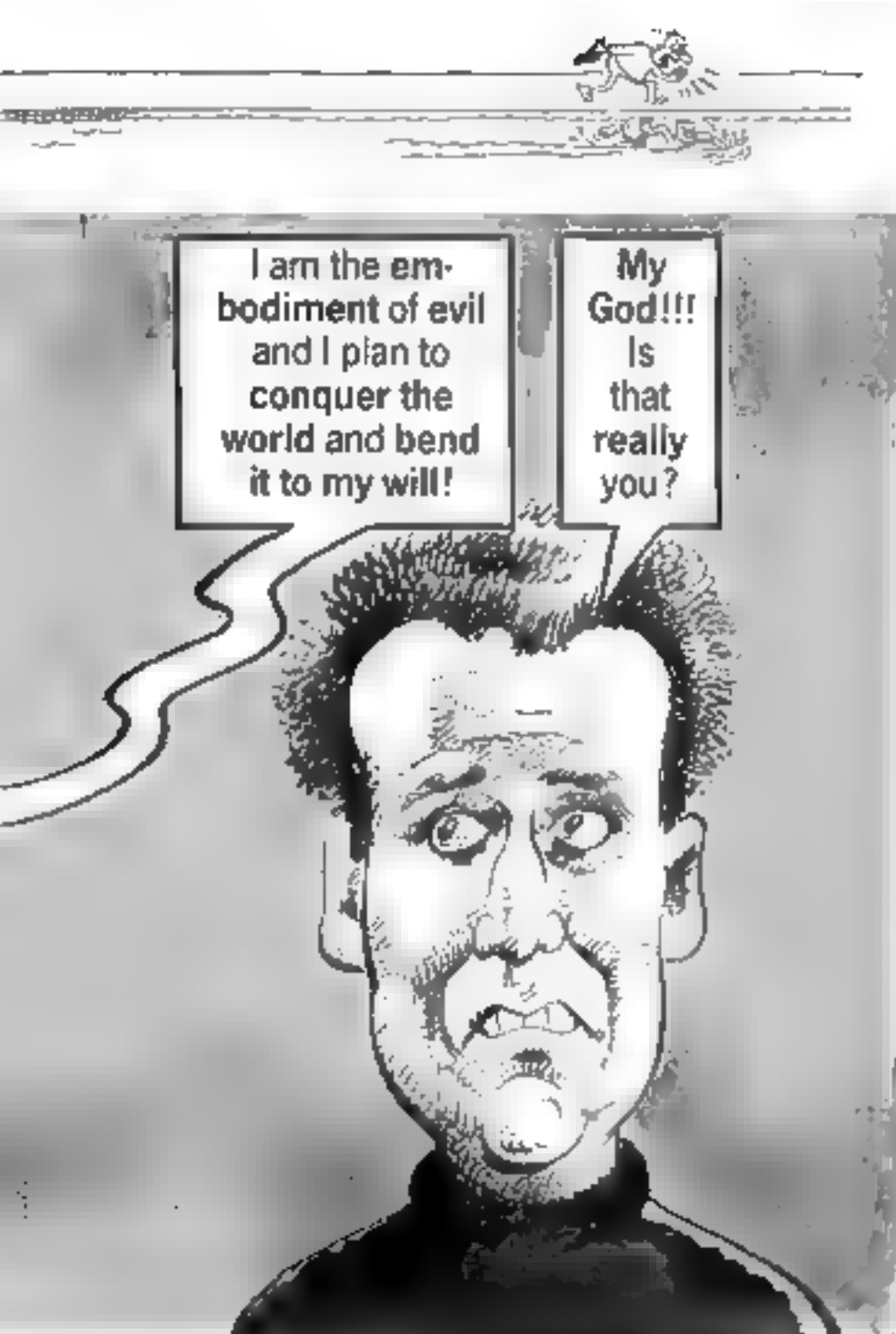
It's hard to tell. There was an awful lot of mist!

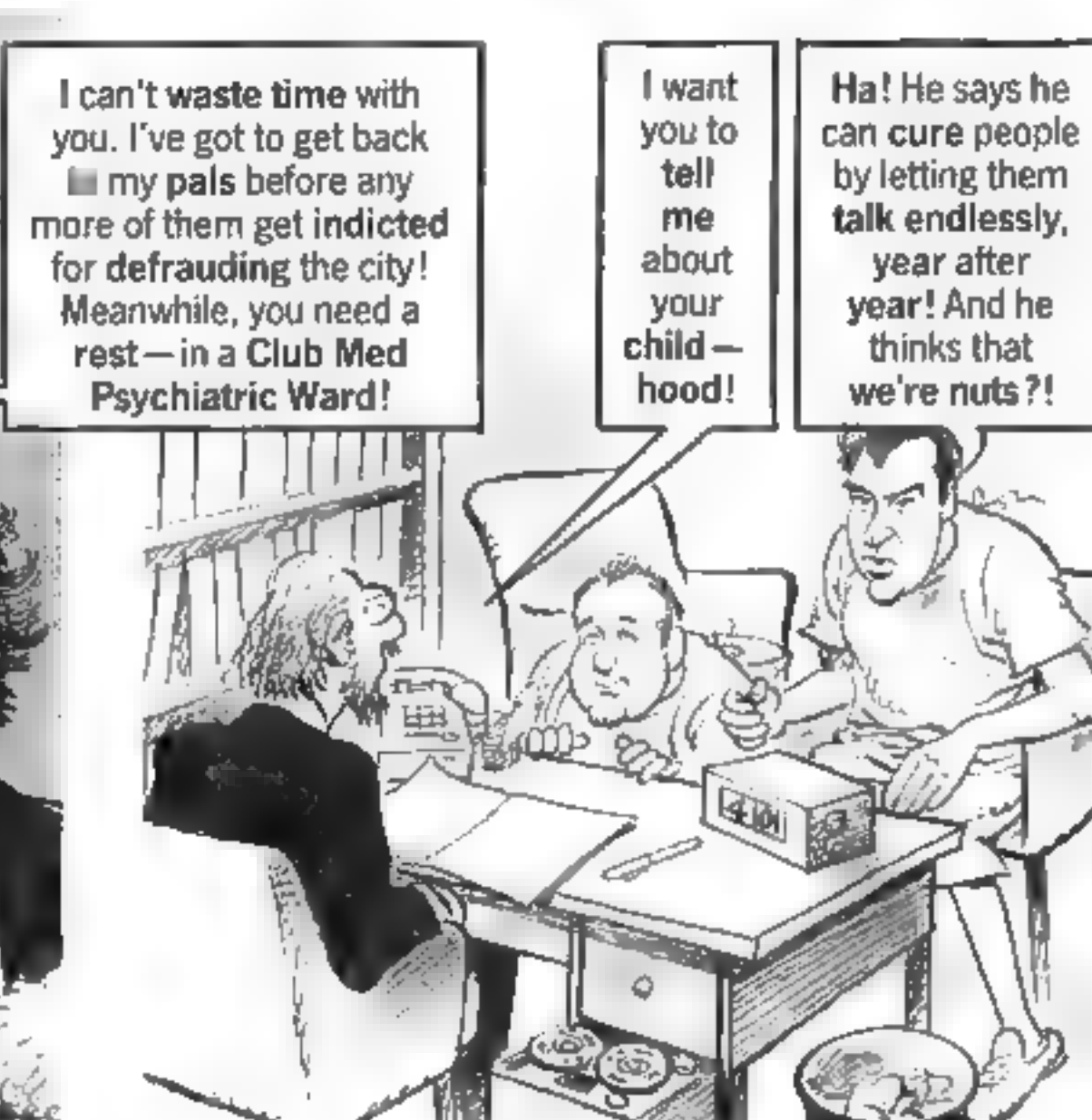
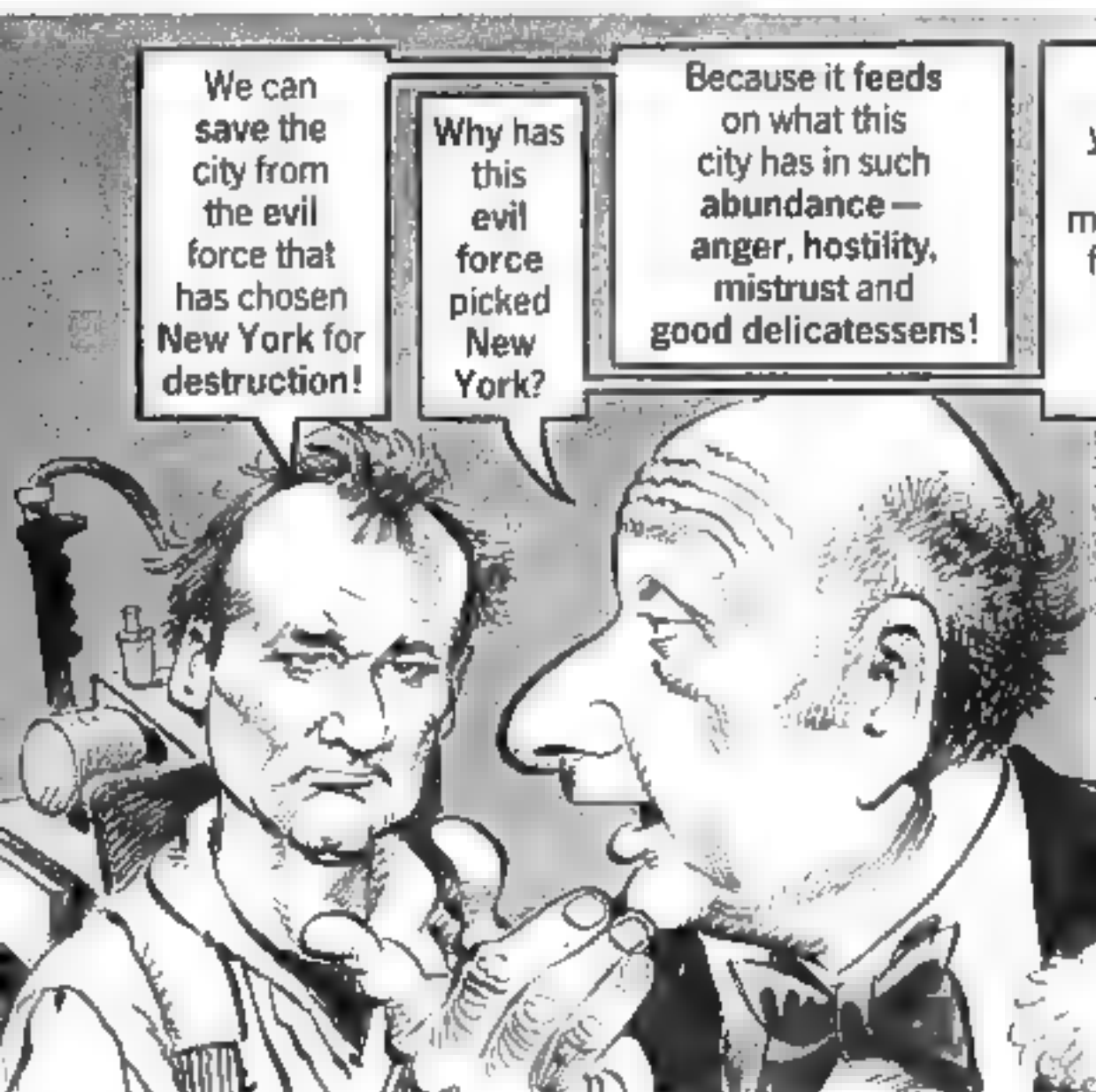
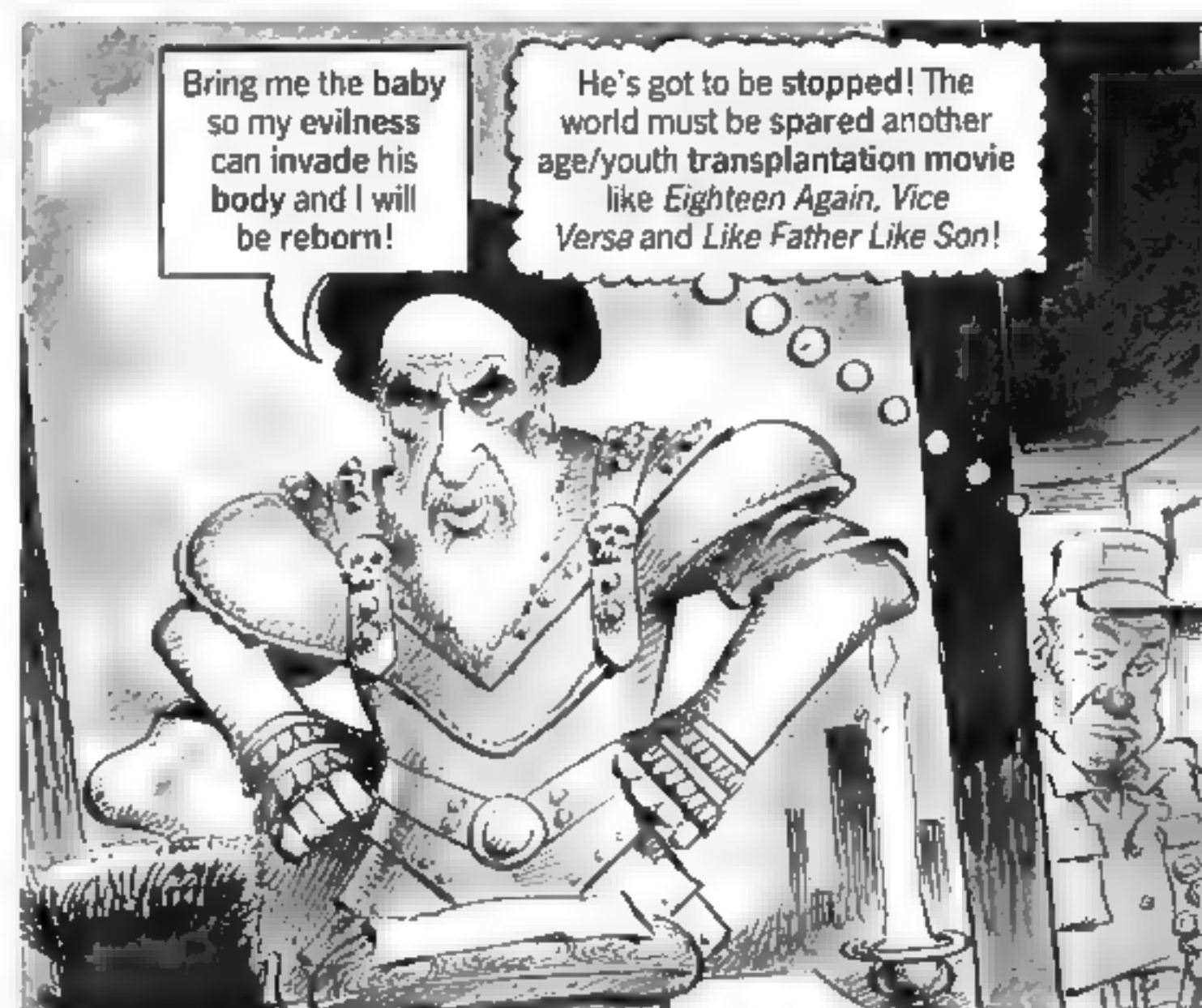
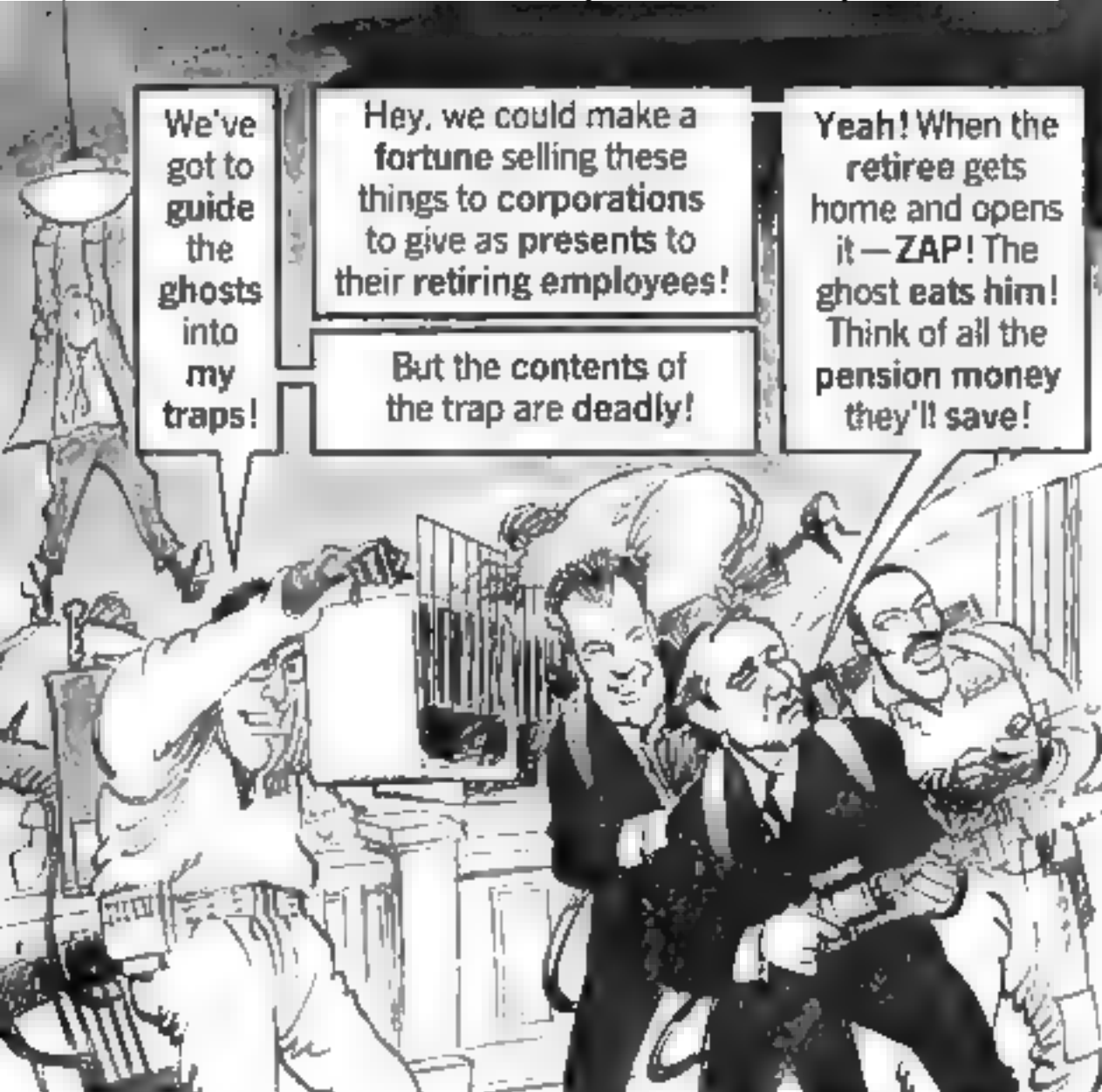


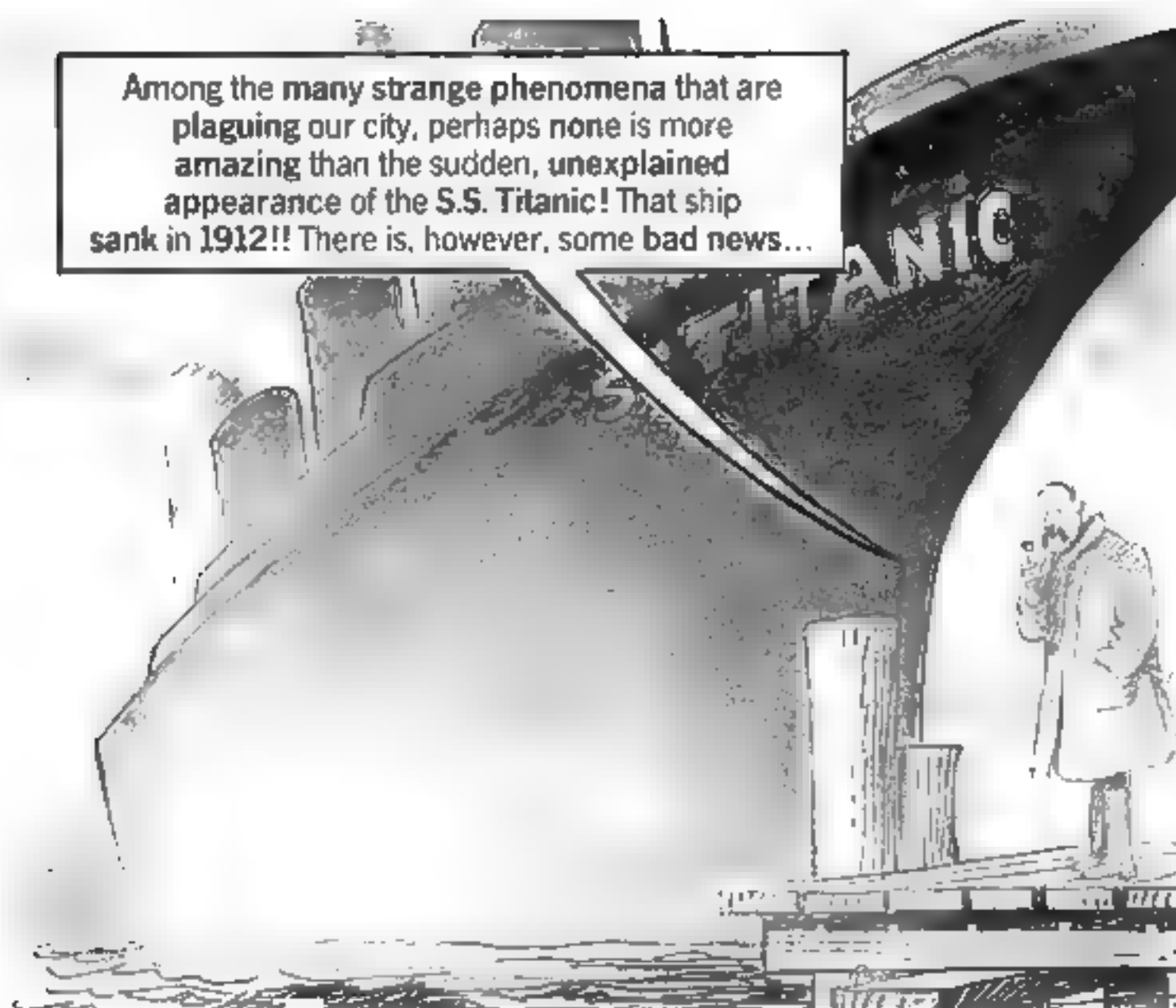
As clergymen, we're against people believing in fantastic nonsense like supernatural phenomena.

Yeah. You want people to believe in everyday stuff like Noah and the Ark, Jonah and the Whale, and talking serpents with apples!









Among the many strange phenomena that are plaguing our city, perhaps none is more amazing than the sudden, unexplained appearance of the S.S. Titanic! That ship sank in 1912!! There is, however, some bad news...



...Carnival Cruise Line has already rented it and booked Kathie Lee Gifford for their stupid commercials!

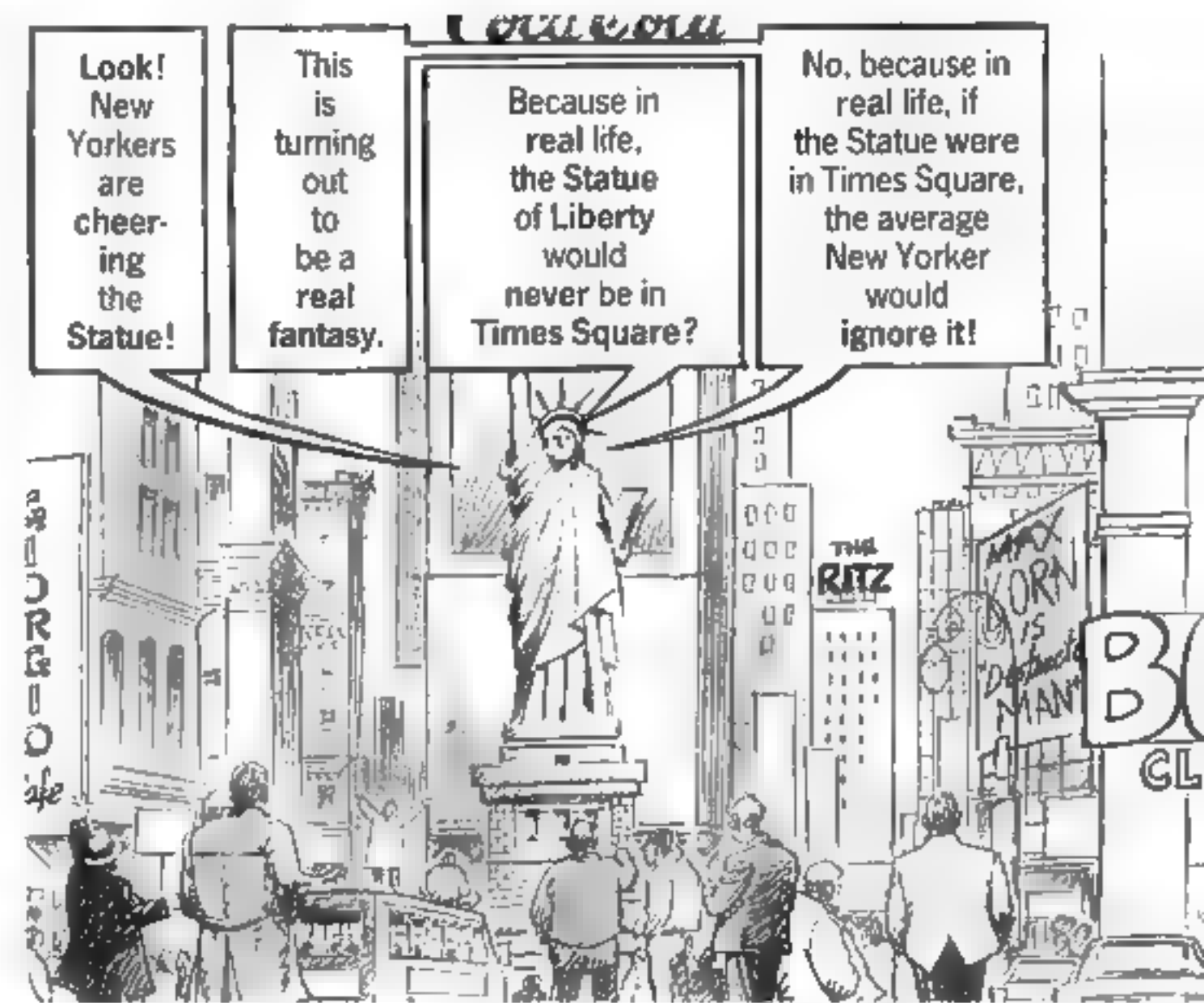
If my friends could see me now...



If we coat the Statue with psycho-magnetic slime, and people react positively, the resulting benign force will counteract the evil force that is gripping the city!

Yeah, and what if that plan doesn't work?

Then we ship in a boxcar full of fruit, dump it here, and we got ourselves a Jello mold that will last for years!



Look! New Yorkers are cheering the Statue!

This is turning out to be a real fantasy.

Because in real life, the Statue of Liberty would never be in Times Square?

No, because in real life, if the Statue were in Times Square, the average New Yorker would ignore it!



Salman Rushdie says "Hi!"



Darling, you not only saved my baby, you also saved New York City!

I couldn't help that! But we still have one problem to solve!

What problem is that?

What are we going to do with the world's biggest homeless bag lady?

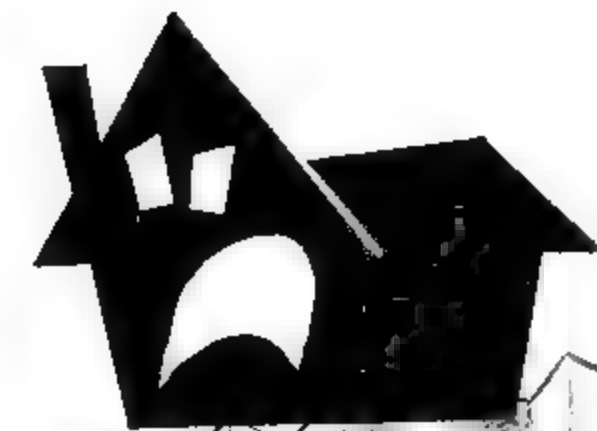


KEEP OFF THE GRASS

THE END

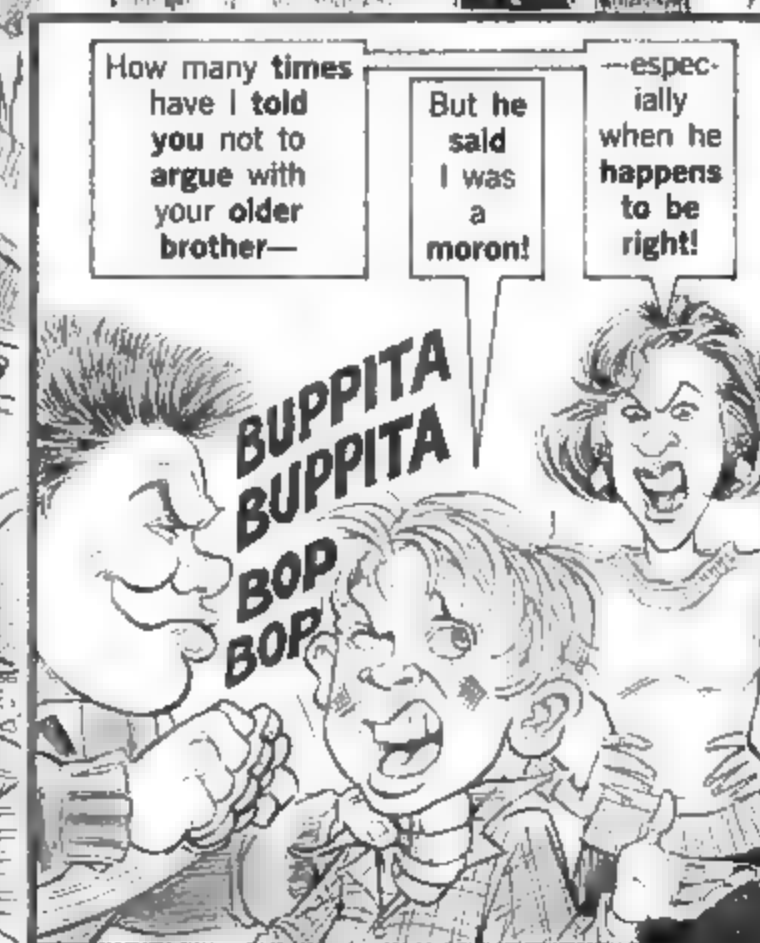
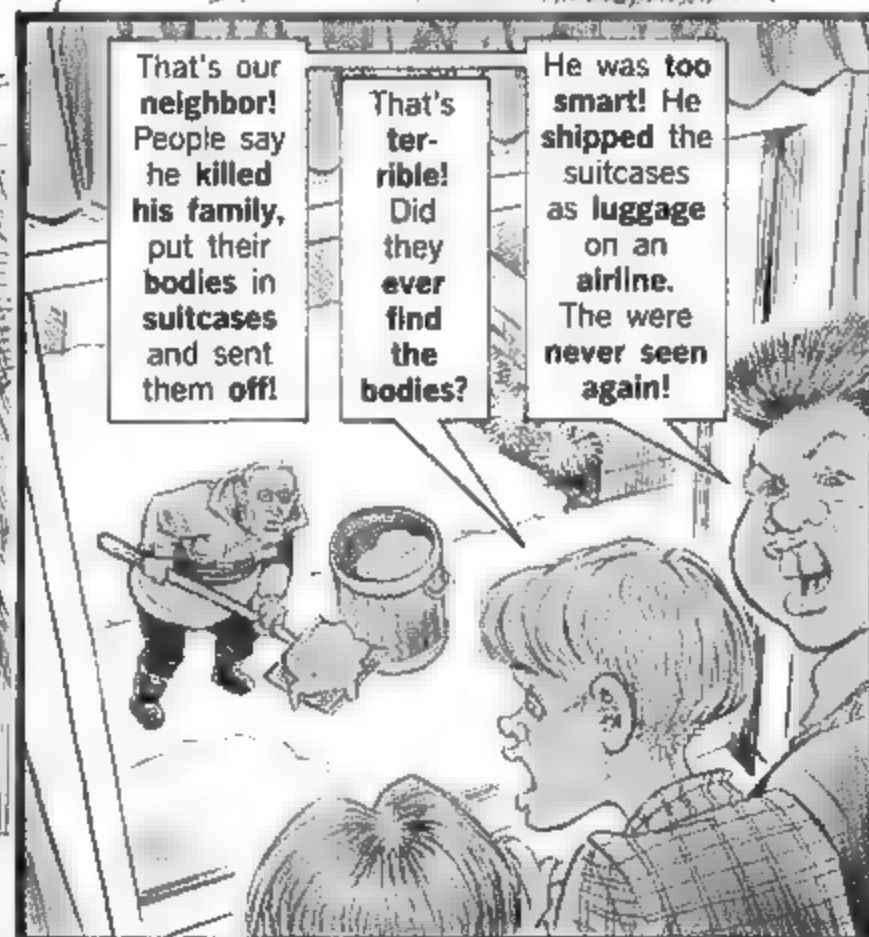
The writer of this satire gets paid for writing an intro. But you don't get paid for reading it! So why are you wasting your time? Smarten up, buddy, and just look at the panels of...

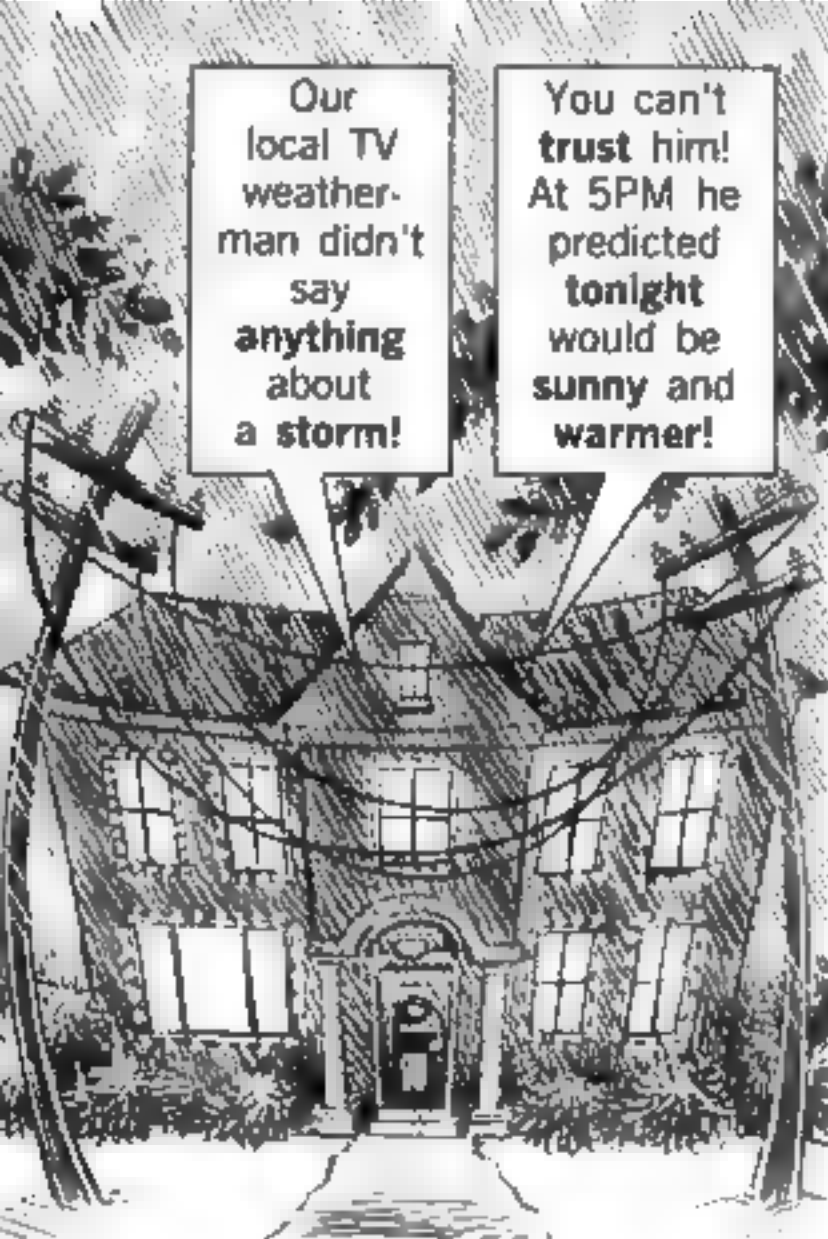
HOME A-GROAN



ARTIST: SAM VIVIANO

WRITER: STAN HART





Our local TV weatherman didn't say anything about a storm!

You can't trust him! At 5PM he predicted tonight would be sunny and warmer!



Are you having a problem, honey?

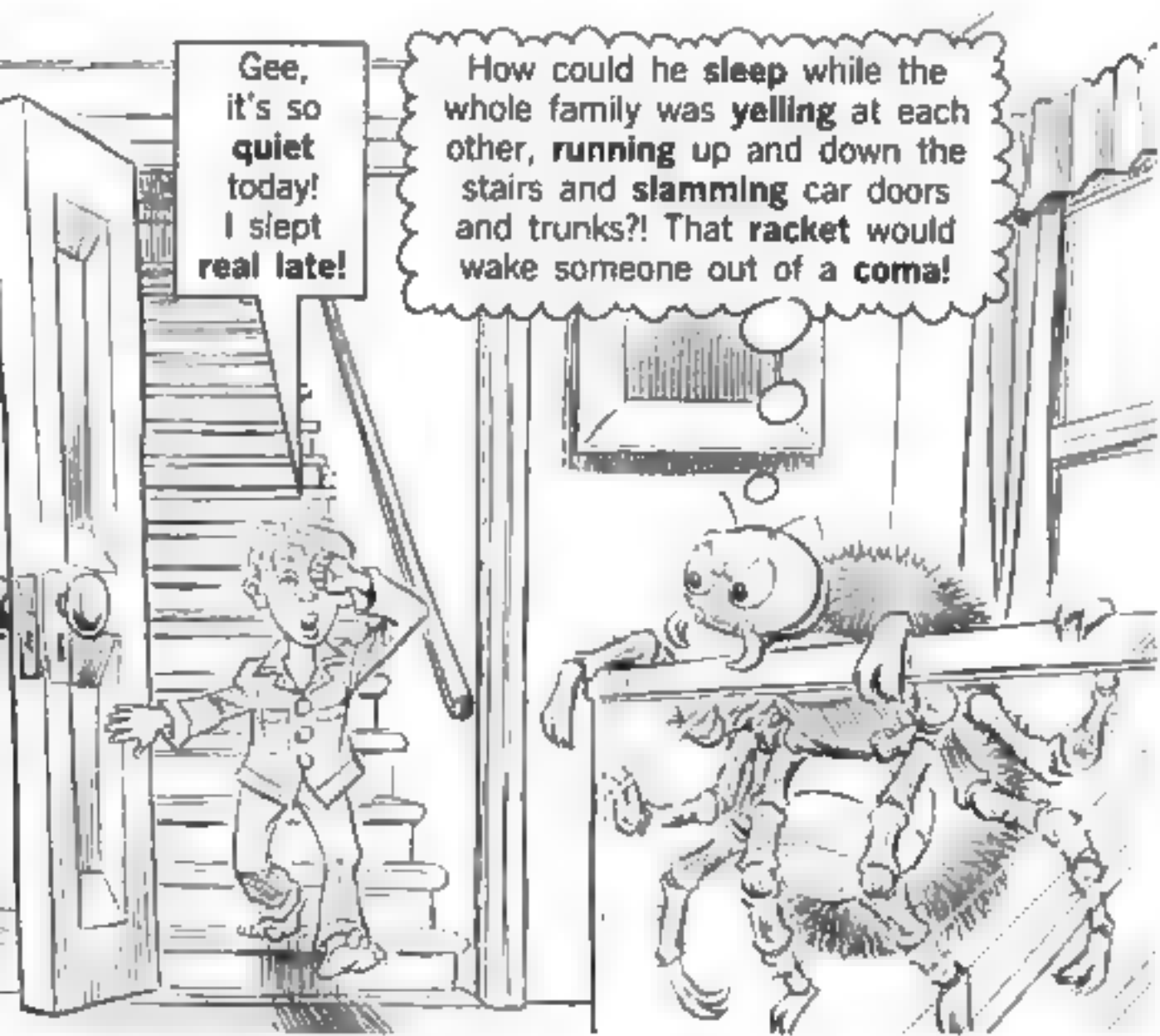
I can't get through on this important call!

Either the storm knocked out the lines or they've closed down the "900" sex phone numbers!



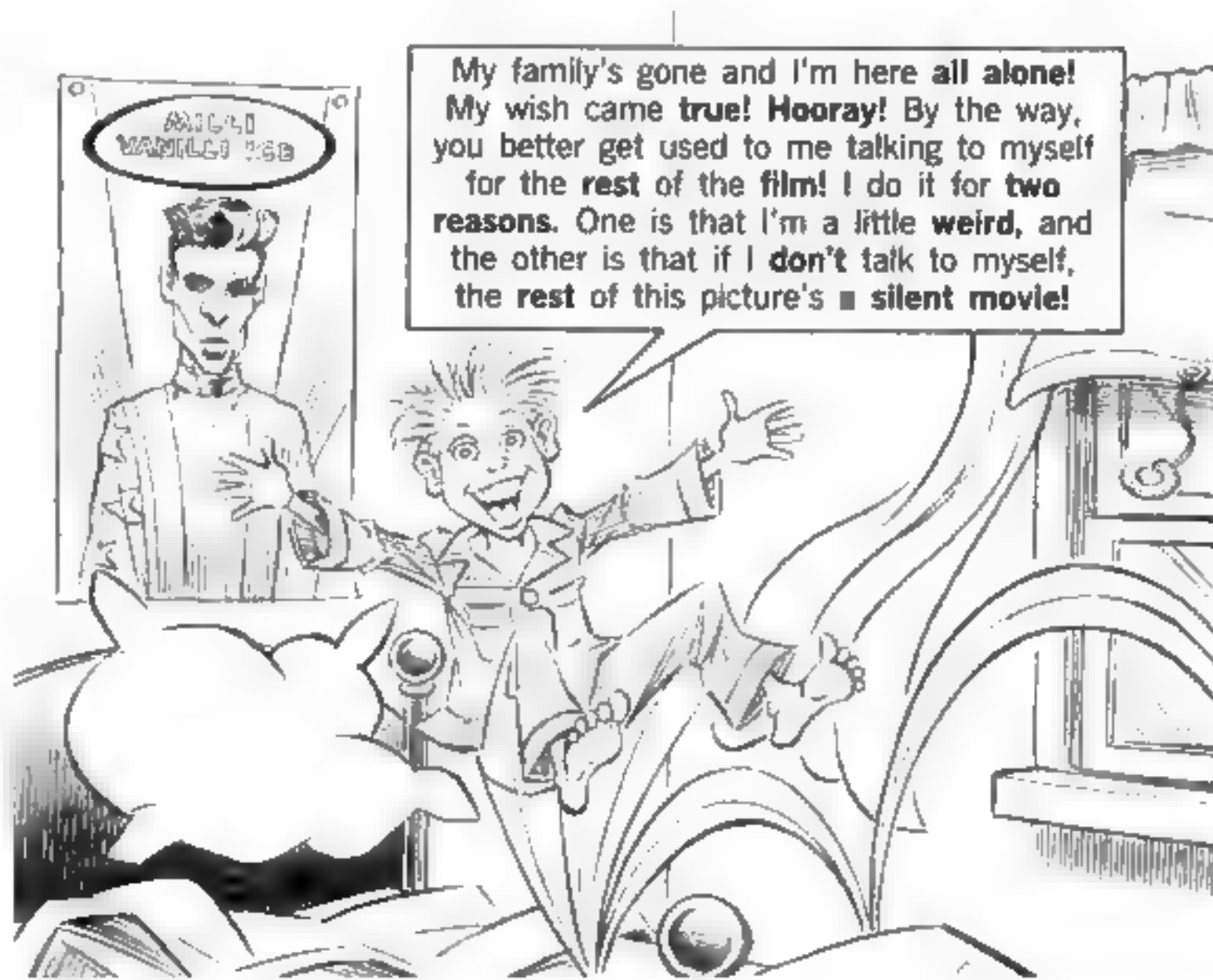
Is this going to be a bumpy ride, Daddy?

I'm afraid so! The ticket agent asked if we wanted seats in the "Barf" or "No Barf" section!



Gee, it's so quiet today! I slept real late!

How could he sleep while the whole family was yelling at each other, running up and down the stairs and slamming car doors and trunks?! That racket would wake someone out of a coma!



My family's gone and I'm here all alone! My wish came true! Hooray! By the way, you better get used to me talking to myself for the rest of the film! I do it for two reasons. One is that I'm a little weird, and the other is that if I don't talk to myself, the rest of this picture's a silent movie!



Oh, my God! I knew there was something we forgot to bring with us!

What? We forgot Kelvin!

Phew! You scared me! For a minute I thought you meant my golf shoes!



We should be ashamed of ourselves!

For being burglars? No, for being fine actors taking these embarrassingly cliché roles!

Yeah! You'd think we'd do something better, especially after my performances in *Raging Bull* and *Goodfellas*, and yours in *Diner*, *Breaking Away*, and as the voice of that other Kelvin in *The Wonder Years*!



I must get on the next plane to the United States!

Mon dieu, surely you jest, madam! There is not a single seat left! Do you not know this is the busiest day of the year?

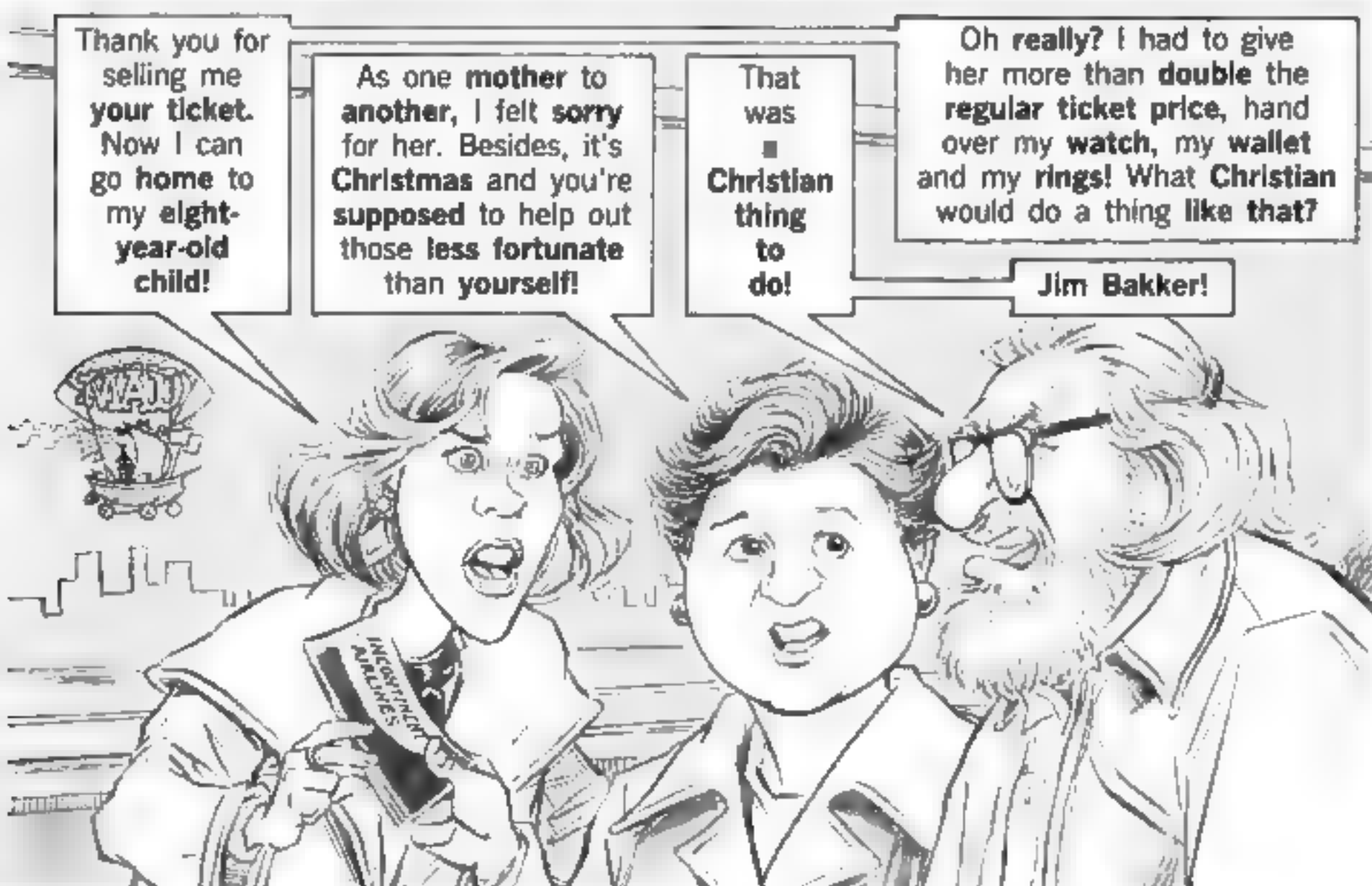
You mean Christmas?

No! Christmas is a piece of fruit-cake compared with this! Today is the last day people can cash in their frequent flyer coupons!

The producers realize that audiences do not like to watch commercials on the screen before the movie starts. So they solved the problem by putting the commercials right into the movie itself!

I wrecked some innocent family's bedroom, ruined their dining room, trashed their kitchen and flooded their bathroom! All of which leads me to ask just one question: Why would anyone in the audience think that I'm "loveable"?

That's easy! Because it's not their house!



Thank you for selling me your ticket. Now I can go home to my eight-year-old child!

As one mother to another, I felt sorry for her. Besides, it's Christmas and you're supposed to help out those less fortunate than yourself!

That was a Christian thing to do!

Oh really? I had to give her more than double the regular ticket price, hand over my watch, my wallet and my rings! What Christian would do a thing like that?

Jim Bakker!



I heard you have to get to Chicago but there are no seats! That's too bad!

Have you been waiting a long time for a flight?

It seems I've spent my entire career waiting for Planes, Trains and Automobiles!



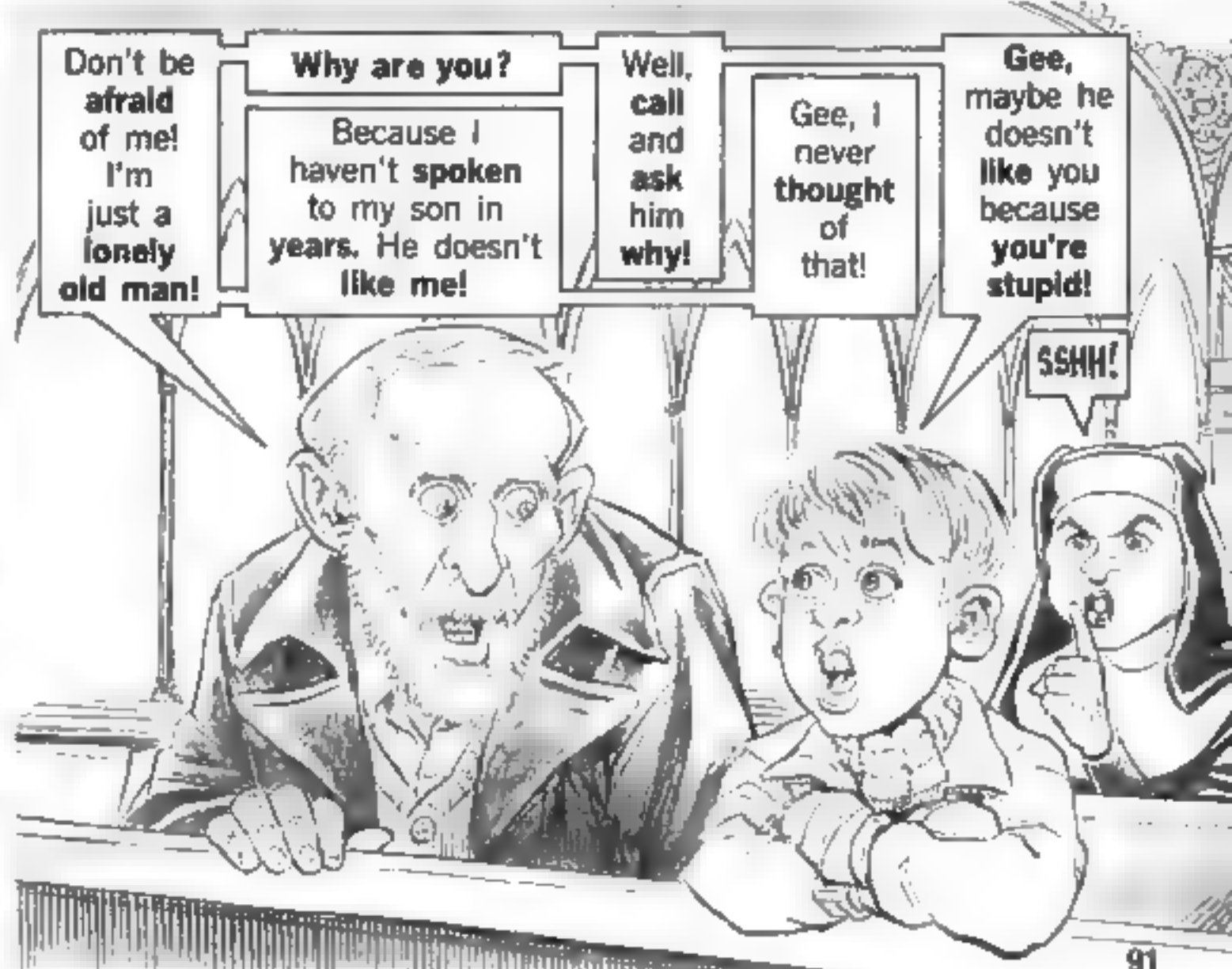
We rented a van and we're headed for Milwaukee! We can drop you off in Chicago!

That's great! But why are you doing this?

I like to be nice to people. Besides, it's Christmas and...

I didn't mean that! I meant why are you playing such an insignificant bit part in this movie?

There's not a lot of film work for fat guys these days!



Don't be afraid of me! I'm just a lonely old man!

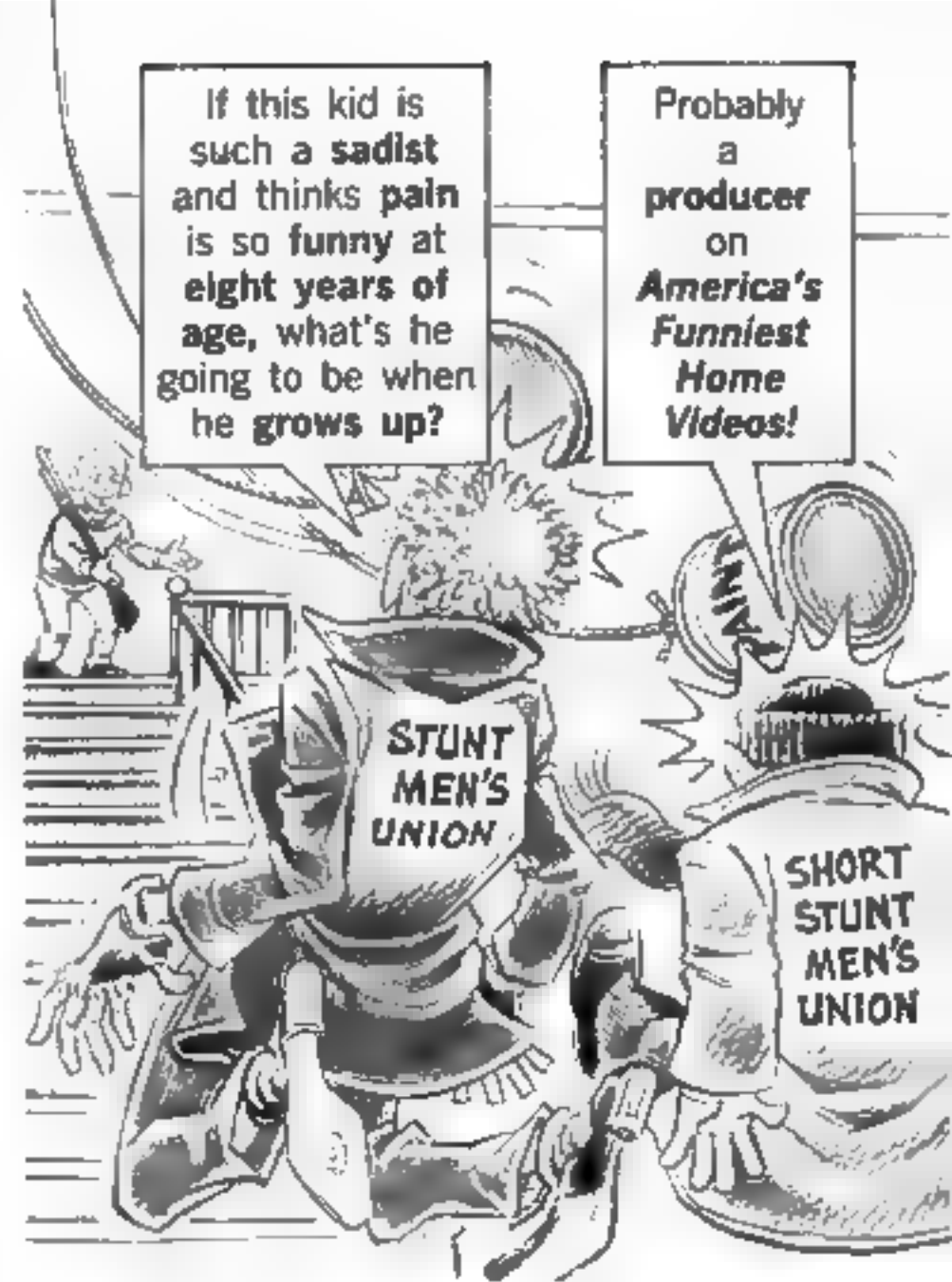
Why are you? Because I haven't spoken to my son in years. He doesn't like me!

Well, call and ask him why!

Gee, I never thought of that!

Gee, maybe he doesn't like you because you're stupid!

SSHH!





A nine year old boy sees ghosts everywhere he looks. That's pretty spooky! For help, he turns to a child psychologist played by Bruce Willis. That's even spookier! It shows the kid has...

THE SICK SENSE

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRE

WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO

I'm Doctor Malcolm Croup, gifted child psychologist! As you can see by my half-hearted smirk, I'm particularly good at conning childr— er, at **TREATING** children with psychological problems! What a doctor fears most is when those children grow up to become adults, and realize my treatment failed them — as evidenced by the semi-nude, deranged former patient holding a gun on me and my wife! I'd offer to help him, but I don't accept his HMO plan! Tough break for him!

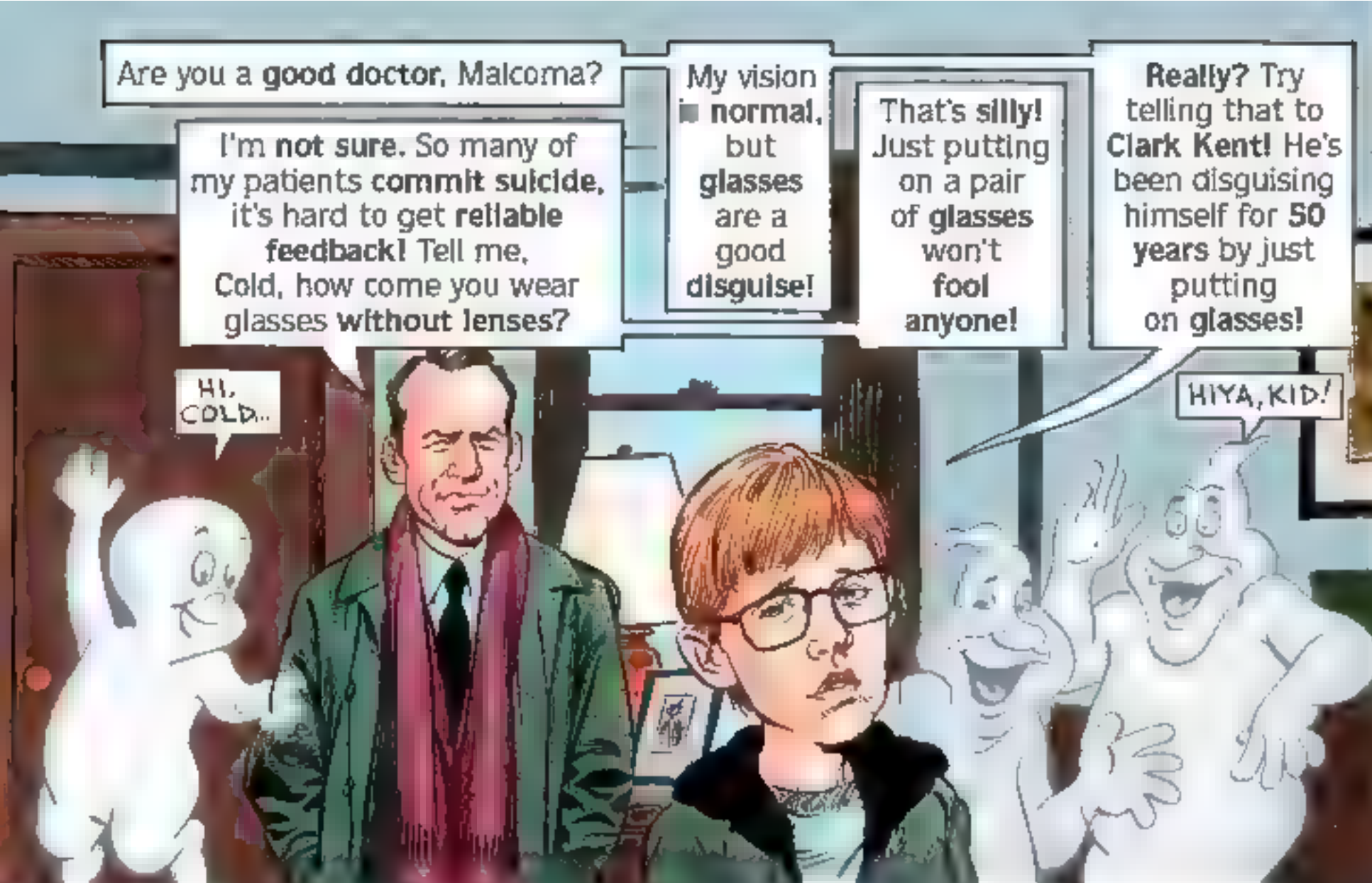
Remember me, Doc! I tried to commit suicide by jumping out a third story window, slitting my wrists, hanging myself and swallowing poison! You classified me as "a bit moody," and "not very good at completing tasks"! Well, I completed something today, Doc! I found out where you lived, and I broke into your home! And I just completed undressing!

Please put down that gun! You're not giving my husband very much credit for his outstanding work! In all the years he's been treating people, not once did he have the luxury of a totally-adjusted, well-balanced person coming to him to seek treatment! Don't you think it wears on a psychologist, when only mentally deranged people like you — you friggin' nutjob — come to him for help! Look, we've just finished an expensive bottle of wine to celebrate an important award my husband won! And now we're about to make love! So can you put down the gun for 30 seconds till he's finished?

I'm Mrs. Seer! There's something very strange about my son, Cold! Sometimes he seems to talk to invisible people, and when he does, the temperature in the house plummets and it gets as cold as a morgue! Sure, I wish he could be more normal, but on the other hand we save a fortune on air conditioning!

So that's the new doctor who's going to help me! He seems kind of animated! At least he seems animated when you compare him to the people I talk to most: dead people!

I'm the family dog! No one walks me or plays with me! And it's been so long since they fed me, I'm about to become a dead dog, which won't be so bad! At least once I'm dead, Cold will pay more attention to me!



Are you a good doctor, Malcoma?

I'm not sure. So many of my patients commit suicide, it's hard to get reliable feedback! Tell me, Cold, how come you wear glasses without lenses?

Hi, COLD...

My vision is normal, but glasses are a good disguise!

That's silly! Just putting on a pair of glasses won't fool anyone!

Really? Try telling that to Clark Kent! He's been disguising himself for 50 years by just putting on glasses!

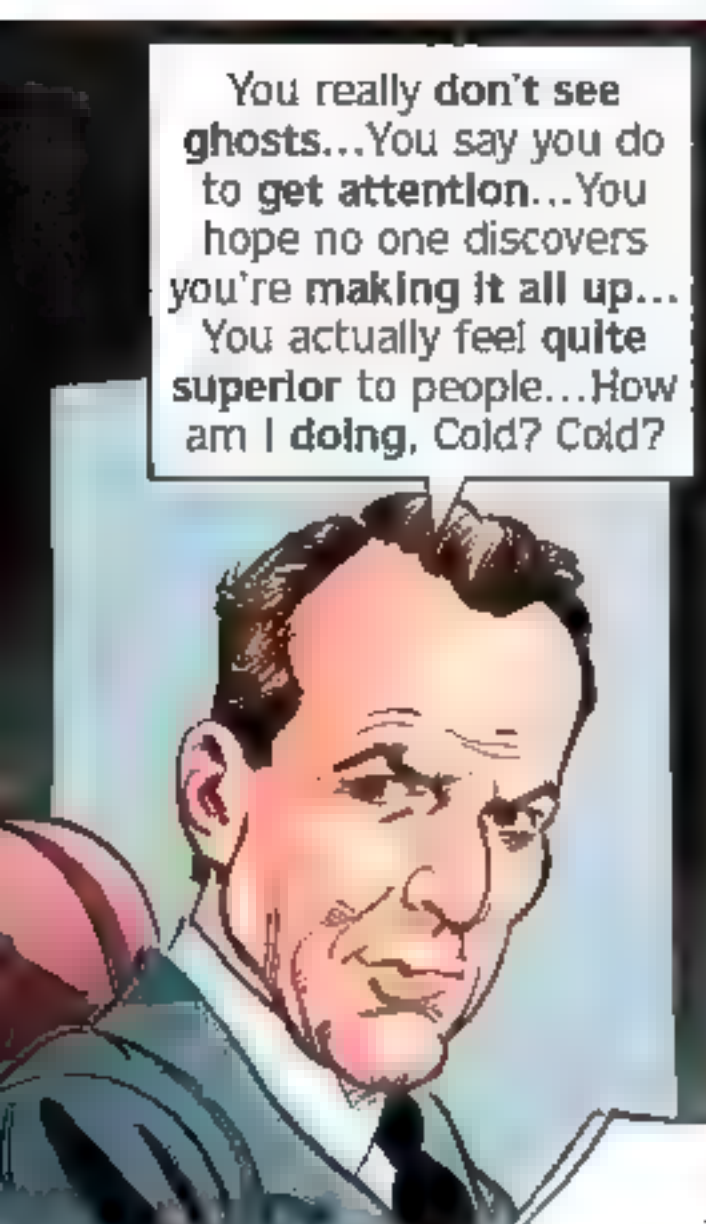
HIYA, KID!



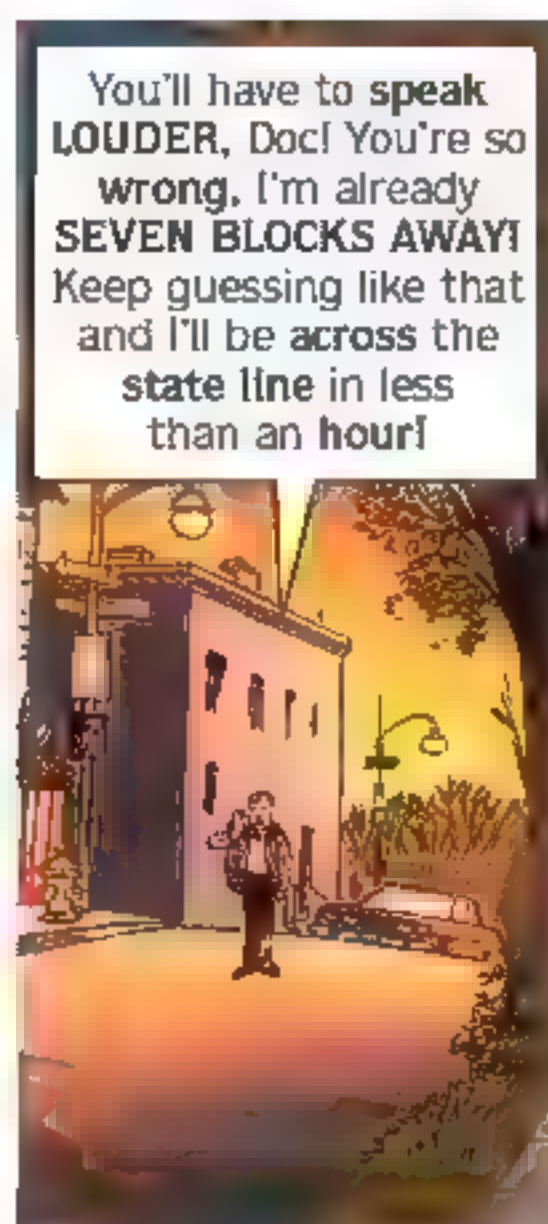
No fooling? No wonder you never see him and Superman at the same time! Hmmmmmm...

And YOU'RE gonna help ME? Hoo-boy, right!

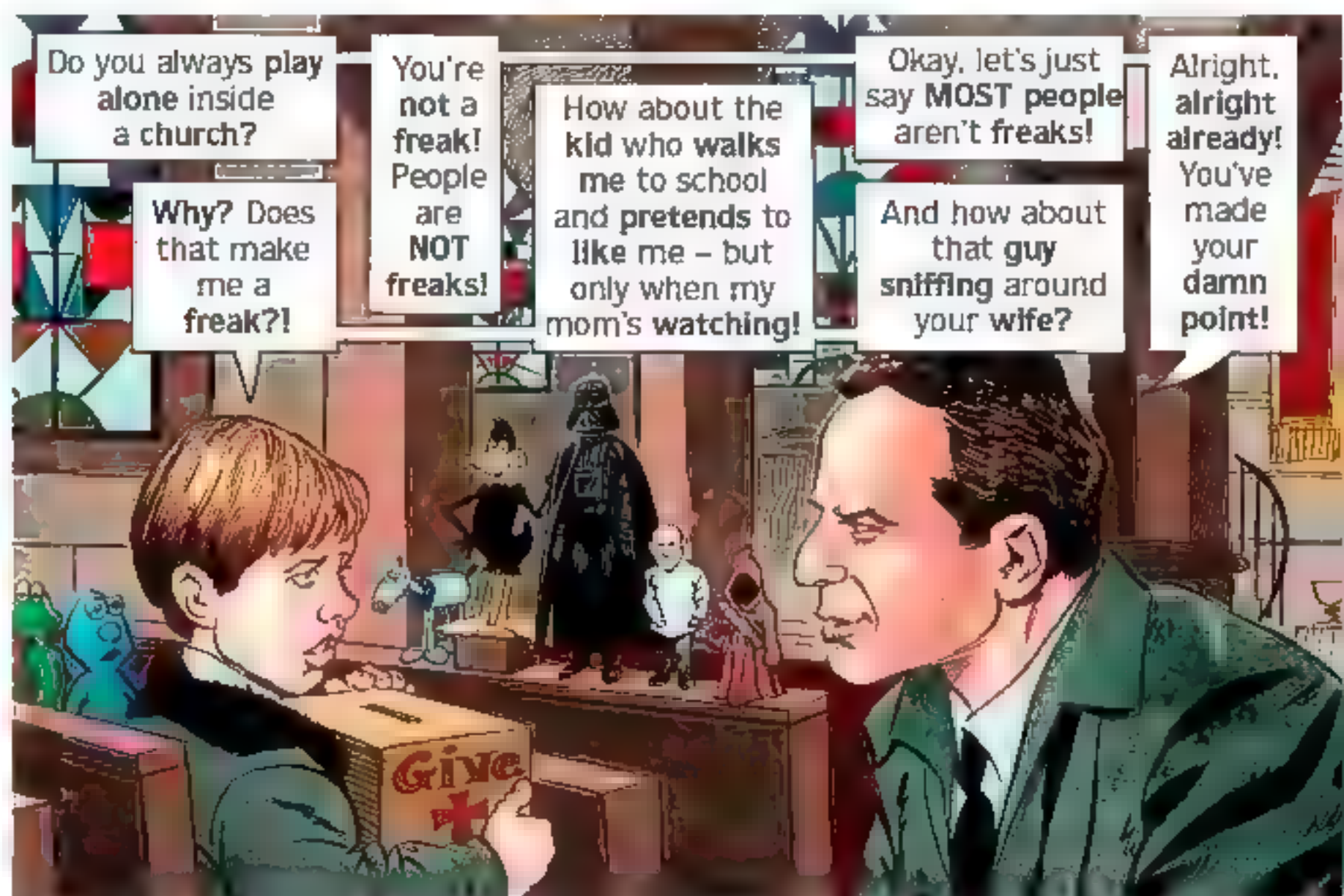
Let's play a game! Every time I say something right, you take a step toward me! Every time I say something wrong, you take a step back! Ready...?



You really don't see ghosts...You say you do to get attention...You hope no one discovers you're making it all up... You actually feel quite superior to people...How am I doing, Cold? Cold?



You'll have to speak LOUDER, Doc! You're so wrong. I'm already SEVEN BLOCKS AWAY! Keep guessing like that and I'll be across the state line in less than an hour!



Do you always play alone inside a church?

Why? Does that make me a freak?!

You're not a freak! People are NOT freaks!

How about the kid who walks me to school and pretends to like me - but only when my mom's watching!

Okay, let's just say MOST people aren't freaks!

And how about that guy sniffing around your wife?

Alright, alright already! You've made your damn point!



I'm sorry I'm so late for our anniversary dinner, dear, but no matter how early I start out, I just can't seem to be on time! Let's face it, I'm the kind of guy who'd be late for his own funeral! I'm glad you ate already, because I wasn't going to order anything! I don't know what it is, but lately food seems to just go right through me!

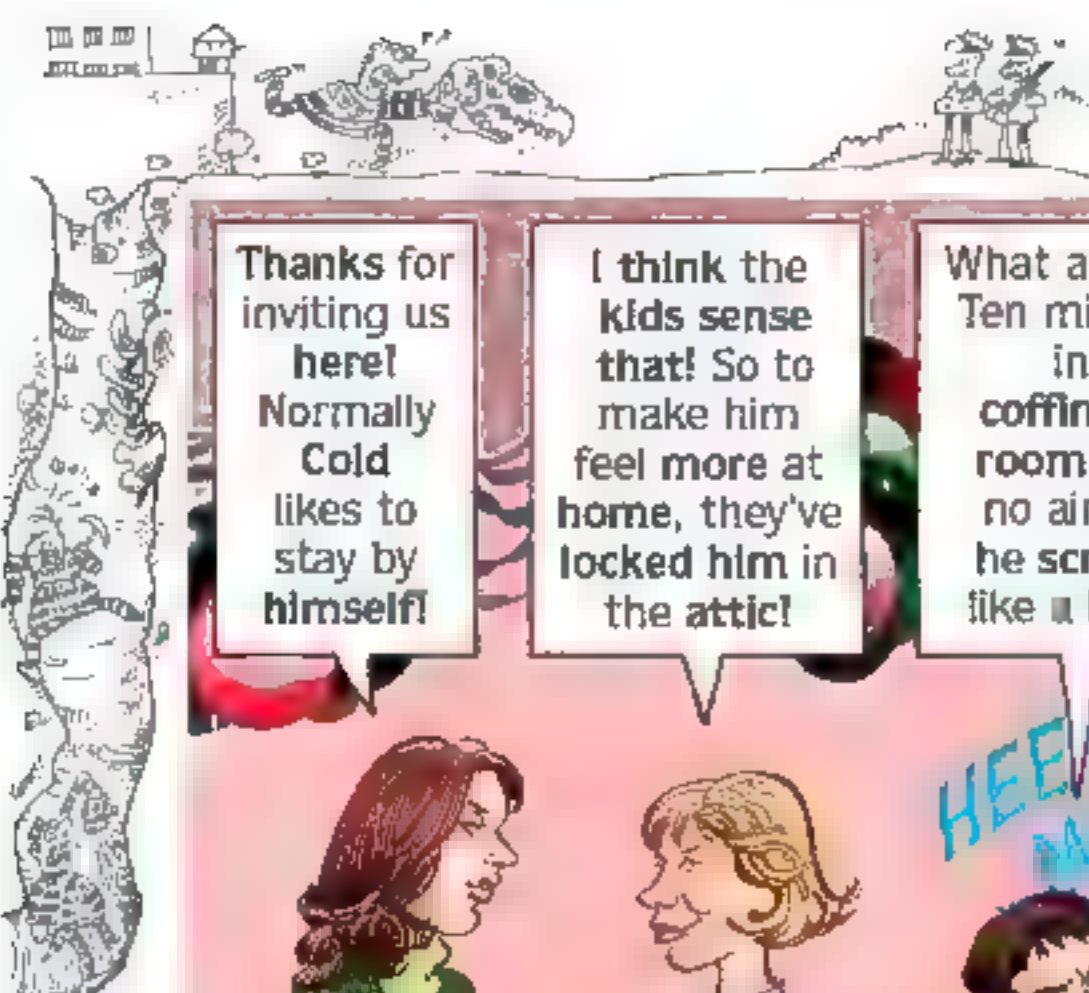


Does anybody know what this building was before it was converted into a school?

It was a place of pain and suffering, where people were stripped of their dignity and their worldly goods!

You're completely wrong! This building was a courthouse full of lawyers!

Exactly!



Thanks for inviting us here! Normally Cold likes to stay by himself!

I think the kids sense that! So to make him feel more at home, they've locked him in the attic!

What a wuss! Ten minutes in a coffin-like room with no air, and he screams like a baby!

HEE LLP MOMMY

What happened to my son today? I've never seen him so hysterical! Did he have a seizure?

Let me put it in medical terms: a lot of "spooky, weird stuff" happened to your son! And how did he get those cuts and bruises on his arms?

Who knows? Not from me! I'm a good mother! Cold gets whatever he wants! He LOVES Cocoa Puffs and Pop Tarts! I let him eat them for breakfast, lunch and dinner! Even on Christmas and Thanksgiving! I'm the perfect modern parent!

For the fifth time this month Grandma's butterfly pendant went from my dresser to your bedroom! And every drawer in the kitchen's been opened! How do you explain that?

Well, that explains it! Now hurry, or you'll be late for school! Here, take some Pop Tarts for lunch!

No thanks, Mom! Give 'em to the dog!

Pop Tarts! YECCHI! They ARE out to kill me!

Er...the dog?

It's cold! That means ghosts are coming! I'm glad I'm surrounded by all my religious statues!

Son, I'm the ghost of Father Houllhan!

Because you keep stealing statues from the church! Maybe we'd lay off you if you took relics from a synagogue or a mosque for a change!

Why have you come to haunt me?

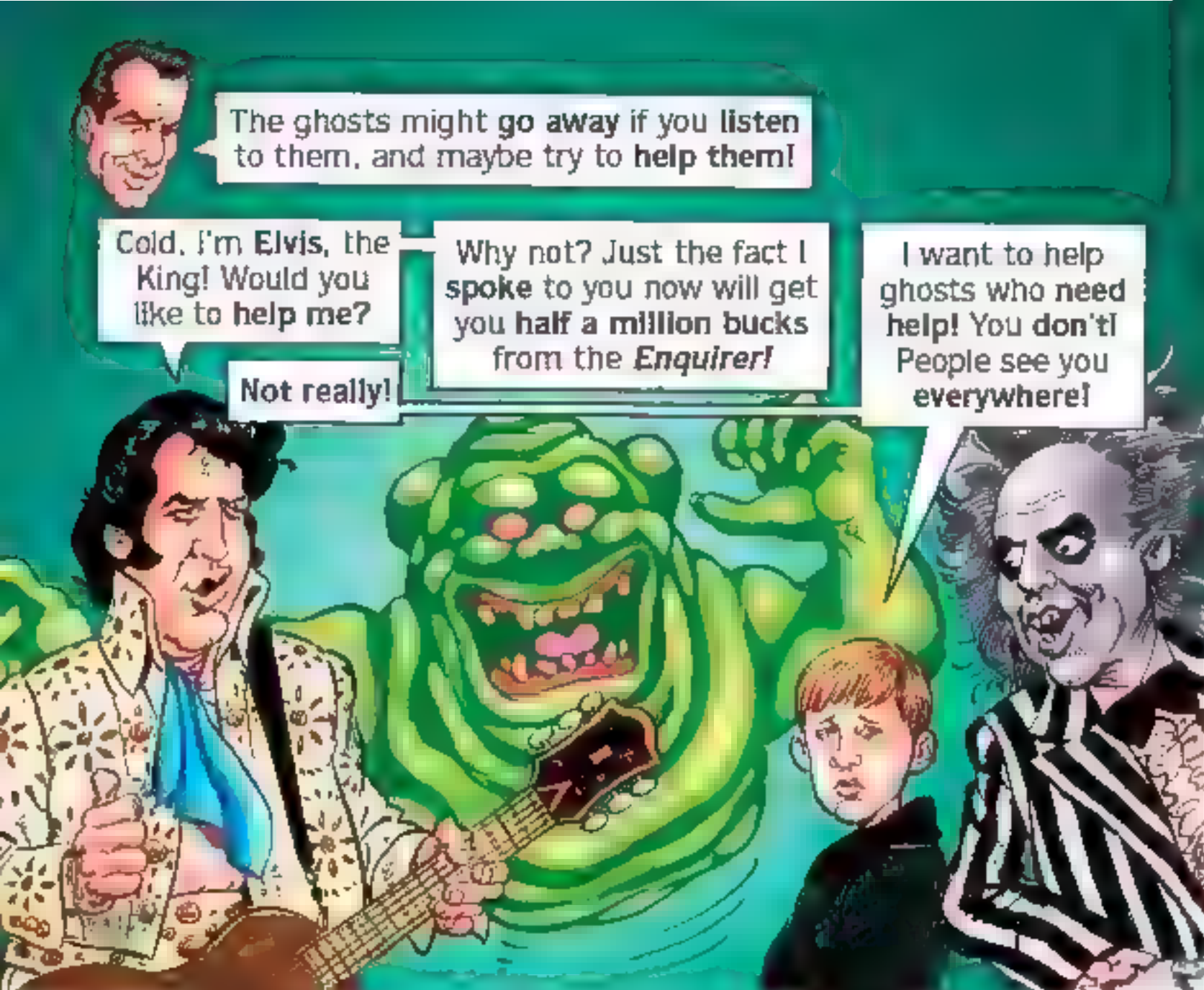
Am I making any headway, Cold? Do you think you'll ever trust me enough to tell me your secret?

I've been dying to tell someone my secret!! No one ever asked before! I see people with dead eyes! People moaning and coughing and suffering in the dark! They wonder when the agony will end!

Oh, them! They're just the poor people in the audience who pay top dollar to see my crappy films! Pay no attention to them! I don't!

I see ghosts just about everywhere, and they scare me good! Some have no arms, some have no legs, and some have no heads! Doc, will you stay here with me until I fall asleep?

Y-You th-think I'm l-l-leaving?! You got me s-s-scared stiff! Matter of fact, why don't YOU stay awake, till I f-f-fall asleep!



The ghosts might go away if you listen to them, and maybe try to help them!

Cold, I'm Elvis, the King! Would you like to help me?

Not really!

Why not? Just the fact I spoke to you now will get you half a million bucks from the *Enquirer*!

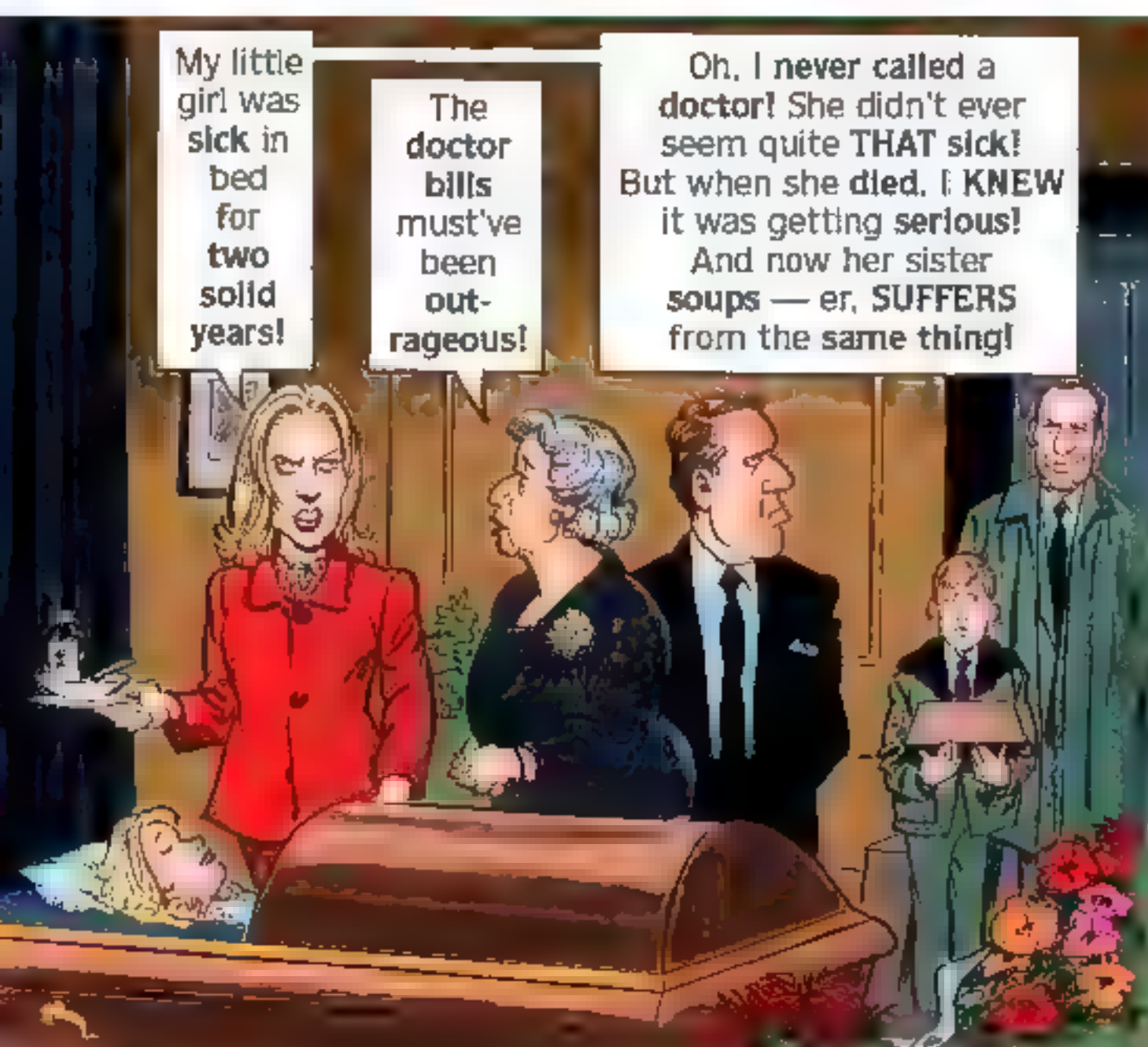
I want to help ghosts who need help! You don't! People see you everywhere!



Cold, today's your day to do anything you want! No serious talks! So what'll it be?

Let's go to the wake that's being held for L'l Lottie!

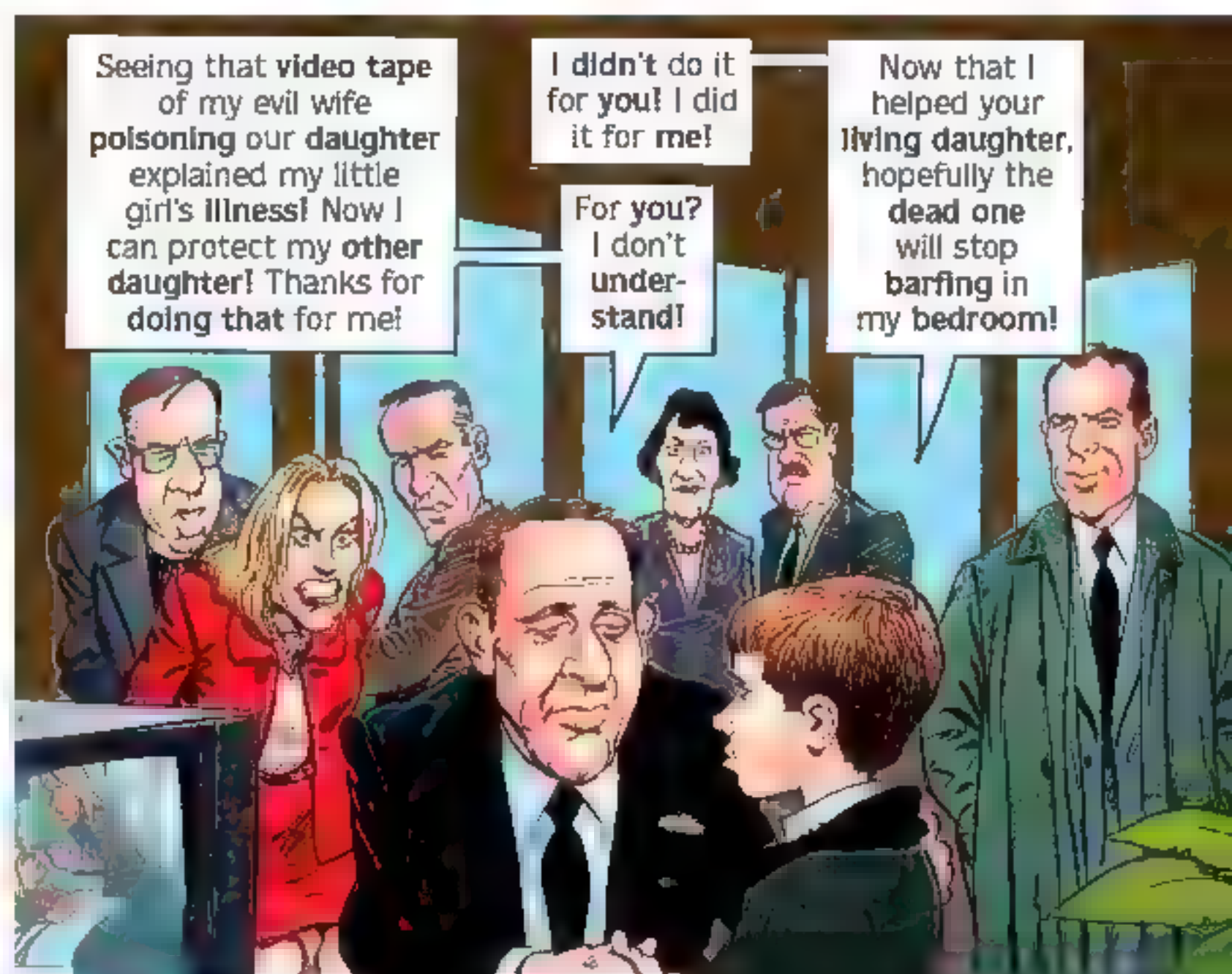
Cold, you're a nice kid, but does the term "lighten up" mean anything to you?



My little girl was sick in bed for two solid years!

The doctor bills must've been outrageous!

Oh, I never called a doctor! She didn't ever seem quite THAT sick! But when she died, I KNEW it was getting serious! And now her sister soups — er, SUFFERS from the same thing!



Seeing that video tape of my evil wife poisoning our daughter explained my little girl's illness! Now I can protect my other daughter! Thanks for doing that for me!

I didn't do it for you! I did it for me!

For you? I don't understand!

Now that I helped your living daughter, hopefully the dead one will stop barfing in my bedroom!



Mom, I'm gonna tell you my secret now! We're stopped because there's an accident up ahead! A lady died! A lonely old lady with no relatives or friends in the world! She lived alone in the same apartment at 55 Maple Street for over 50 years! I see these things! Do you think I'm a freak?

A freak?! No, you're a genius! Fifty years in the same apartment? The rent must be peanuts! And we're the first to know it's available! We'll move there and save a fortune!



Honey, what's going on!? I hop in the shower and come out to find you in bed with another man!

Hey! You two at least stop whatever you're doing while I'm talking! I'm not invisible, you know! Okay, that's it! I can't take any more of this!! I'm going to kill both of you!

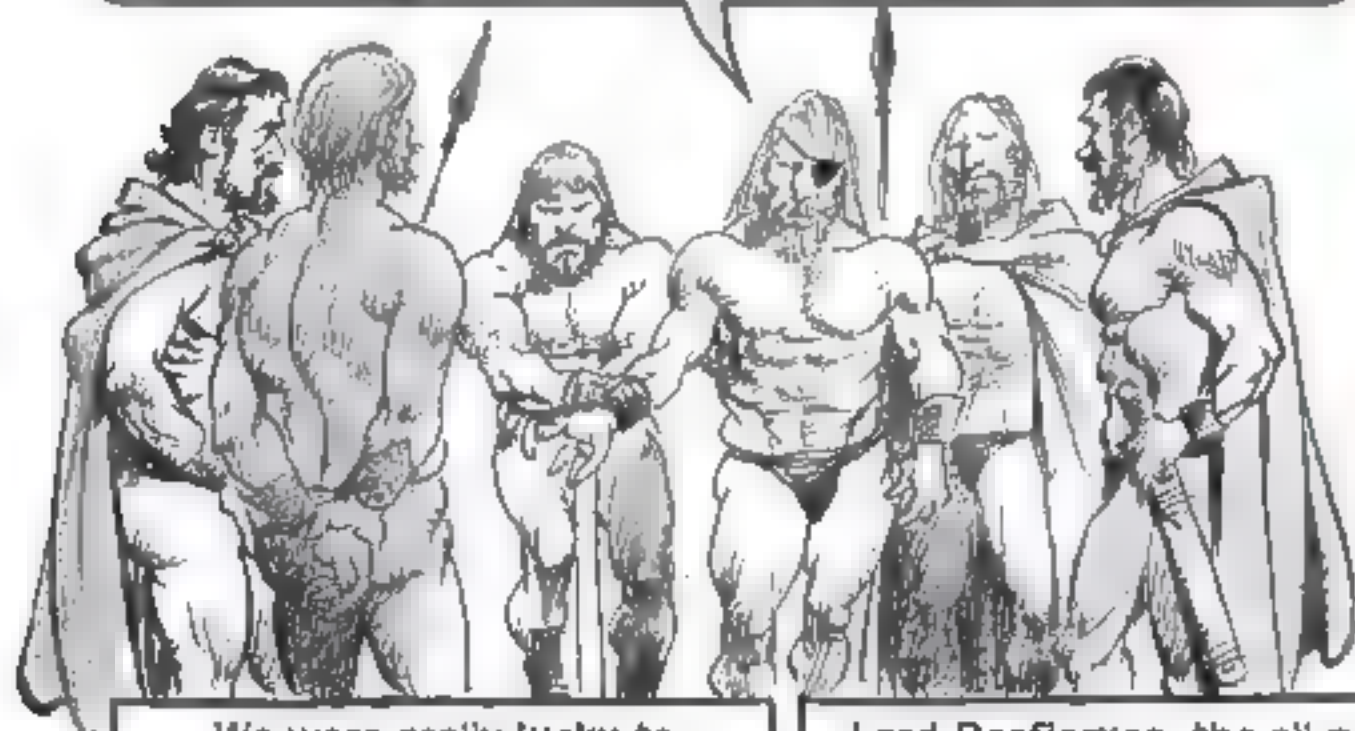
Two new ghosts in the making? I not only see more dead people, I see SEQUEL!



ANCIENT SPARTA. AN AGE OF BLOOD. AN AGE OF HONOR. AND AN AGE OF PONDEROUS, REPETITIVE VOICEOVER NARRATION. THERE IS NO SOFTNESS IN SPARTA. THE KINGDOM IS HARD. ITS PEOPLE ARE HARD. THE LITTLE KIDS BRING CARVING KNIVES TO PLAY "DUCK, DUCK, GOOSE." INDEED, LIFE IN SPARTA IS HARD. AND THIS MOVIE - ABOUT LIFE IN SPARTA - IS HARD TO WATCH! TRUTH, YOU'D HAVE TO BE TOUGHER THAN THE WARRIORS ON SCREEN TO SIT THROUGH THIS MESS WITHOUT YELLING...



WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER



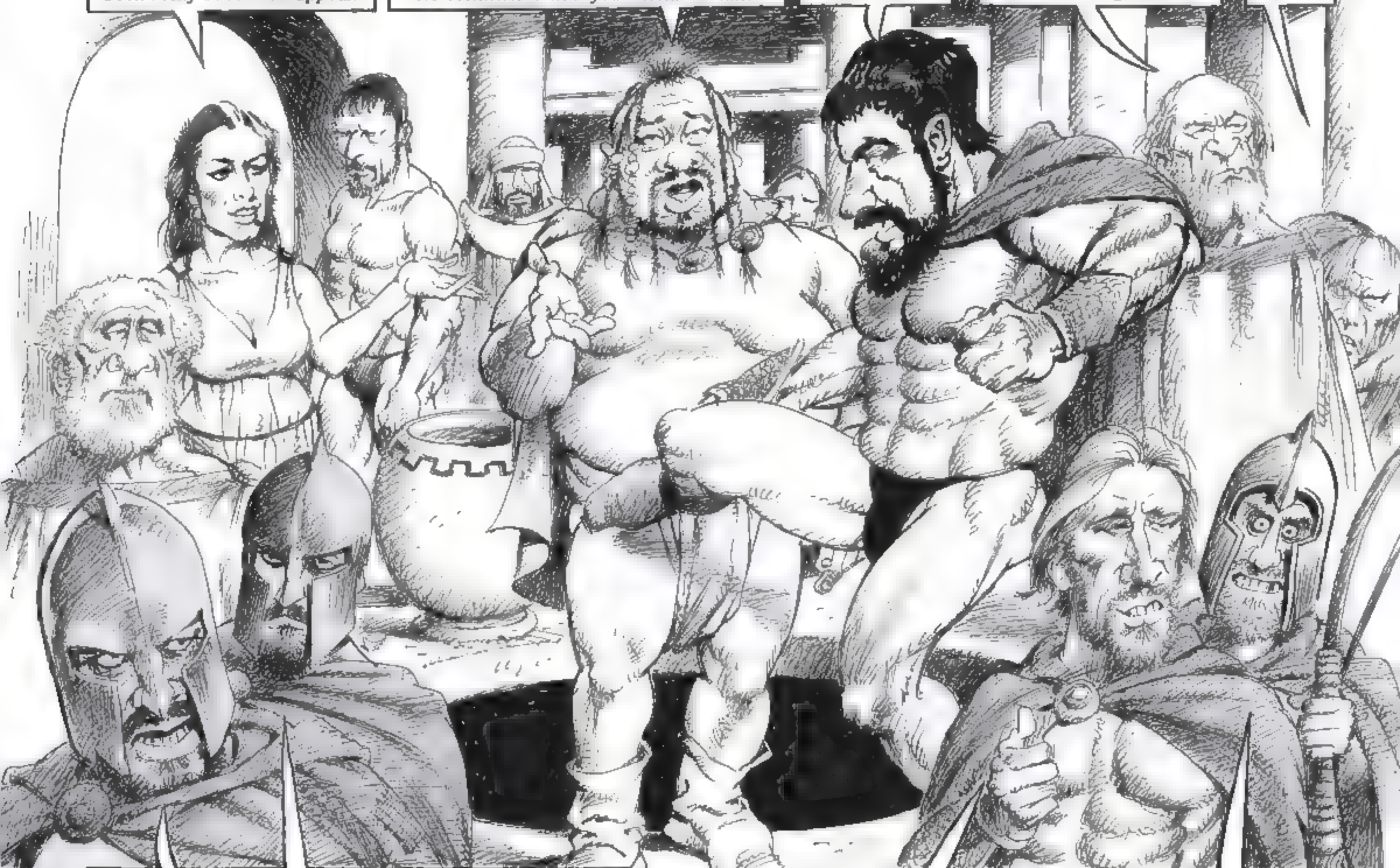
We were really lucky to get this palace! It took us forever to find a vacancy with its own bottomless pit! It's so convenient! And the mountain of human skulls out back really adds curb appeal!

Lord Beefjerxes, the all-powerful King of Persia and all that ill conquers, commands the largest army ever assembled! Sparta's dirt will tremble beneath their marching feet! They shall drink your rivers dry! And parking around here is going to be a bitch! He commands that you submit to him!

Submit to a Persian overlord? Here is my answer! Are you ready for some football?

Slave, you're around the King 24 hours a day! Does he always use that ridiculous "outside" voice to scream every word he says at a deafening volume?

I'm sorry, sir, but we're all out of butter!



I am proud to fight alongside you, Cojones!

Wait, I thought I was Cojones, and you were Testes!

Like it matters! We've got about five speaking lines between the two of us! You can be Meatbag A, and I'll be Meatbag B!

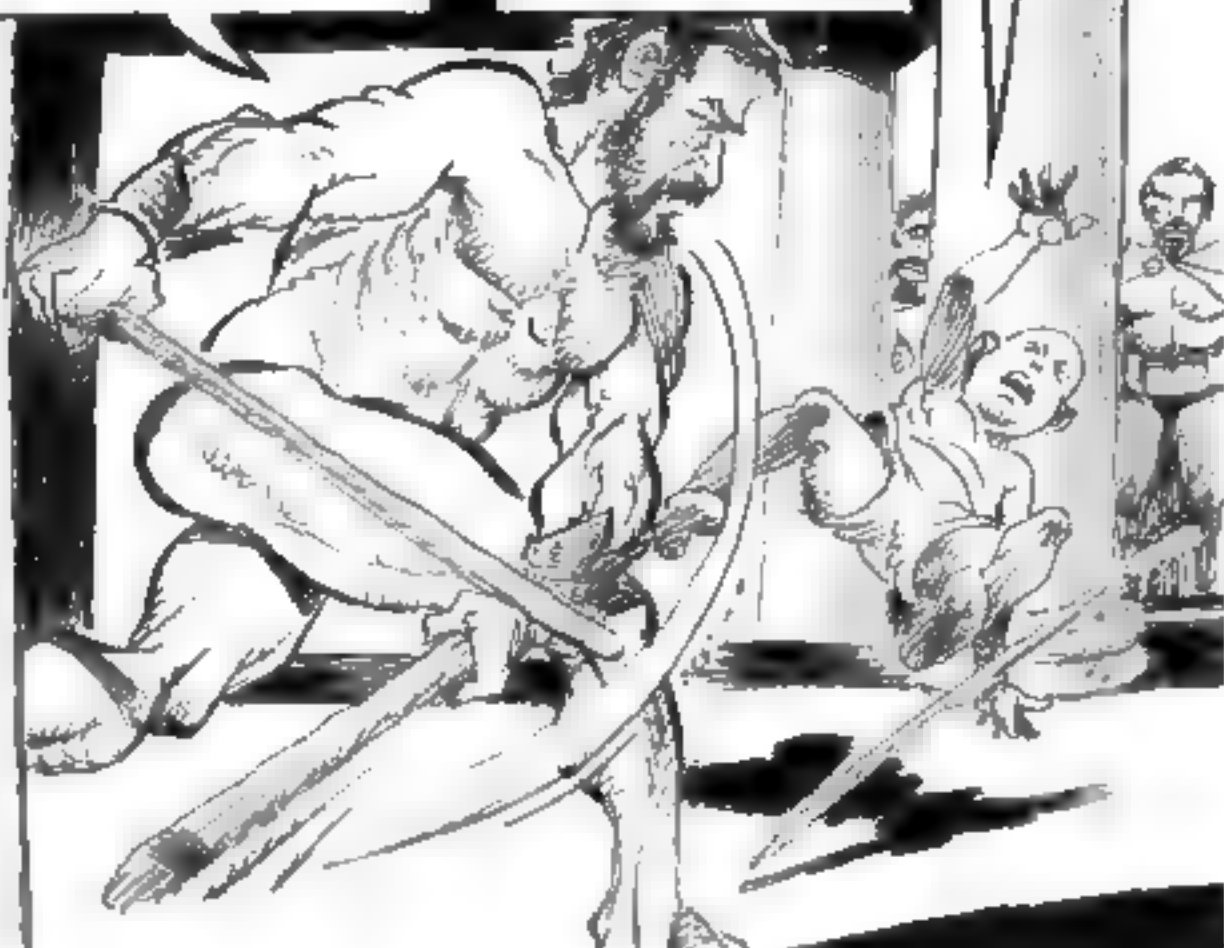
That guy was from Persia, and we're from Sparta! How come we have no trouble understanding each other's languages?

I'm sorry, I couldn't hear your question! I was too busy whipping my slaves! Were you asking about Sparta, and how it stands for freedom?

My son, I want to give you the same thing my father gave me when I was seven years old!

And what is that, my father? Wisdom? Skill?

Internal bleeding!



Once I pay the corrupt priests their bribe money, I hope they'll give their official blessing to my war plans! On second thought, how the hell will anybody know what those creepy freaks have to say about anything, from the top of this inaccessible mountain? I should just climb back down and tell everybody they totally loved my plan!



Treachery! The Persians will slash our intestines out! They'll tear our eyes from our heads! They'll whip our children bloody, and take our women on top of a mountain of Spartan corpses!

Oh, baby, baby! You really know how to sweet-talk a girl!



Look at the 300! 300 magnificent specimens! They are Sparta's 300 finest soldiers!

More importantly, 300 is their collective I.Q.! Nobody with a brain would ever volunteer for this hopeless suicide mission!



I shall remember our marital passion!

Yeah, great. It was the only thing in this movie that DOESN'T play out in extreme slow motion!



THERE IS NO PLACE FOR **SOFTNESS** IN SPARTA. SPARTA IS A **HARD PLACE**. NOT **SOFT**. ARE YOU THINKING IT MIGHT BE **SOFT**? WELL, YOU'RE **WRONG**. ITS **HARDITY** IS - HEY, **ZACK**, DIDN'T I READ THIS PART **ALREADY**? IS **ANYBODY** EVEN **CHECKING THIS COPY**?

Our battle strategy is sophisticated and complex! Can you explain the details to the troops, Mentos?

Yes! Jab 'em with the pointed side of the stick, and make the red stuff go spurdy-spurdy!

Well done! In Sparta, that kind of critical thinking qualifies you as officer material!





No, vallant lump, you may NOT join us in battle! Your ugly, misshapen body is an affront to the Greek god that all Spartan men worship!

Which god? Is it Tartarus? Artemis?

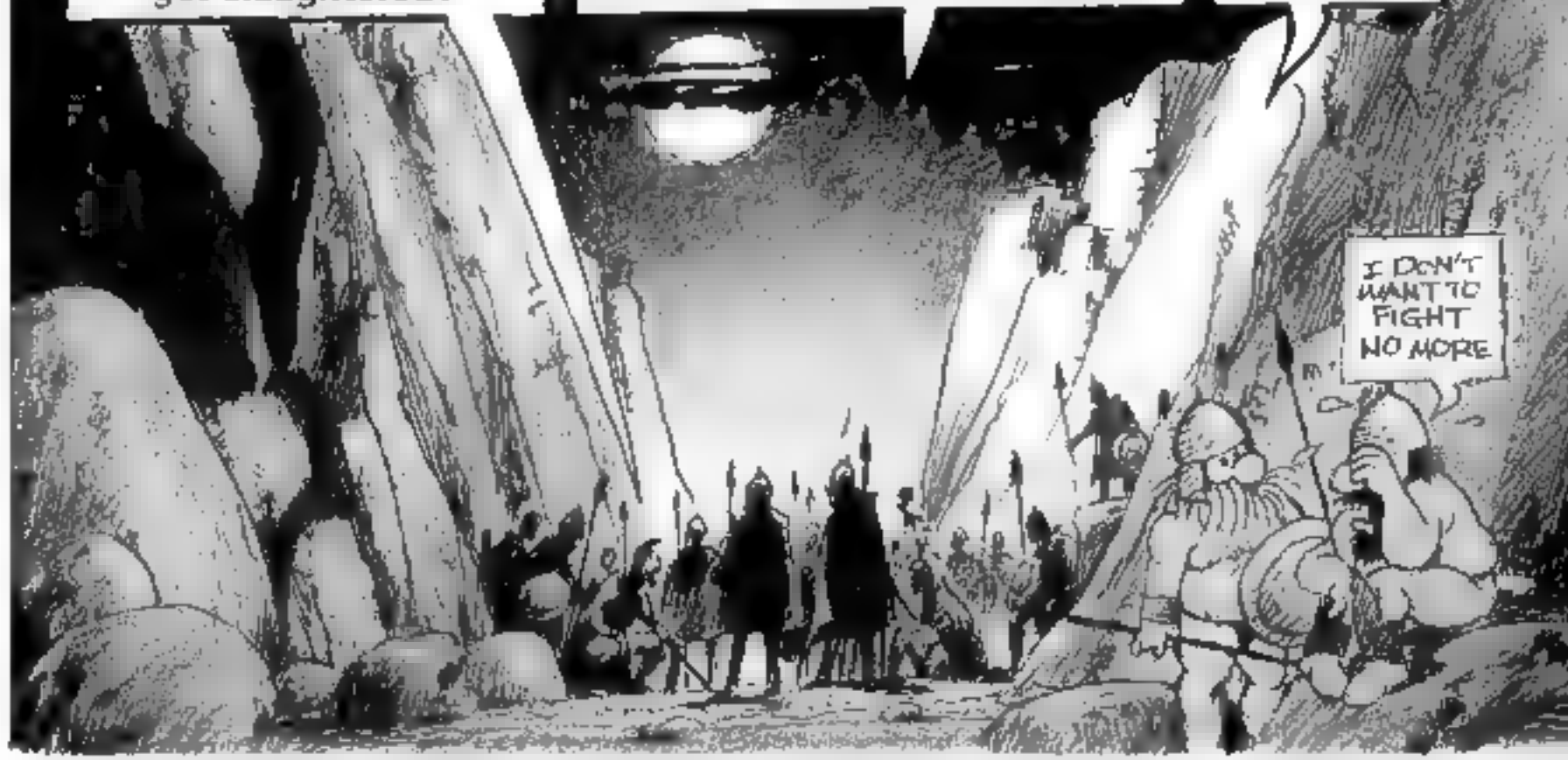
Nautilus!

We're outnumbered by 3,500 to 1! But we can use the narrow passageway here as a natural defensive position! It's a foolproof plan!

But won't we eventually get slaughtered?

Okay, so there's a catch! But consider this: if we do not stop the Persians, their armies of vicious warriors shall sweep across the land, killing without mercy and creating a culture of blood and fear! Any questions?

Yes! How will anyone be able to tell the difference?



I DON'T WANT TO FIGHT NO MORE

I'm confused! Why do you Spartans make such a big deal about holding position in tightly packed battle formations, and then let your best soldiers spin around on their own, in slow motion, with no protection whatsoever?

Try huddling under heavy shields with a dozen greasy, sweaty, meaty guys! We Spartans are known for cruelty and courage! Hygiene's another matter! I'll take my chances out here!



Let's show 'em, boys! Nobody messes with the Persian Airborne Division!

But airplanes haven't been invented yet!

Aw, crap!

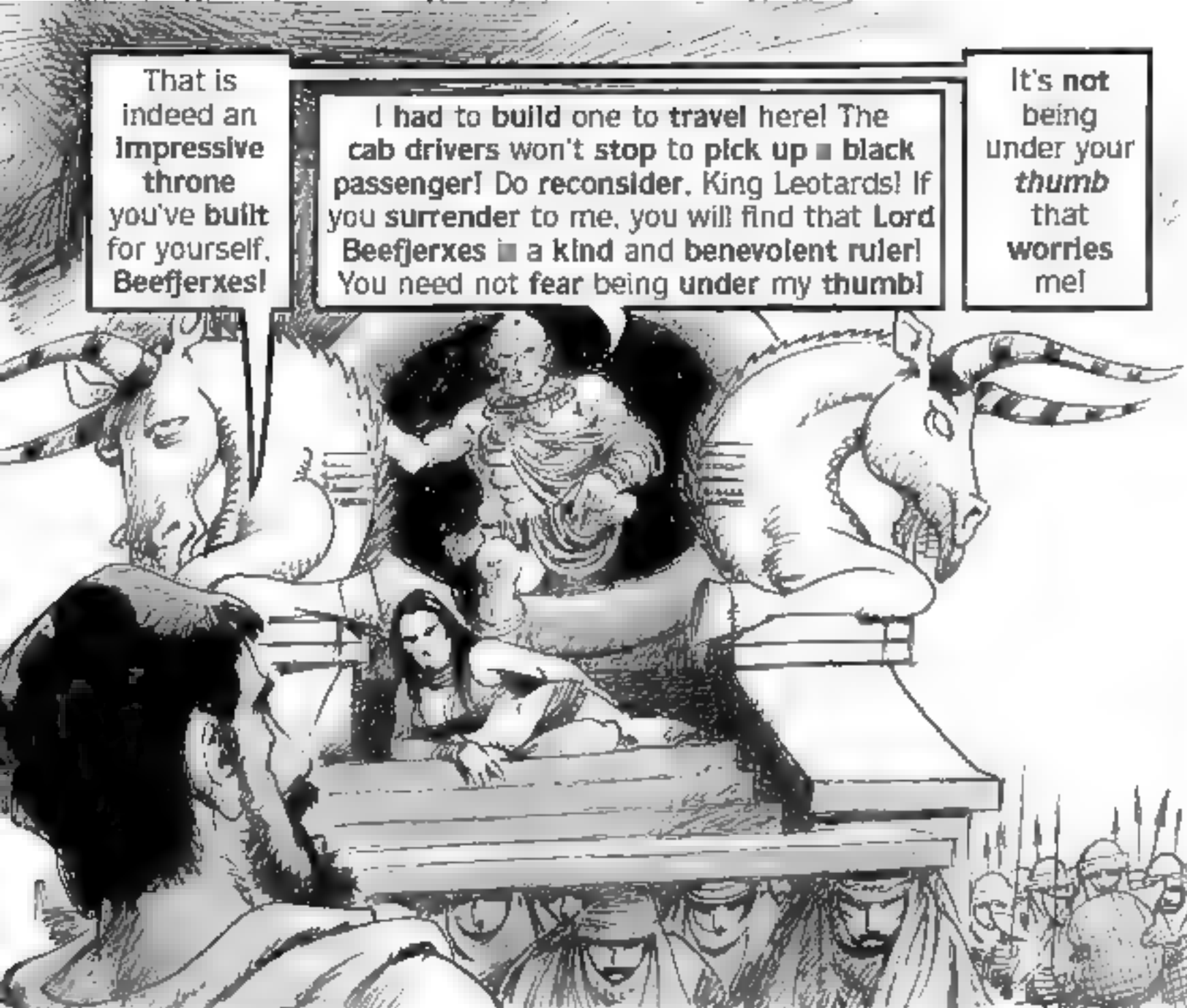
Sire, there's a fully shaved, flamingly effeminate, topless bald black man with piercings to see you...

I've never met any... that is, what the heck could he possibly wish to speak privately about... I mean, I don't even know the guy!

He's at least eight feet tall, too!

Oh, EIGHT feet? Phew! Well, what do you know? I really DON'T know the guy!





That is indeed an impressive throne you've built for yourself, Beefferxes!

I had to build one to travel here! The cab drivers won't stop to pick up a black passenger! Do reconsider, King Leotards! If you surrender to me, you will find that Lord Beefferxes is a kind and benevolent ruler! You need not fear being under my thumb!

It's not being under your thumb that worries me!



Tonight, we DINE in HELL!

Phooey! Taco Bell again!



These Perslans have brought all manner of monsters to the battle! Who can tell man from beast?

There's one key difference! At least we were able to teach the rhino to eat with a knife and fork!

Elephants, rhinos, deformed mutants - I'm starting to suspect this movie may not be 100% historically accurate!

Here's a proposition, bitch: all men are mutilated equal!

Forsooth! To bleed, or not to bleed!



We've killed all 99,999 of them! Nothing can possibly go wrong now!

That's my son! A real chip off the old block... oops!

YOU MAY HAVE NOTICED A SLIGHT, SUBLIMINAL GAY UNDERTONE TO THE PROCEEDINGS! AW, WHO AM I TRYING TO FOOL? THIS MAN-TASTIC CAST HAS GOT ENOUGH GAY TENSION TO CHOKE A PERSIAN RHINOCEROS! BUT SINCE WE CAN'T TAKE THE FINAL, LOGICAL STEP IN A MAINSTREAM MOVIE, THIS HAS TO BE OUR "MONEY SHOT"!



Here, within my travelling sex tent, you will immerse yourself in a succulent miasma of erotic pleasures of the flesh! Some of the techniques you shall experience are so depraved that they do not have a name! And all you must do to join the undulating orgy is betray a King who does not honor your service!

You had me at "sex tent"! It's a deal! Tie up those disfigured lesbian triplets into a naked hexagon! I'll be back in five minutes with a whip, a wooden ox cart, and this bouquet of flowers!

A bouquet of flowers?

Just call me old-fashioned!



SPARTAN SOLDIERS ARE TRAINED WELL. NO MERCY. NO RETREAT. NO SURRENDER. AND NOT MUCH OF A TURNOUT AT THE VETERANS DAY PARADES!

The hunchback has betrayed you, my King! He revealed the hidden pathway to the Persians!

Damn! That's what I get for building a handicapped ramp! Say! What was that thud?

It was my son's decapitated head, finally hitting the ground! Now THAT'S what I call a slow motion death scene!



My message to the council is a single word...freedom! Or two words, free and dumb! In Sparta, freedom isn't free! But it sure is dumb! Now is the hour you must stand up for justice, and honor and freedom! For only through freedom can free men be free! You know, maybe I should have prepared more than one index card!

With your talk of freedom, does this mean you're going to quit being Queen, and establish a Spartan representative government?

Whoa, there! Now let's not have any crazy talk!



Lay down your shields! Your position is lost! You are totally doomed!

I disagree! It's just that the liberal media won't report the good news from our massacre!

AND *THIS* DID THE 300 FIGHT! AND *THIS* DID THE 300 DIE! TODAY, ON THE EVE OF WAR, WE REMEMBER THEIR FATE! WE REMEMBER HOW THEY WERE BRAVELY CUT APART WITH SWORDS, AND GLORIOUSLY PUNCTURED WITH ARROWS, AND HEROICALLY GURGLED THEIR OWN BLOOD! THEIR BRUTALLY PAINFUL DEATH INSPIRES FREE MEN TO MARCH FORWARD, HEADS HELD HIGH, AND...

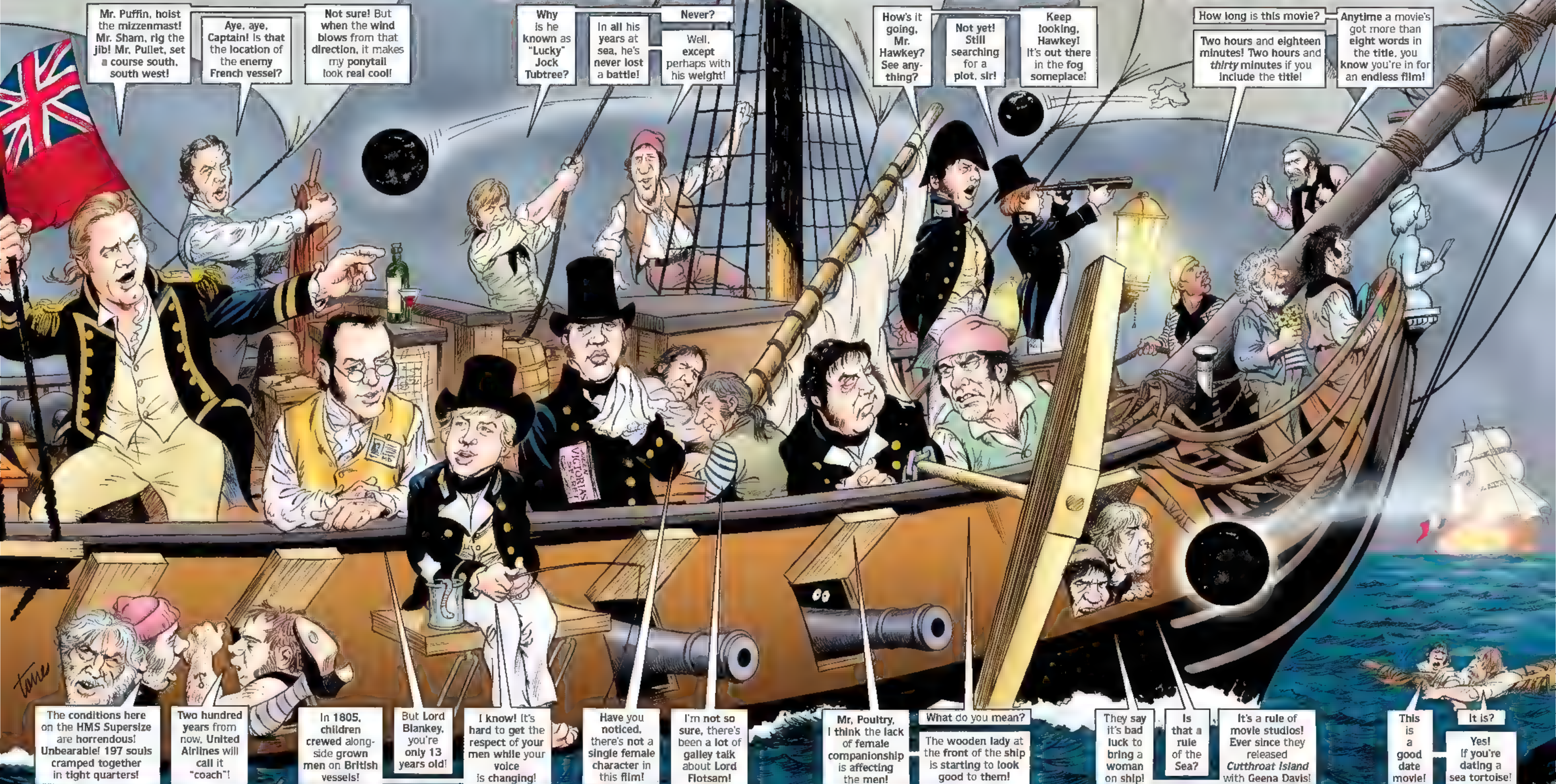
HEY! WHERE DID EVERYBODY GO?



Winston Churchill said the British Navy is known for three things: rum, sodomy and the lash. Well, that's another article — much funnier than this one! Meanwhile, you'll have to settle for this spoof about a big-budget sea epic starring Russell Crowe, who is trying to find his acting sea legs, but, let's face it, he's no Johnny Depp! He can best be described as a...

MASOCHIST COMMANDER

ON THE FARCE SIDE OF THE WORLD



Mr. Puffin, hoist the mizzenmast! Mr. Sham, rig the jib! Mr. Pullet, set a course south, south west!

Aye, aye, Captain! Is that the location of the enemy French vessel?

Not sure! But when the wind blows from that direction, it makes my ponytail look real cool!

Why is he known as "Lucky" Jock Tubtree?

In all his years at sea, he's never lost a battle!

Never? Well, except perhaps with his weight!

How's it going, Mr. Hawkey? See anything?

Not yet! Still searching for a plot, sir!

Keep looking, Hawkey! It's out there in the fog someplace!

How long is this movie? Two hours and eighteen minutes! Two hours and thirty minutes if you include the title!

Anytime a movie's got more than eight words in the title, you know you're in for an endless film!

The conditions here on the HMS Supersize are horrendous! Unbearable! 197 souls cramped together in tight quarters!

Two hundred years from now, United Airlines will call it "coach"!

In 1805, children crewed alongside grown men on British vessels!

But Lord Blankey, you're only 13 years old!

I know! It's hard to get the respect of your men while your voice is changing!

Have you noticed, there's not a single female character in this film!

I'm not so sure, there's been a lot of galley talk about Lord Flotsam!

Mr, Poultry, I think the lack of female companionship is affecting the men!

What do you mean? The wooden lady at the front of the ship is starting to look good to them!

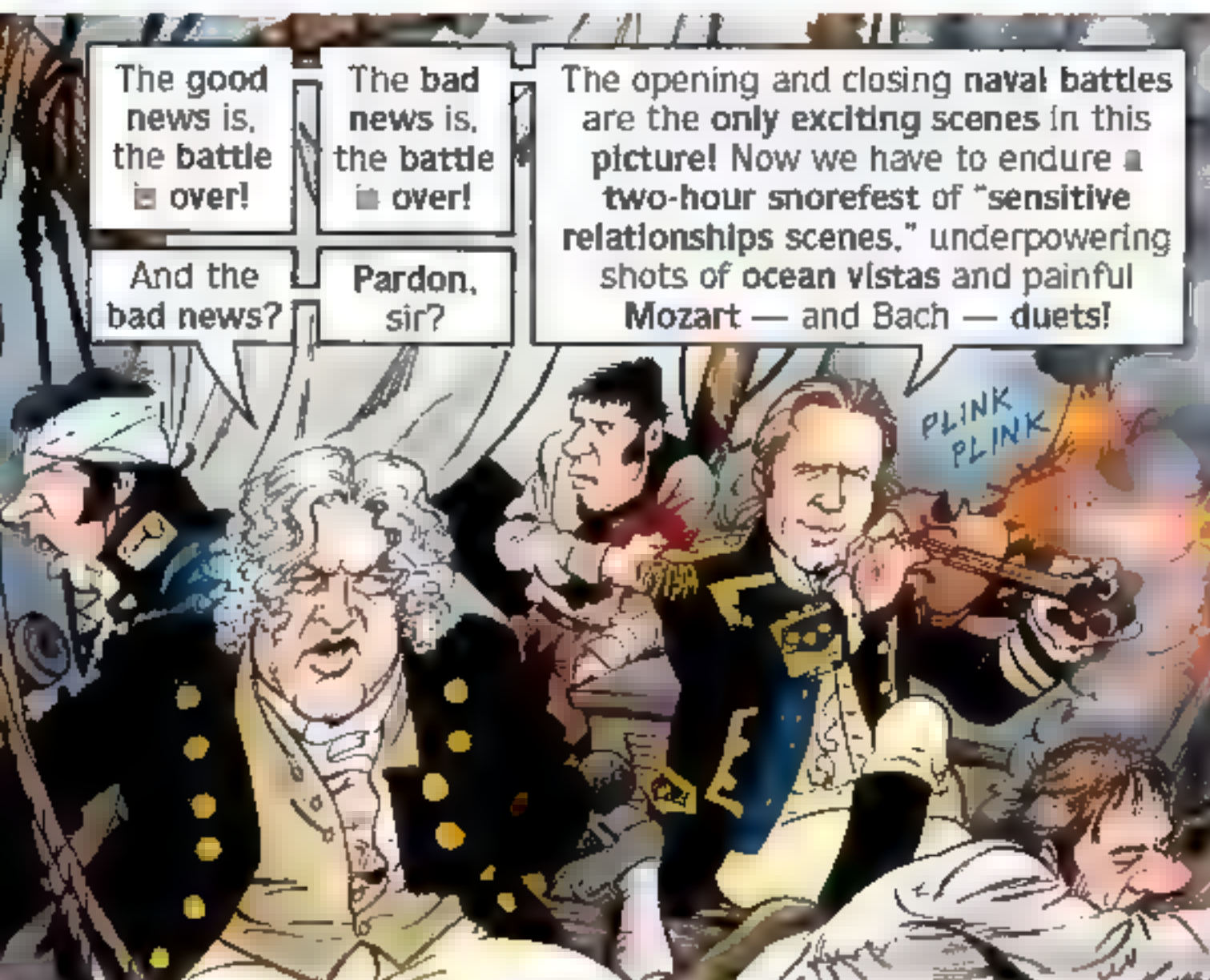
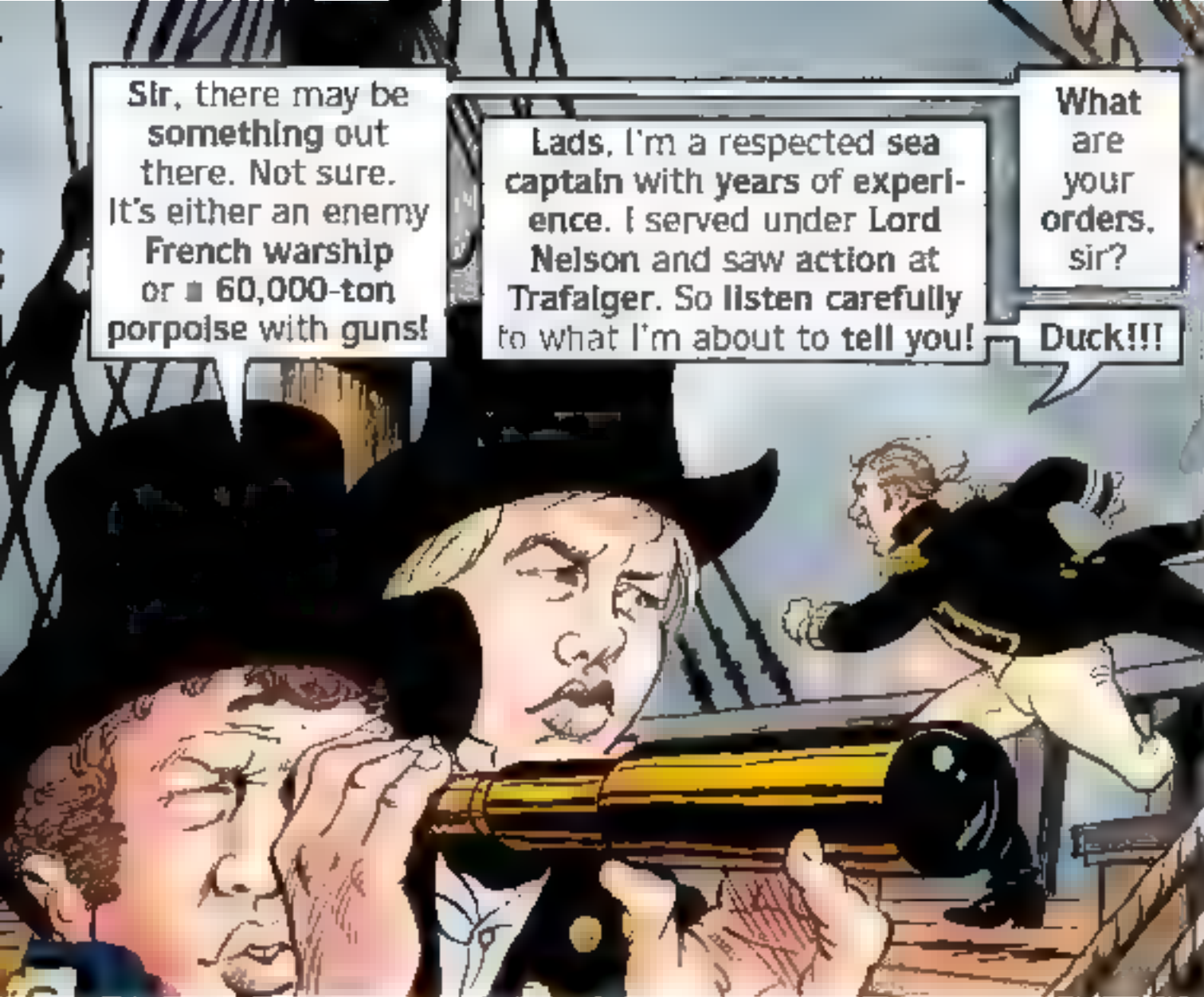
They say it's bad luck to bring a woman on ship!

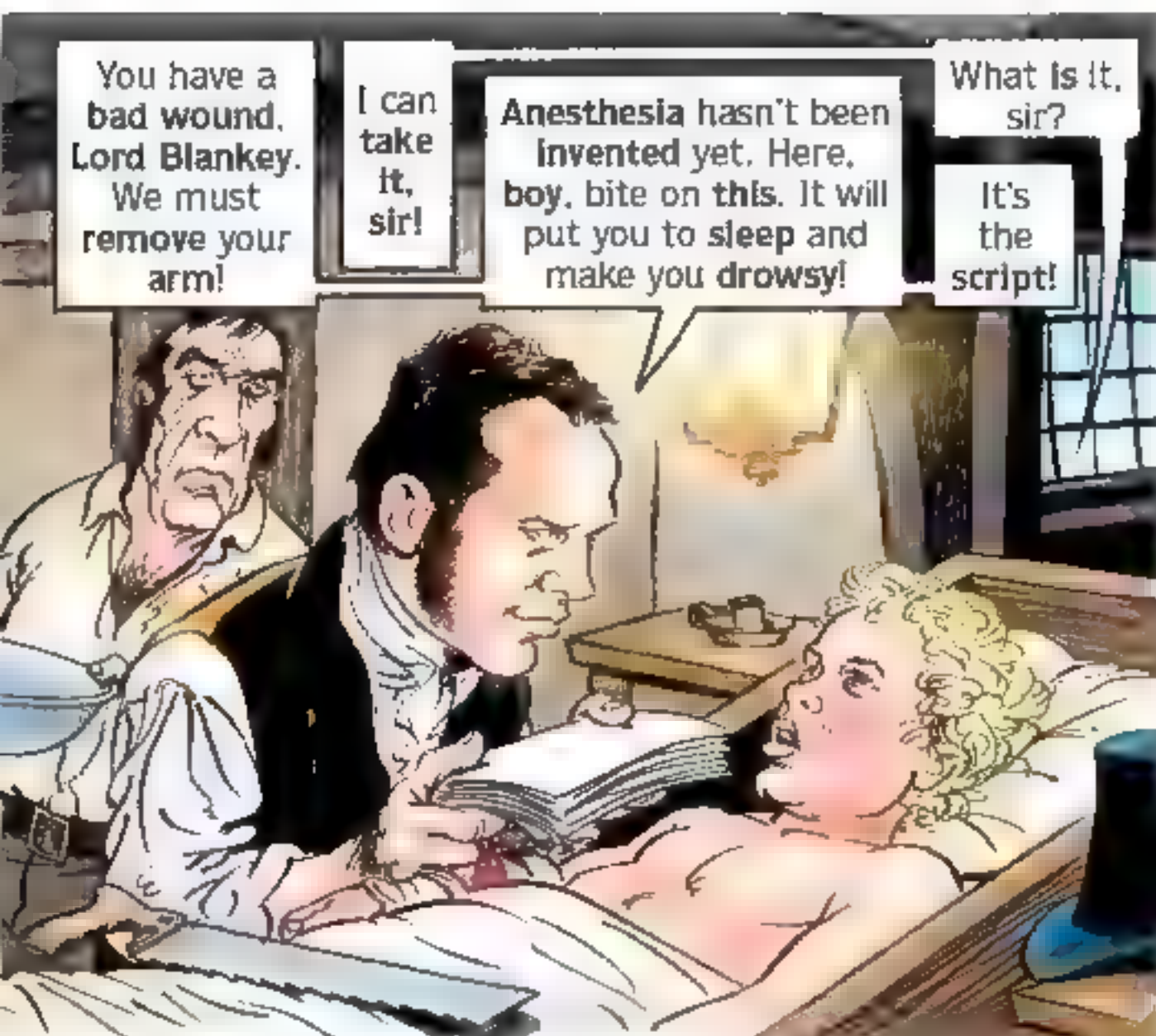
Is that a rule of the Sea?

It's a rule of movie studios! Ever since they released *Cutthroat Island* with Geena Davis!

This is a good date movie!

It is? Yes! If you're dating a sea tortoise!



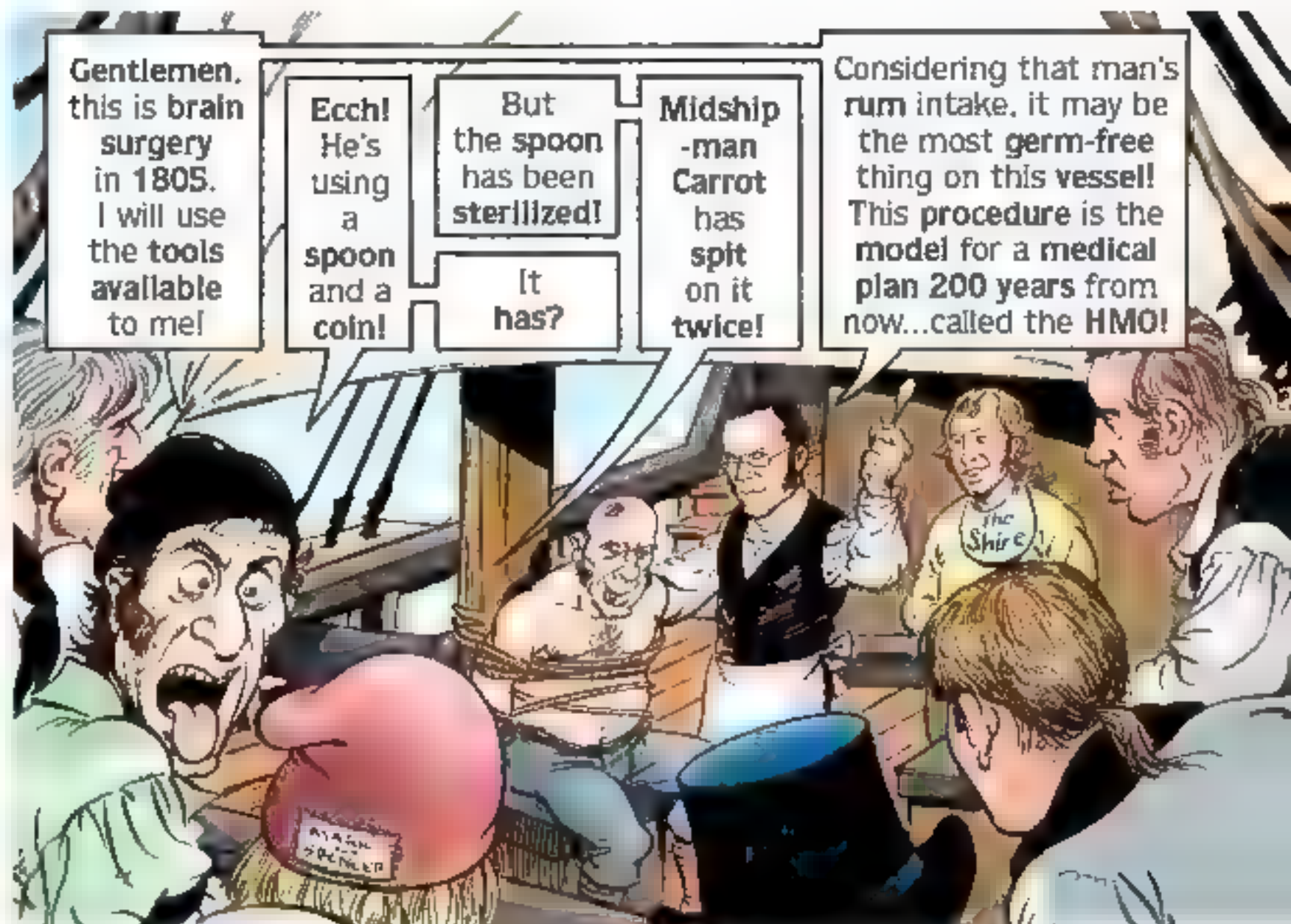


You have a bad wound, Lord Blankey. We must remove your arm!

I can take it, sir!

Anesthesia hasn't been invented yet. Here, boy, bite on this. It will put you to sleep and make you drowsy!

What is it, sir?
It's the script!



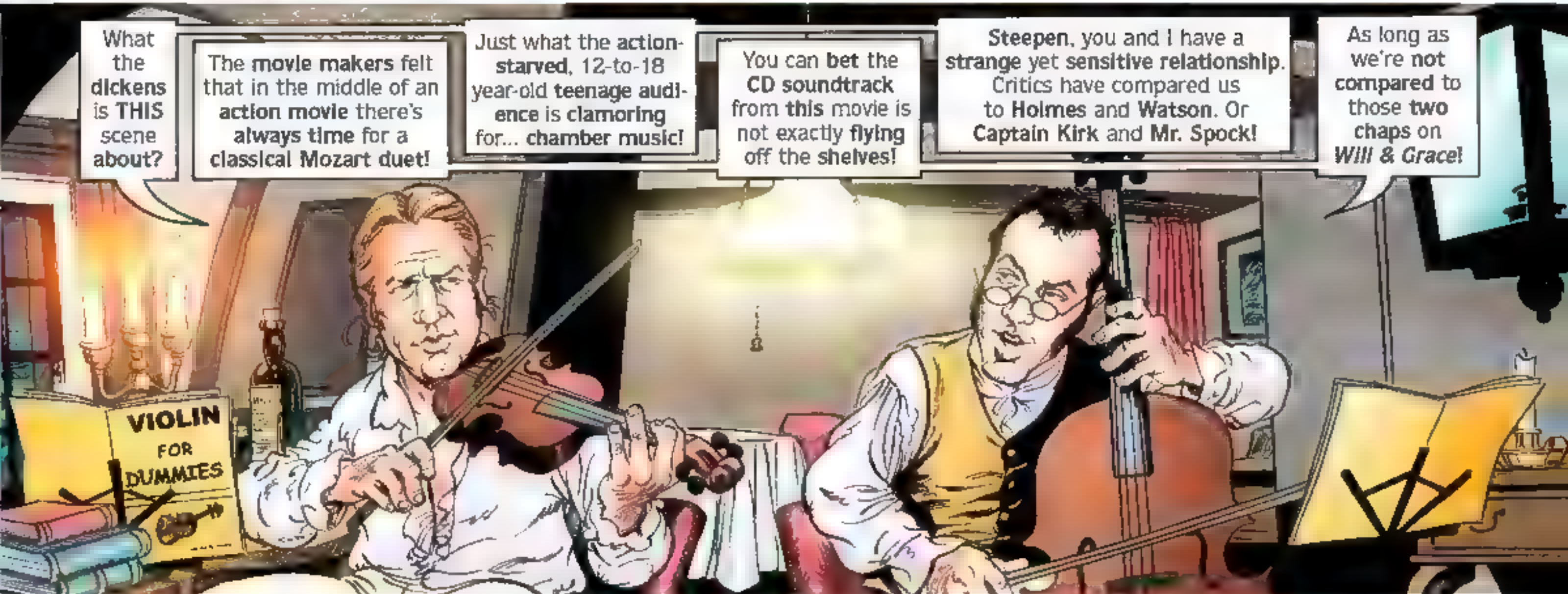
Gentlemen, this is brain surgery in 1805. I will use the tools available to me!

Ecchi! He's using a spoon and a coin!

But the spoon has been sterilized!
It has?

Midship-man Carrot has spit on it twice!

Considering that man's rum intake, it may be the most germ-free thing on this vessel! This procedure is the model for a medical plan 200 years from now...called the HMO!



What the dickens is THIS scene about?

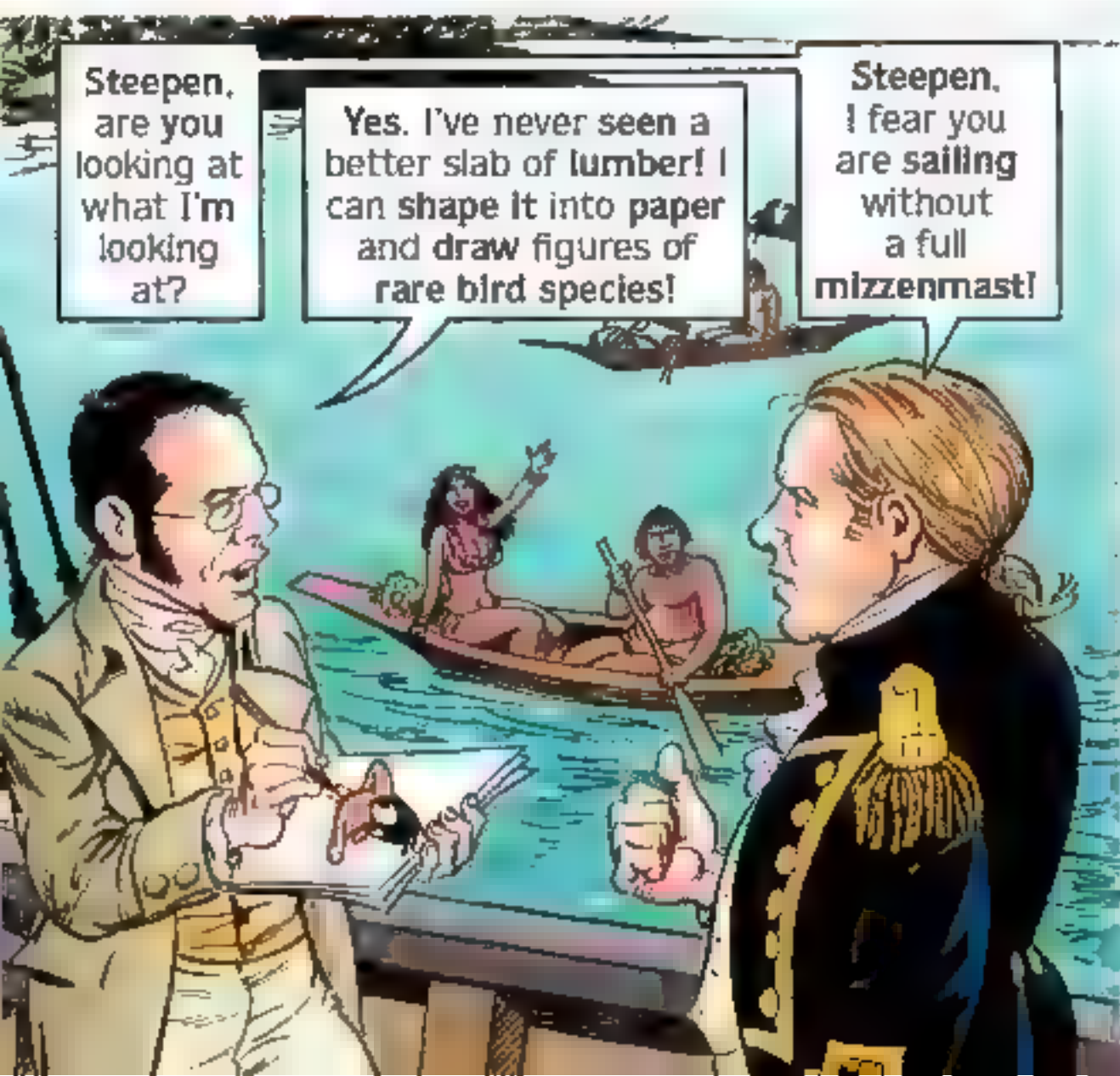
The movie makers felt that in the middle of an action movie there's always time for a classical Mozart duet!

Just what the action-starved, 12-to-18 year-old teenage audience is clamoring for... chamber music!

You can bet the CD soundtrack from this movie is not exactly flying off the shelves!

Steepen, you and I have a strange yet sensitive relationship. Critics have compared us to Holmes and Watson. Or Captain Kirk and Mr. Spock!

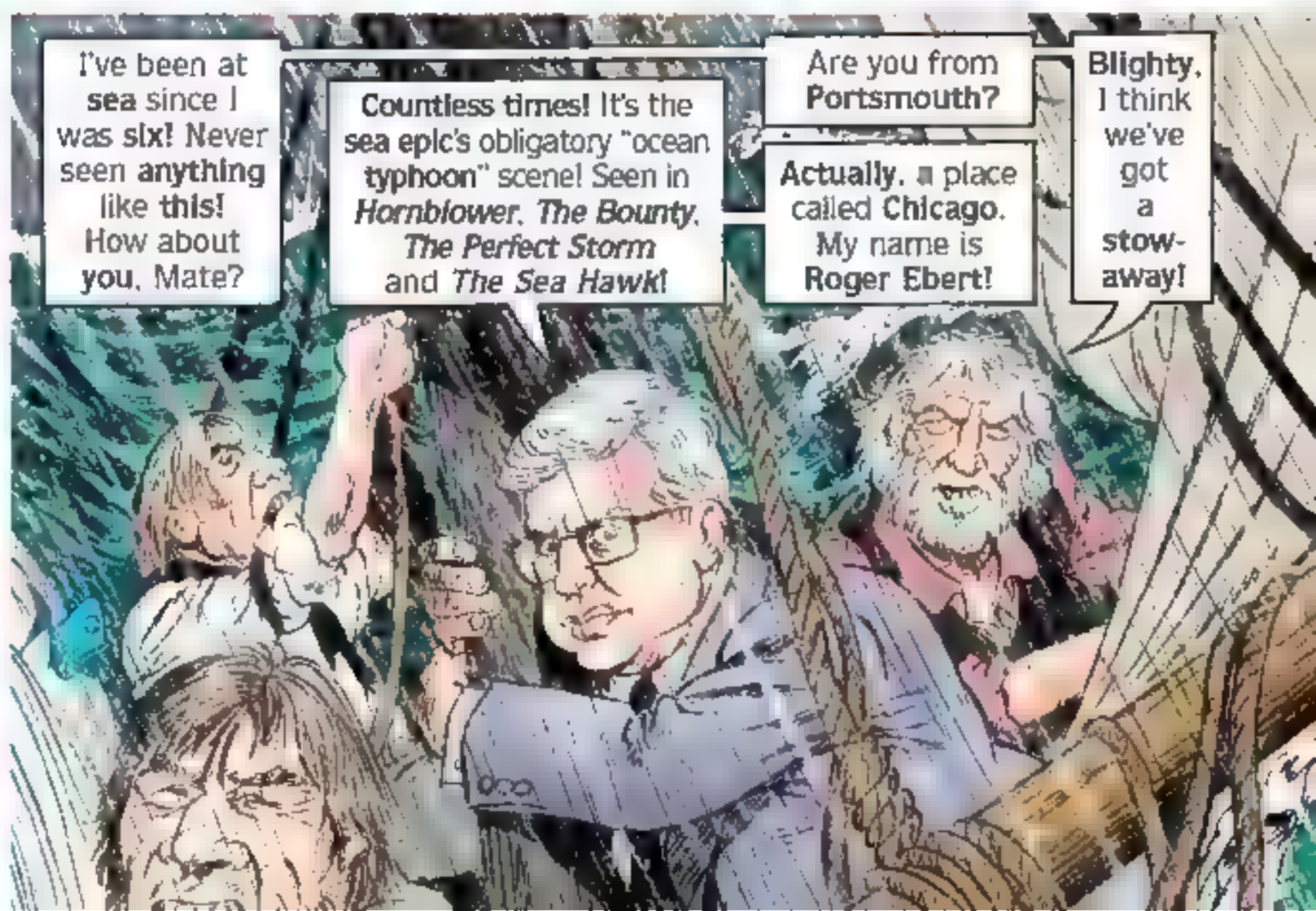
As long as we're not compared to those two chaps on *Will & Grace*!



Steepen, are you looking at what I'm looking at?

Yes. I've never seen a better slab of lumber! I can shape it into paper and draw figures of rare bird species!

Steepen, I fear you are sailing without a full mizzenmast!



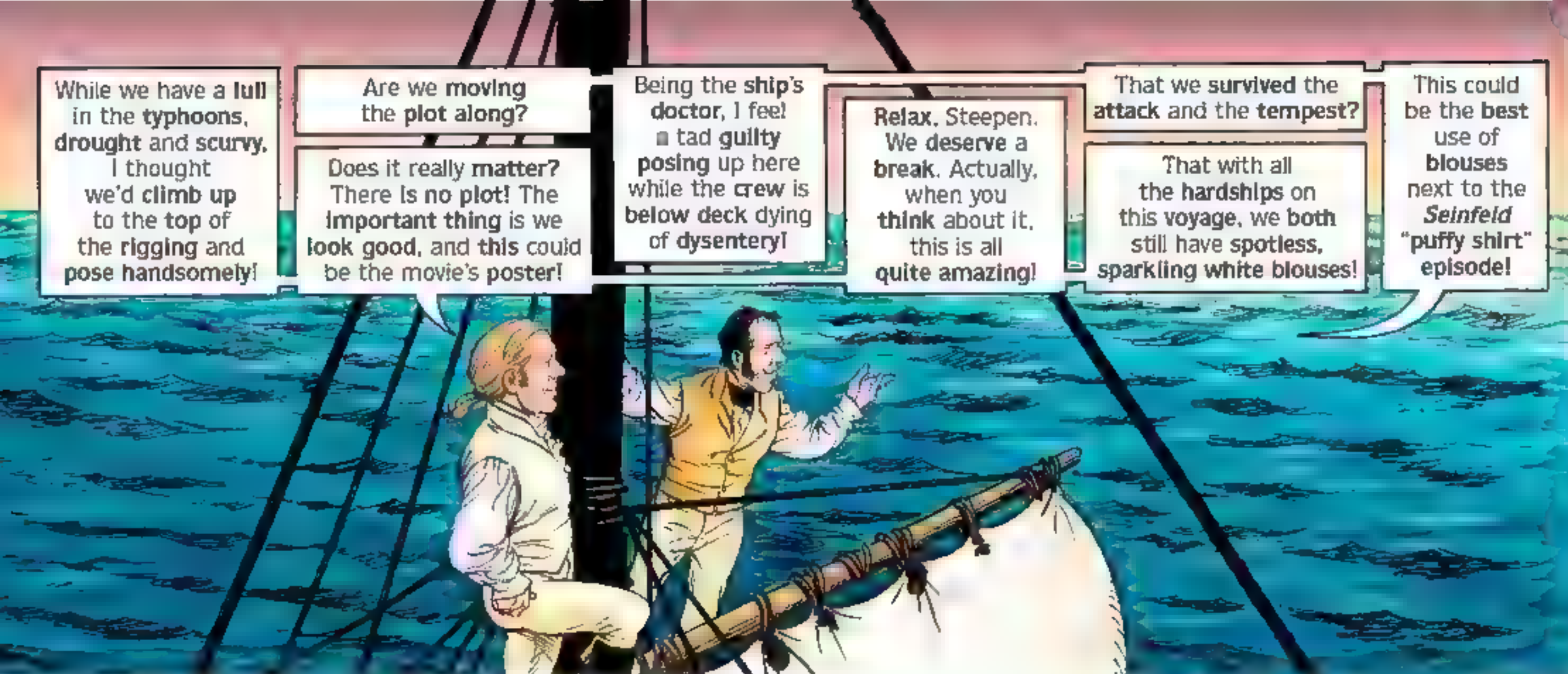
I've been at sea since I was six! Never seen anything like this! How about you, Mate?

Countless times! It's the sea epic's obligatory "ocean typhoon" scene! Seen in *Hornblower*, *The Bounty*, *The Perfect Storm* and *The Sea Hawk*!

Are you from Portsmouth?

Actually, a place called Chicago. My name is Roger Ebert!

Blighty, I think we've got a stow-away!



While we have a lull in the typhoons, drought and scurvy, I thought we'd climb up to the top of the rigging and pose handsomely!

Are we moving the plot along?

Does it really matter? There is no plot! The important thing is we look good, and this could be the movie's poster!

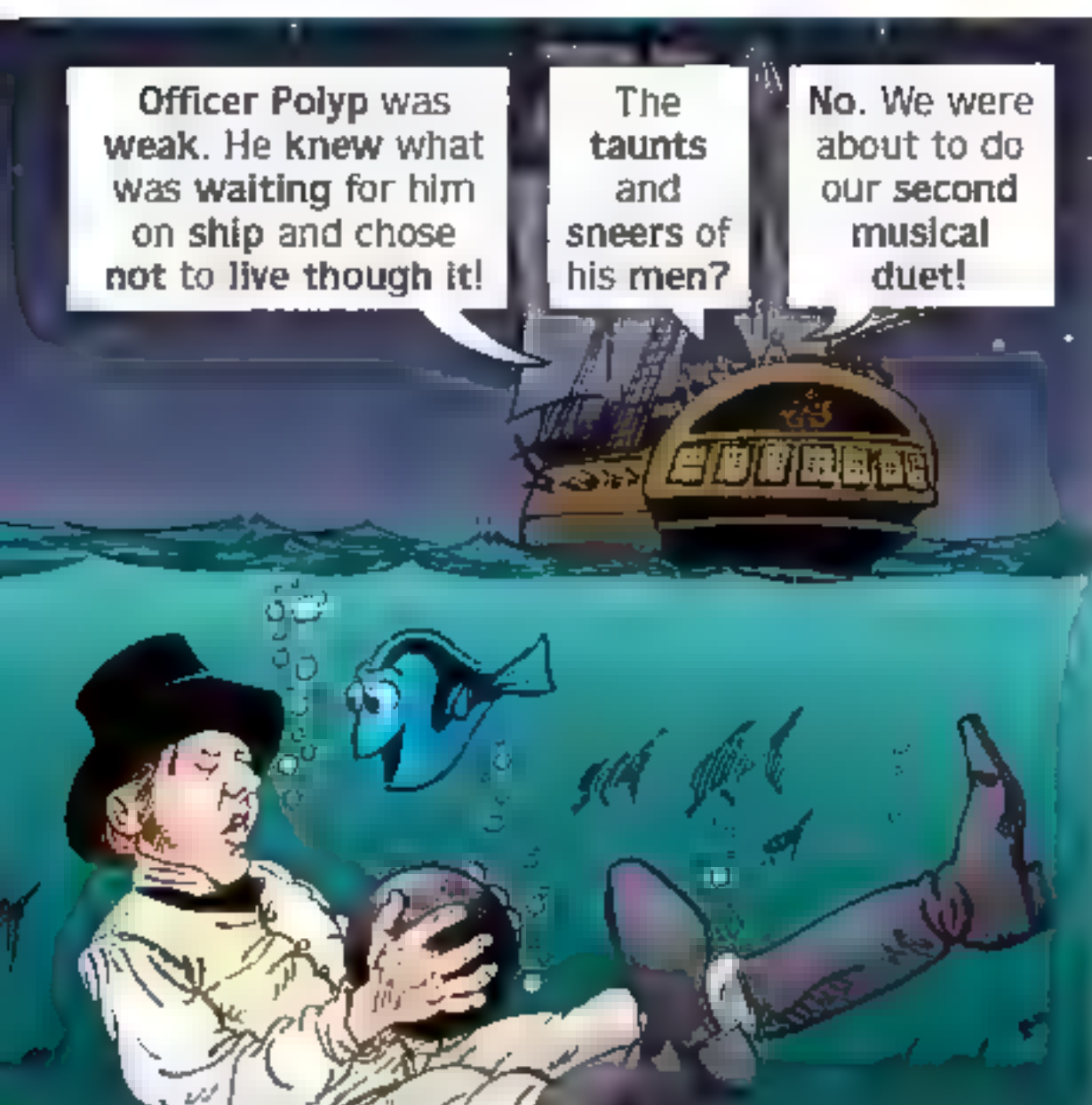
Being the ship's doctor, I feel a tad guilty posing up here while the crew is below deck dying of dysentery!

Relax. Steepen. We deserve a break. Actually, when you think about it, this is all quite amazing!

That we survived the attack and the tempest?

That with all the hardships on this voyage, we both still have spotless, sparkling white blouses!

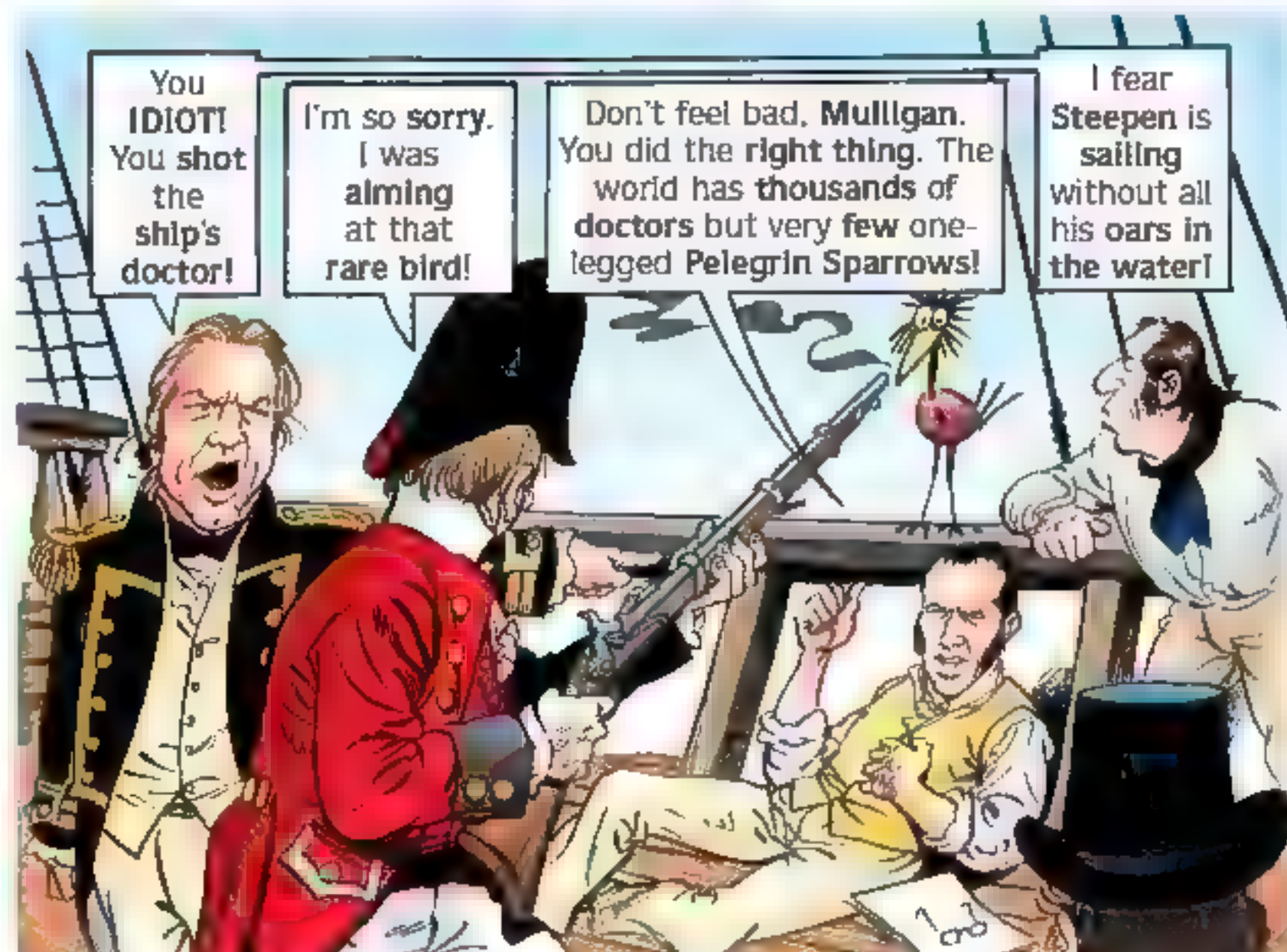
This could be the best use of blouses next to the *Seinfeld* "puffy shirt" episode!



Officer Polyp was weak. He knew what was waiting for him on ship and chose not to live though it!

The taunts and sneers of his men?

No. We were about to do our second musical duet!

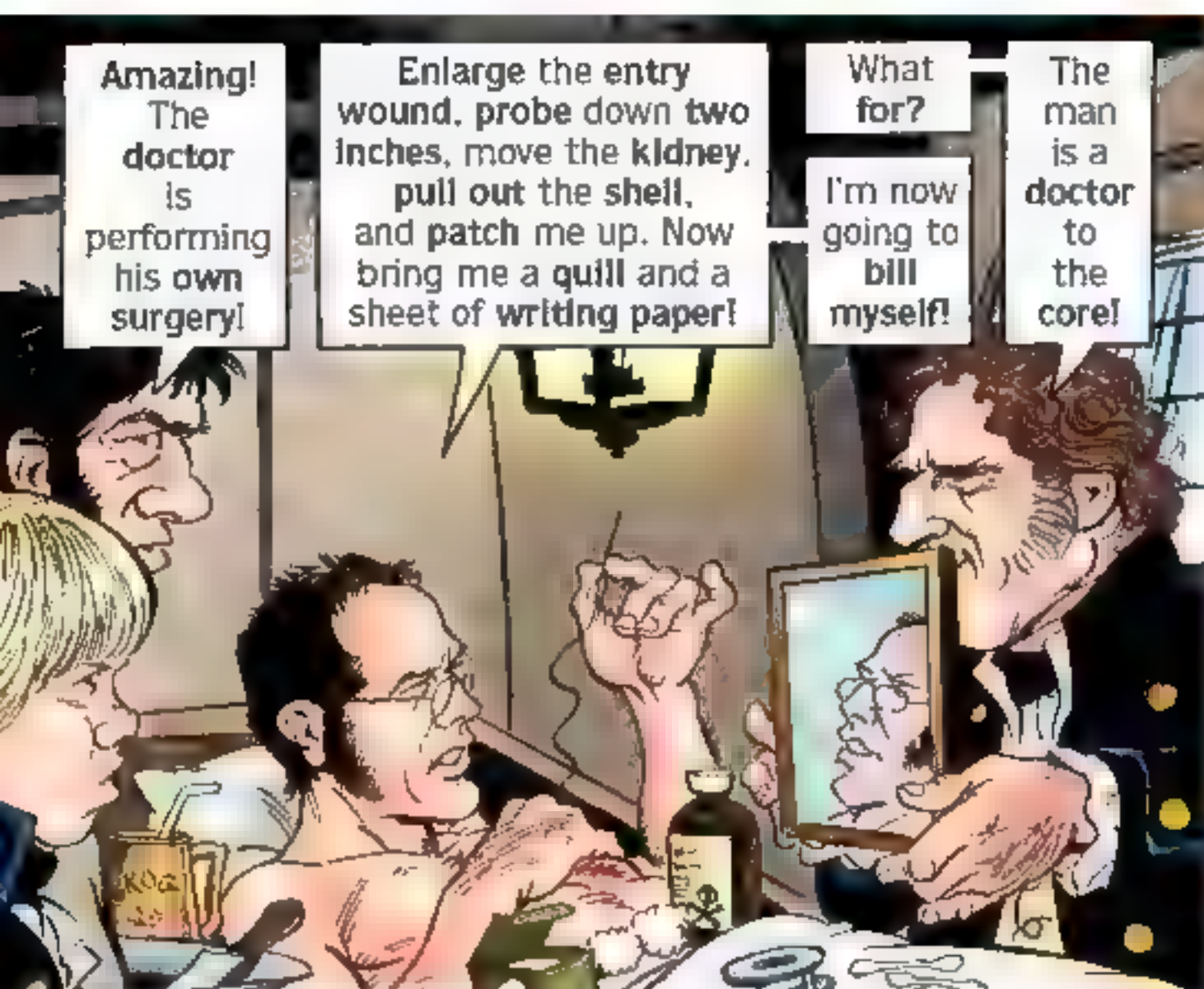


You IDIOT! You shot the ship's doctor!

I'm so sorry. I was aiming at that rare bird!

Don't feel bad, Mulligan. You did the right thing. The world has thousands of doctors but very few one-legged Pelegrin Sparrows!

I fear Steepen is sailing without all his oars in the water!

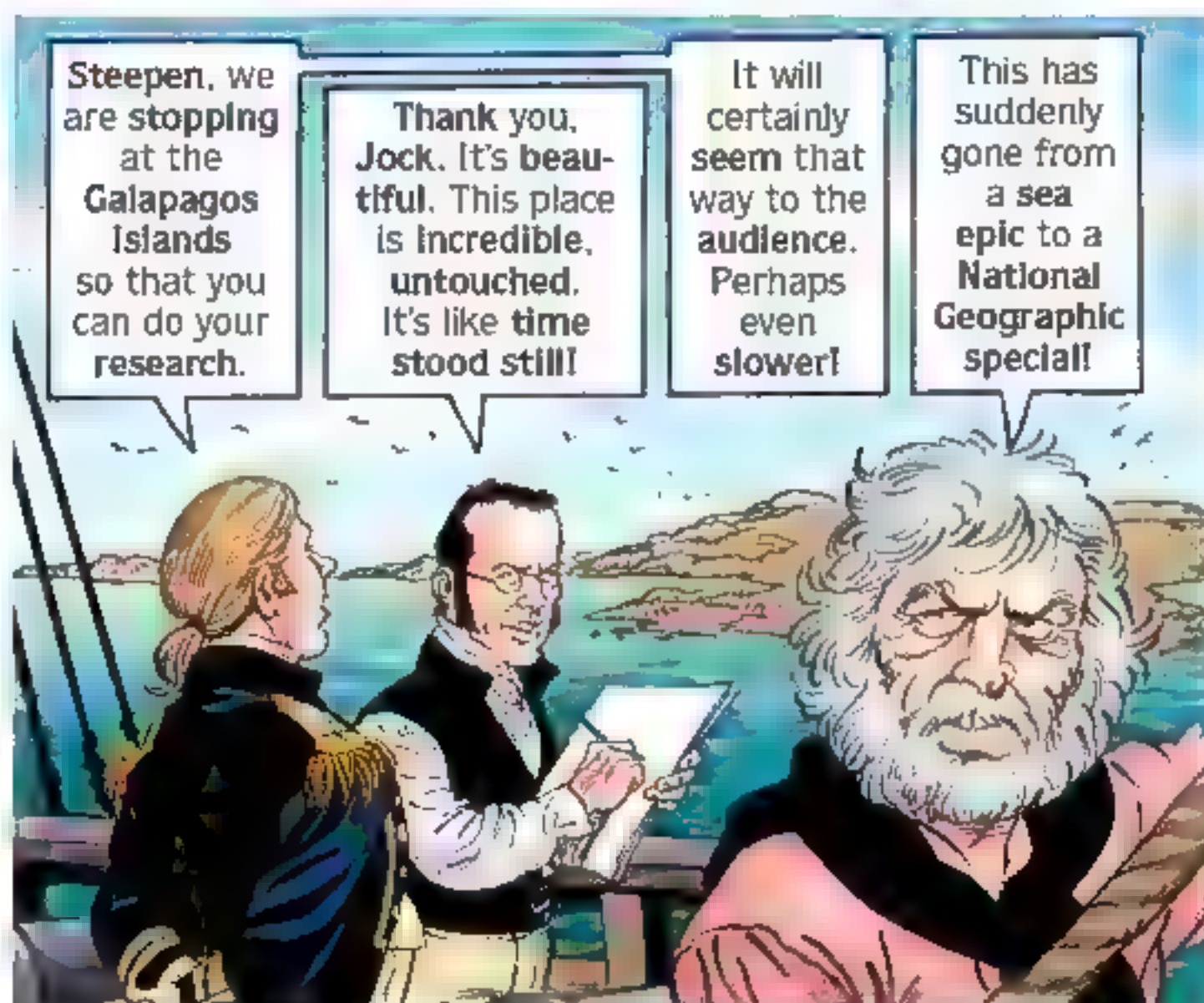


Amazing! The doctor is performing his own surgery!

Enlarge the entry wound, probe down two inches, move the kidney, pull out the shell, and patch me up. Now bring me a quill and a sheet of writing paper!

What for? I'm now going to bill myself!

The man is a doctor to the core!

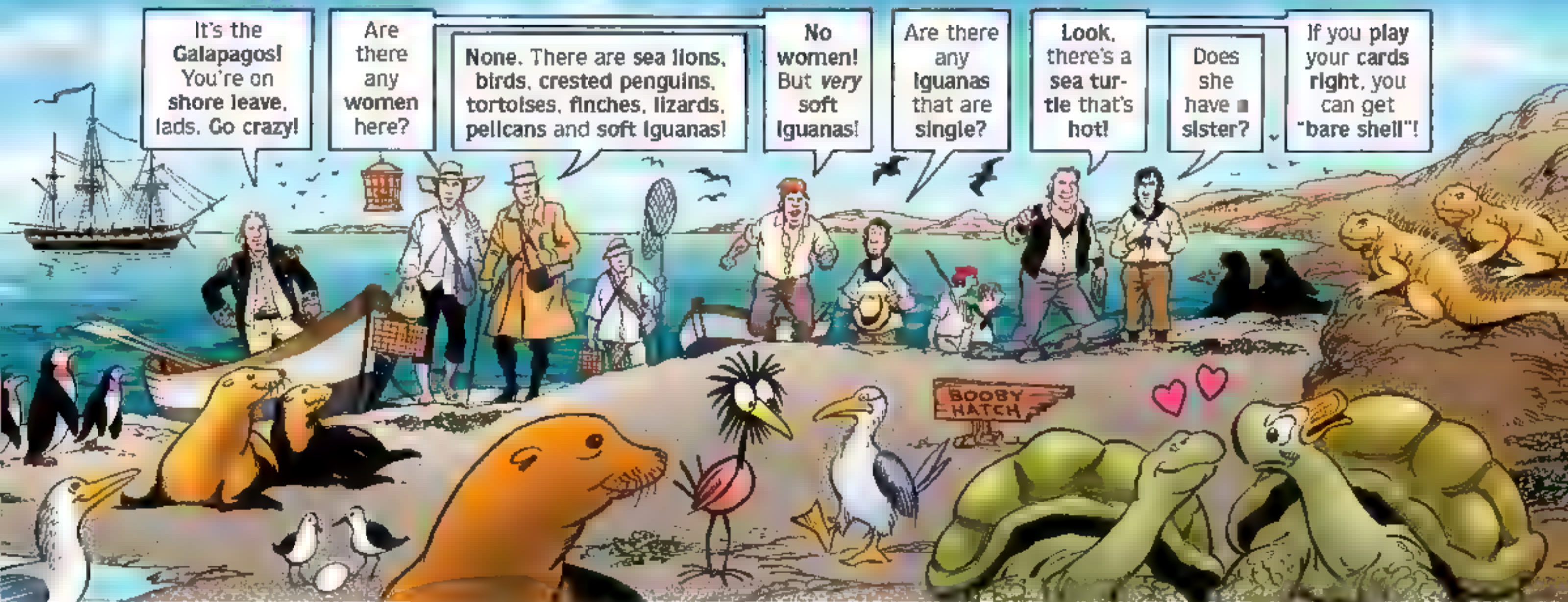


Steeppen, we are stopping at the Galapagos Islands so that you can do your research.

Thank you, Jock. It's beautiful. This place is incredible, untouched. It's like time stood still!

It will certainly seem that way to the audience. Perhaps even slower!

This has suddenly gone from a sea epic to a National Geographic special!



It's the Galapagos! You're on shore leave, lads. Go crazy!

Are there any women here?

None. There are sea lions, birds, crested penguins, tortoises, finches, lizards, pelicans and soft iguanas!

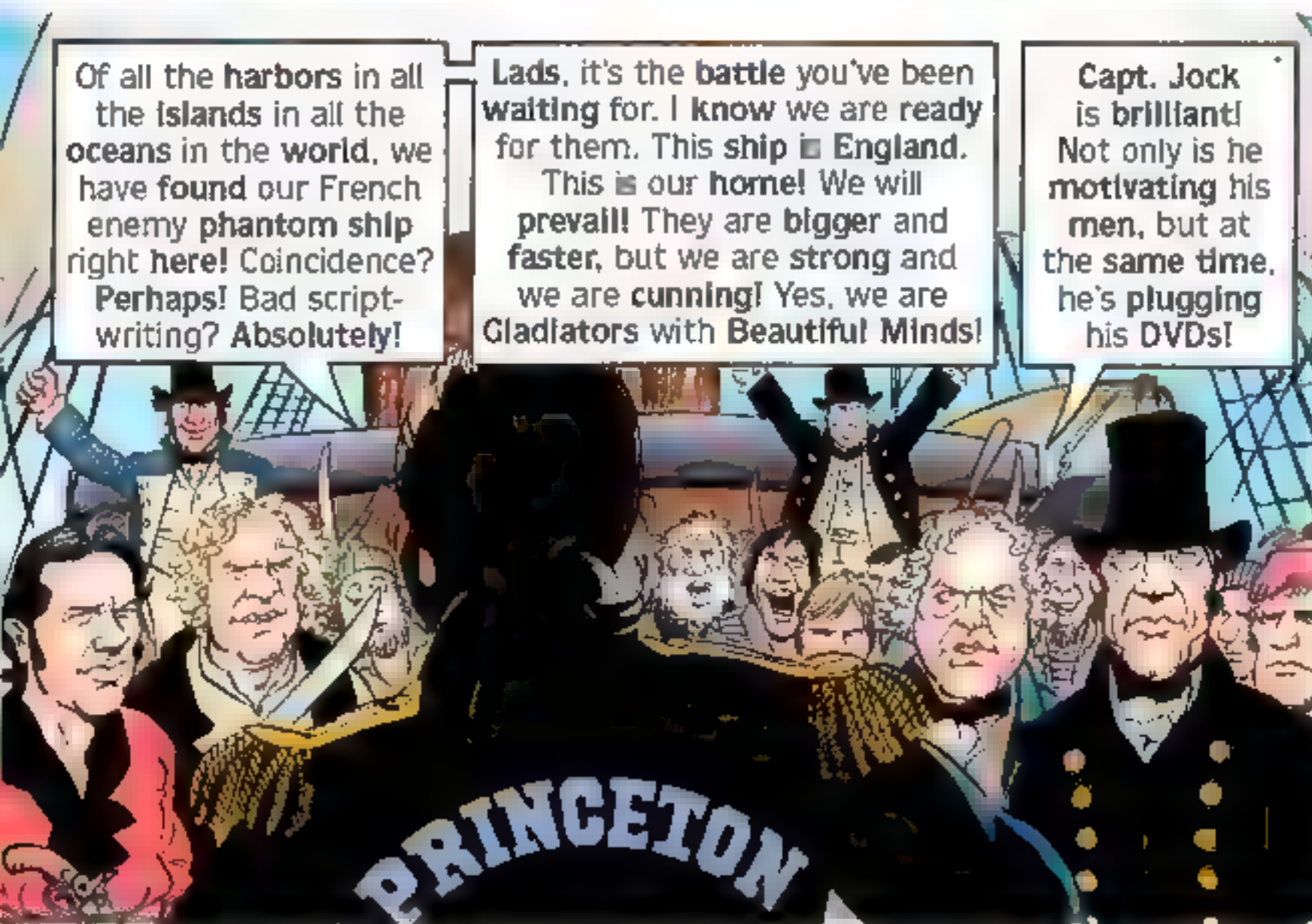
No women! But very soft iguanas!

Are there any iguanas that are single?

Look, there's a sea turtle that's hot!

Does she have a sister?

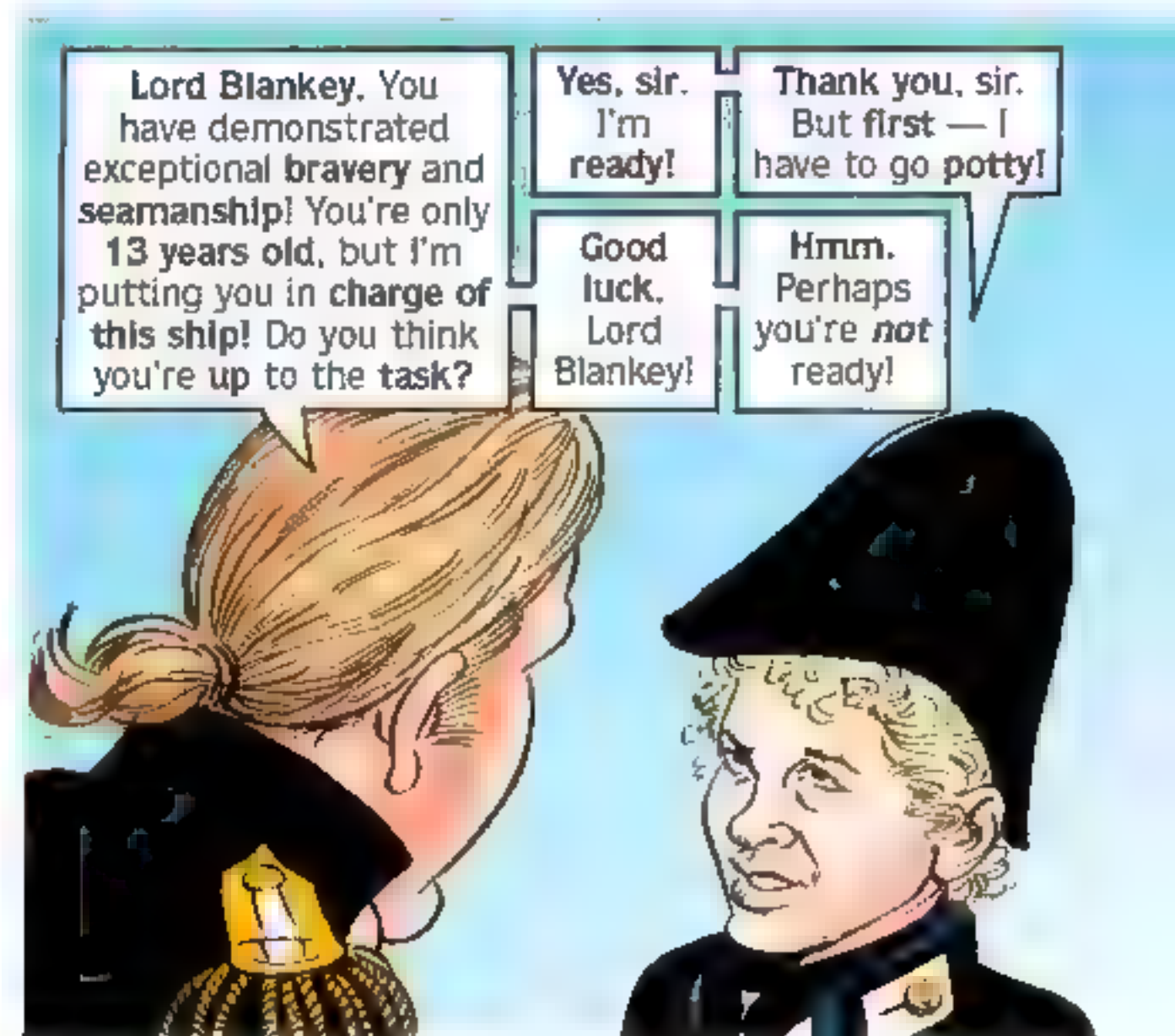
If you play your cards right, you can get "bare shell"!



Of all the harbors in all the islands in all the oceans in the world, we have found our French enemy phantom ship right here! Coincidence? Perhaps! Bad script-writing? Absolutely!

Lads, it's the battle you've been waiting for. I know we are ready for them. This ship is England. This is our home! We will prevail! They are bigger and faster, but we are strong and we are cunning! Yes, we are Gladiators with Beautiful Minds!

Capt. Jock is brilliant! Not only is he motivating his men, but at the same time, he's plugging his DVDs!



Lord Blankey. You have demonstrated exceptional bravery and seamanship! You're only 13 years old, but I'm putting you in charge of this ship! Do you think you're up to the task?

Yes, sir. I'm ready!

Thank you, sir. But first — I have to go potty!

Good luck, Lord Blankey!

Hmm. Perhaps you're *not* ready!



Finally! The big battle scene between the English and the French!

It's all a blur. Who are the English? Who are the French?

I'm English. I hope you're French!

Whoops! I think we've got problems, mate!



Sacre bleu! No more!

We've had enough. We can't take it!

Swords and cannons, okay. But not this!

Here's a film everyone is getting behind. Um, no. Change that. This is one of the most touching films you'll ever see. Uh, no, scratch that. No. Don't scratch anything! This is a film chicks dig, but a lot of guys are afraid to get into. Aw, shucks, one last try... Take a lazy summer, add majestic scenery, throw in two hunky ranch hands and a thousand sheep – and nothing good is going to come out of this situation. Except box office gold! Here is...

BAREBUTT MOUNTAIN

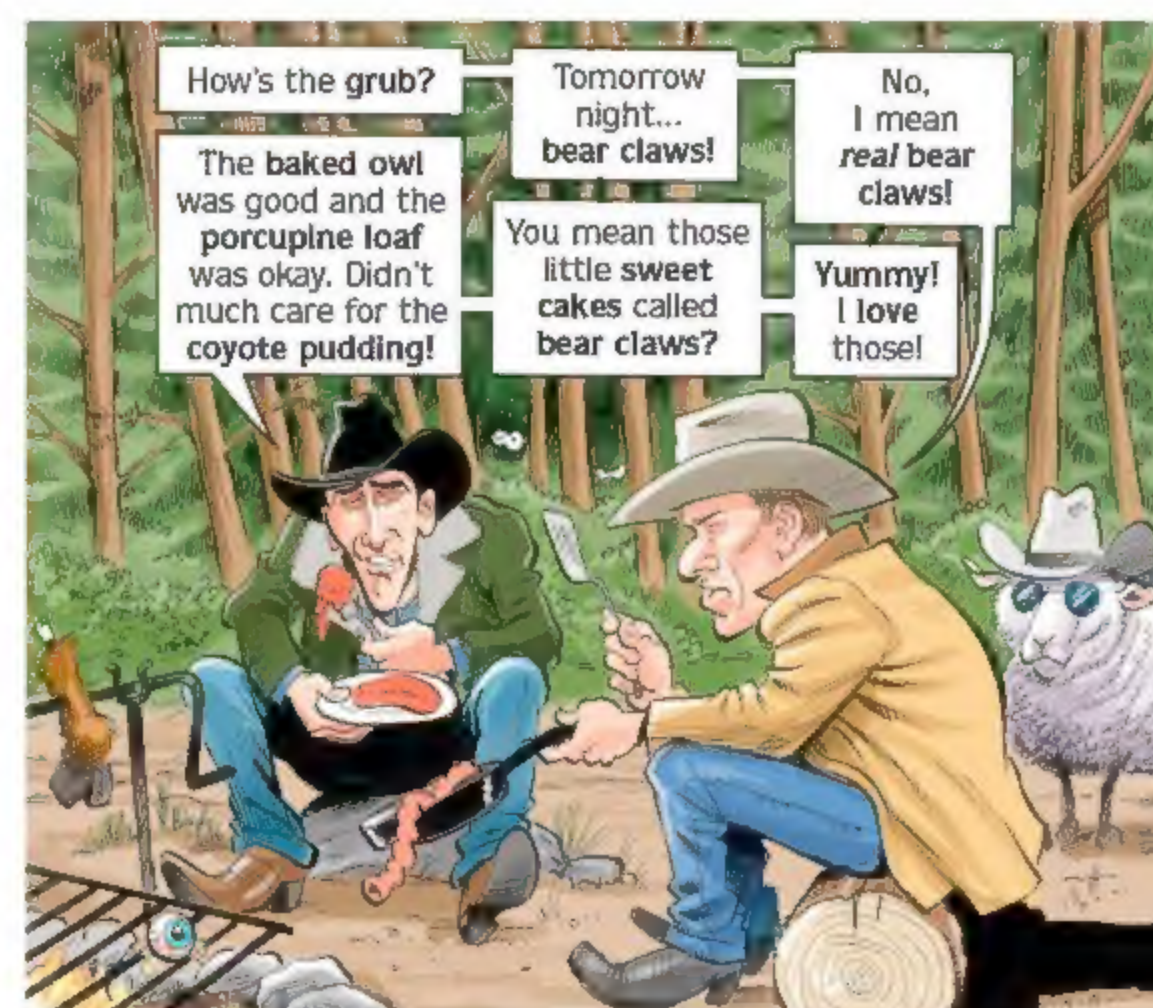
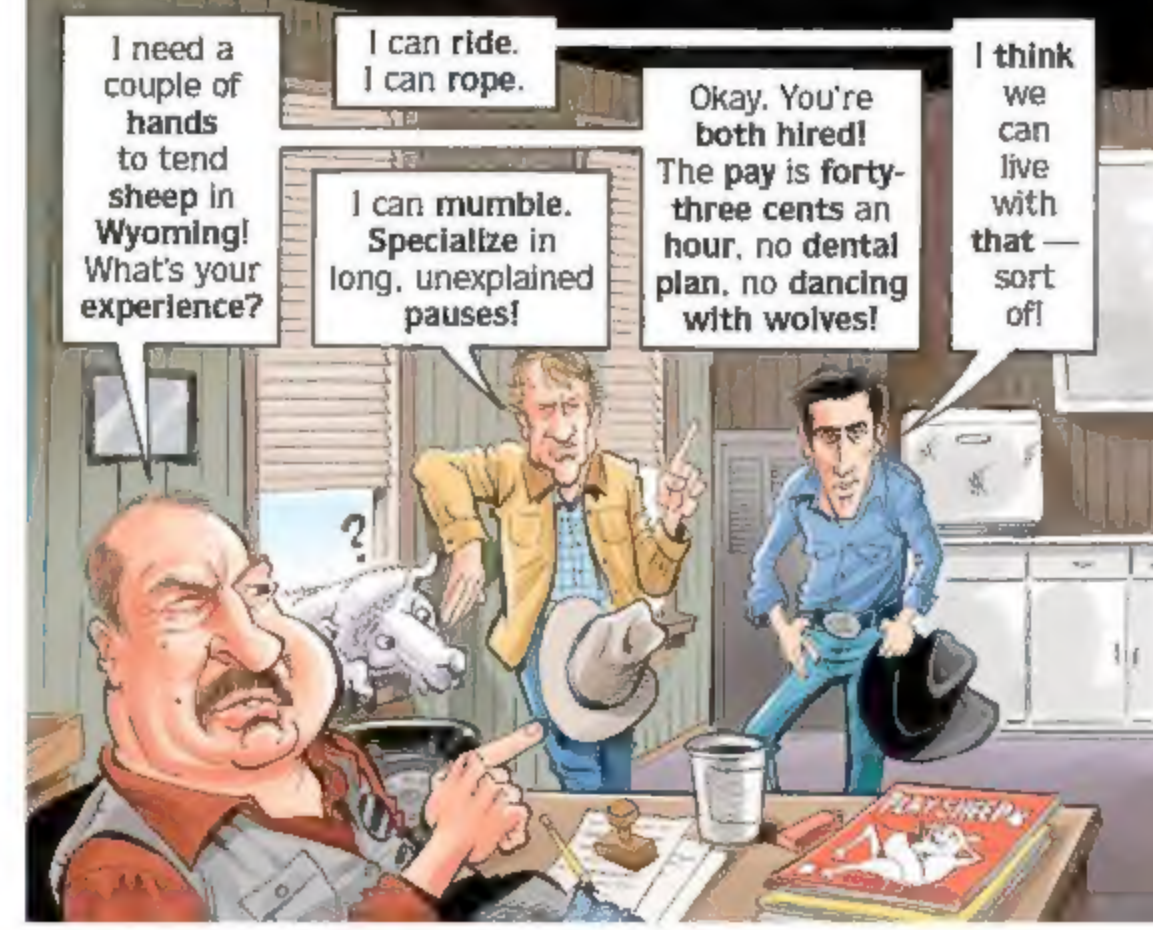
My name is Emmis Dull Mar. I'm a man of few words. Most of them mumbled and inaudible! I'm on the quiet side. Keep things to myself. A stranger to emotional expression. Okay, I have the personality of a wood chip! This film is about the summer of 1963. Something happened to me on Barebutt Mountain that changed my life. And, it wasn't poison ivy! I don't regret what happened for one minute. Heck, if it didn't happen, there is no way movie audiences would sit for two hours watching a coupla dudes herd sheep and eat beans!

I'm Jock Twitt. I'm a hard-riding rodeo cowboy. But in this film, saddle sores are the least of my problems! At Barebutt that summer I discovered a new activity and it was a lot more fun than playing the harmonica! Society frowned on what Emmis and I did. It was dangerous, it was painful! We snuggled in the sagebrush, we tumbled in the tumbleweed and unfortunately, one time, we cuddled in the cactus!

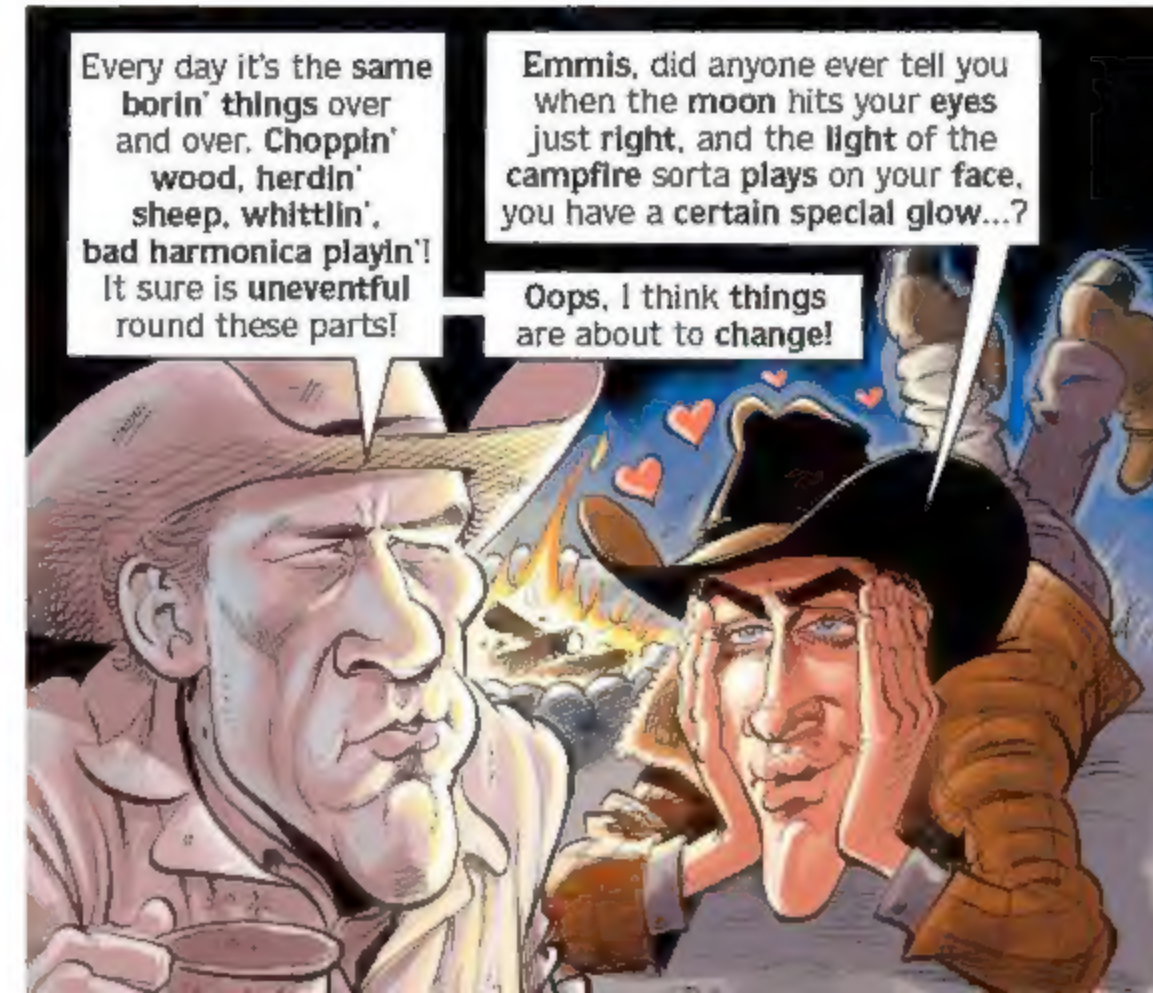
I'm Jolt Agoura, the ranch owner! Somethin' strange and unnatural is going on up there in Barebutt between them two cowboys I done hired. But I don't mind. I figure if they have each other then they'll leave my sheep alone!

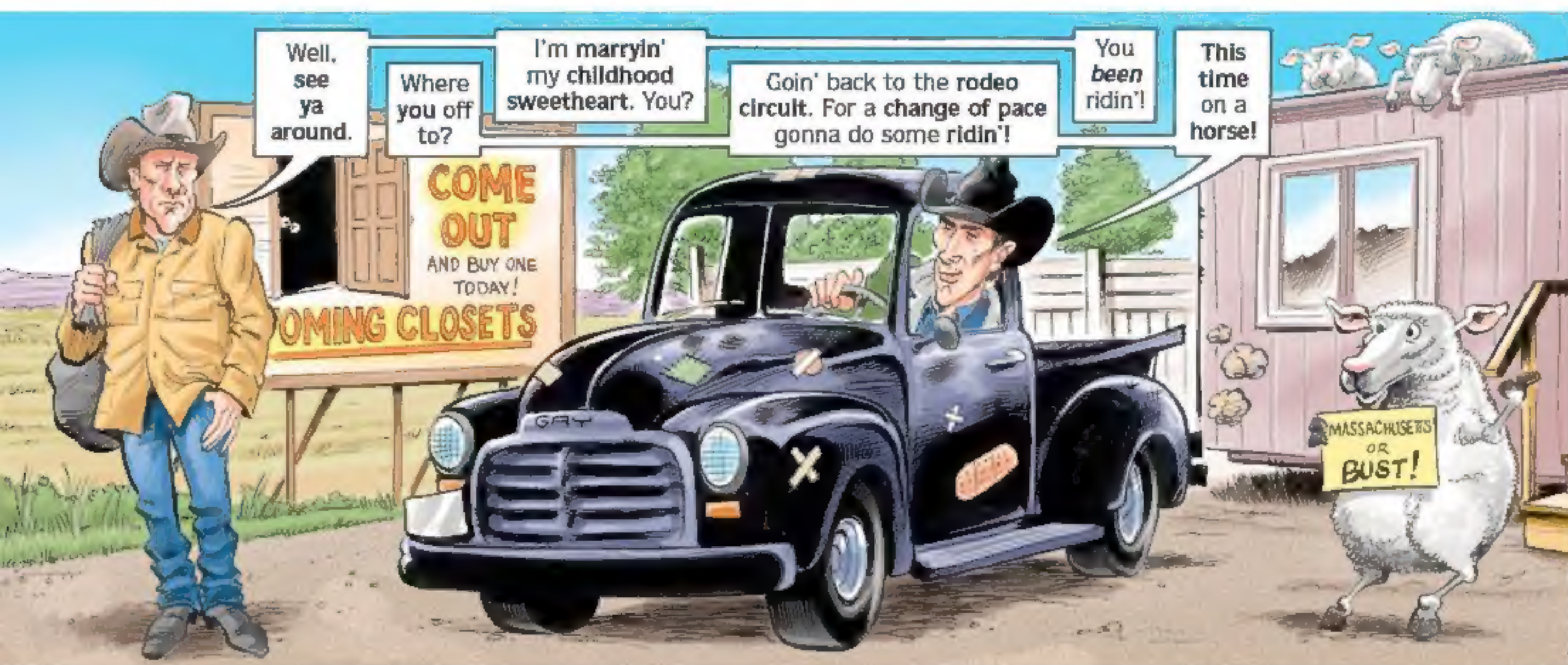
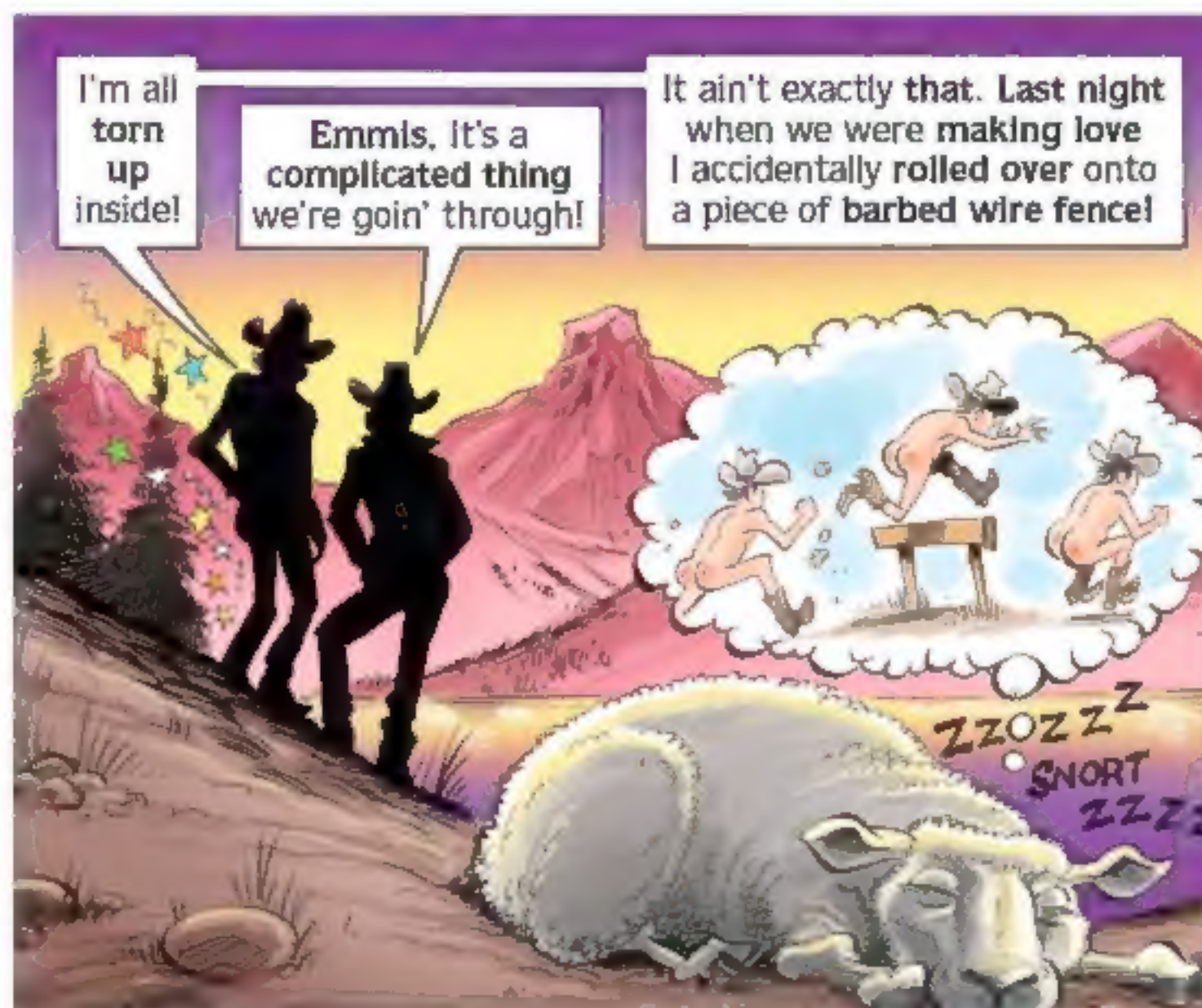
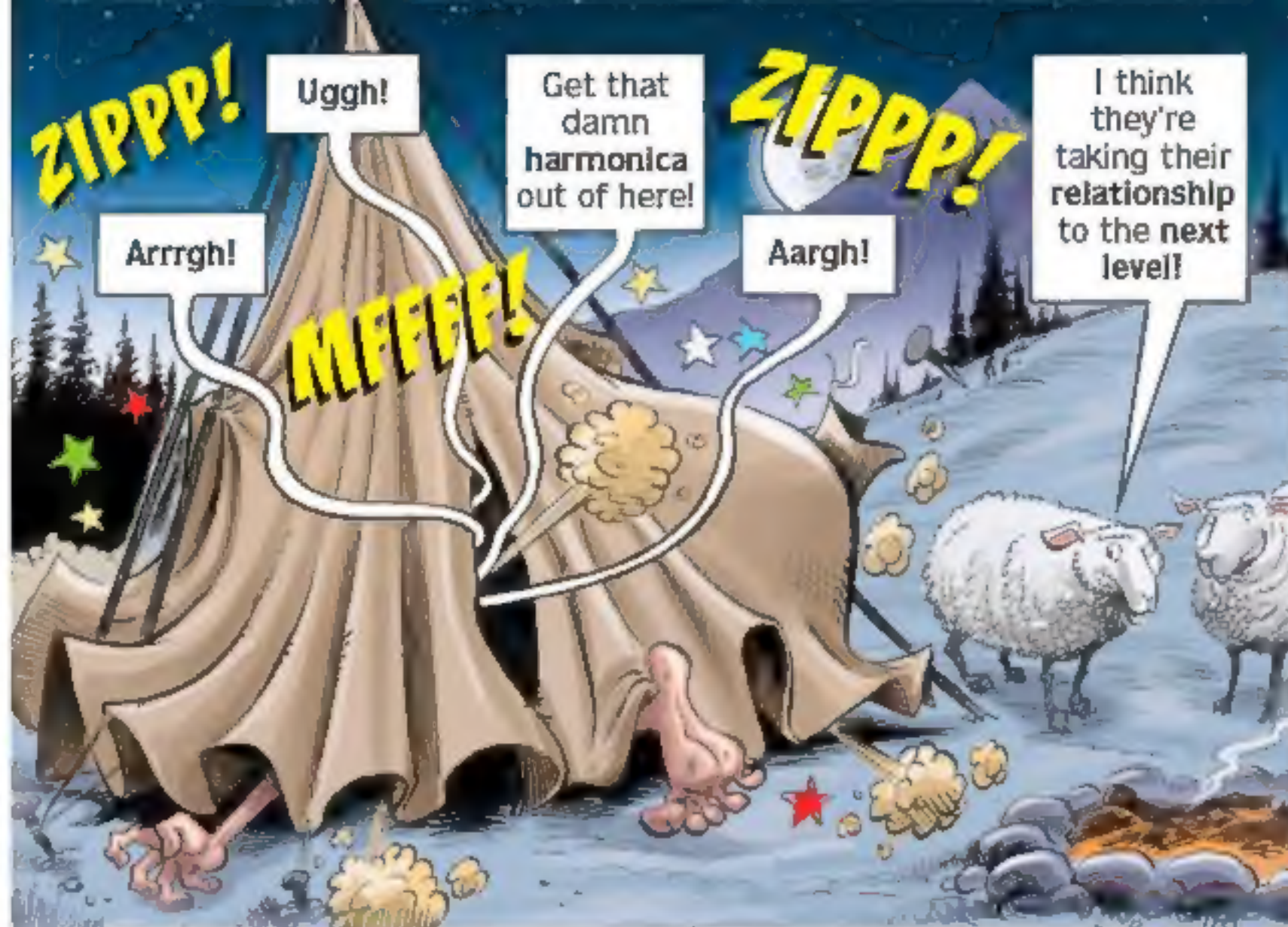
We're Alamo and Latreen. We're the wives of the gay caballeros! We're great-looking, we're hot, we're bltchin! What a waste!!

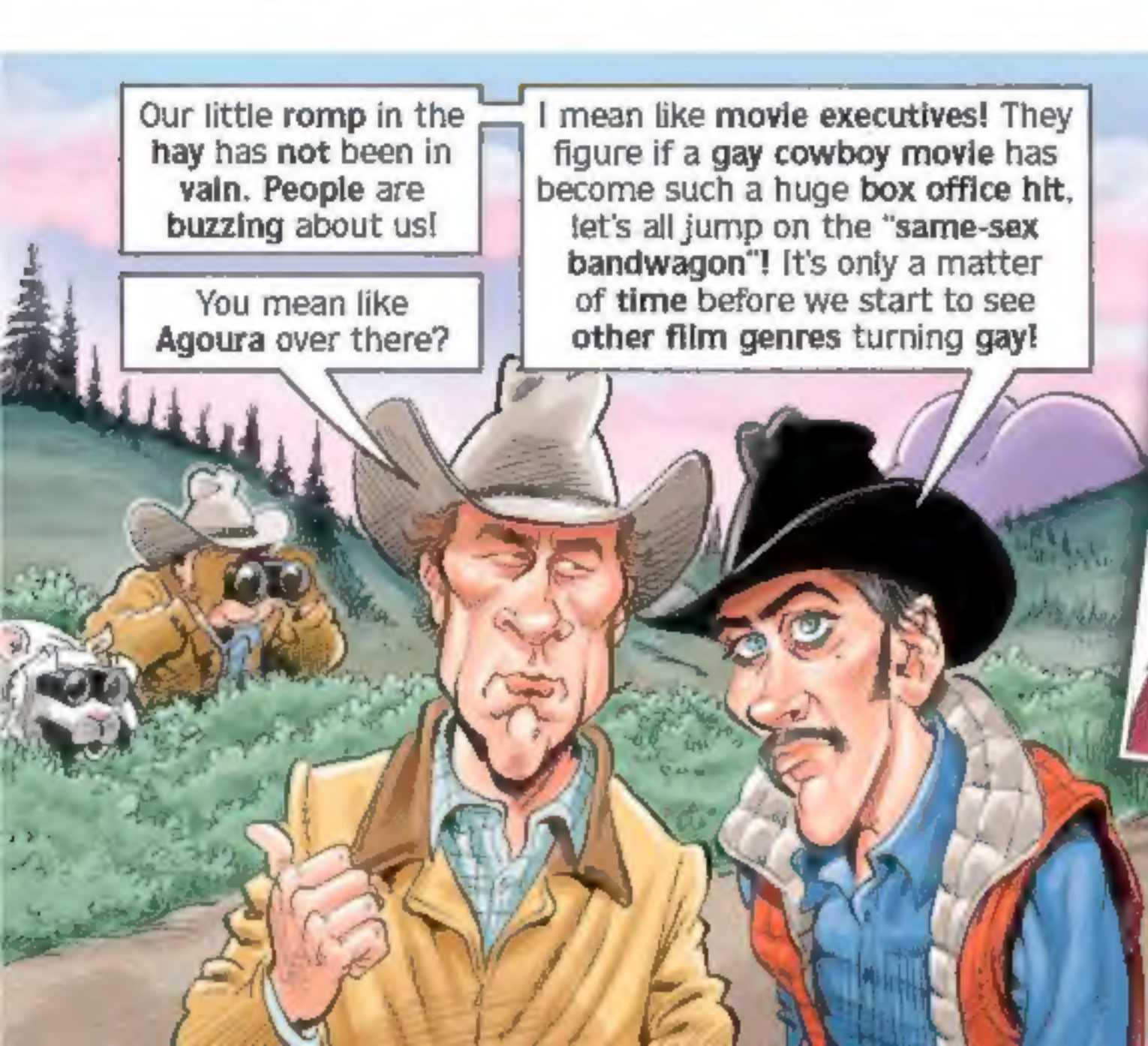
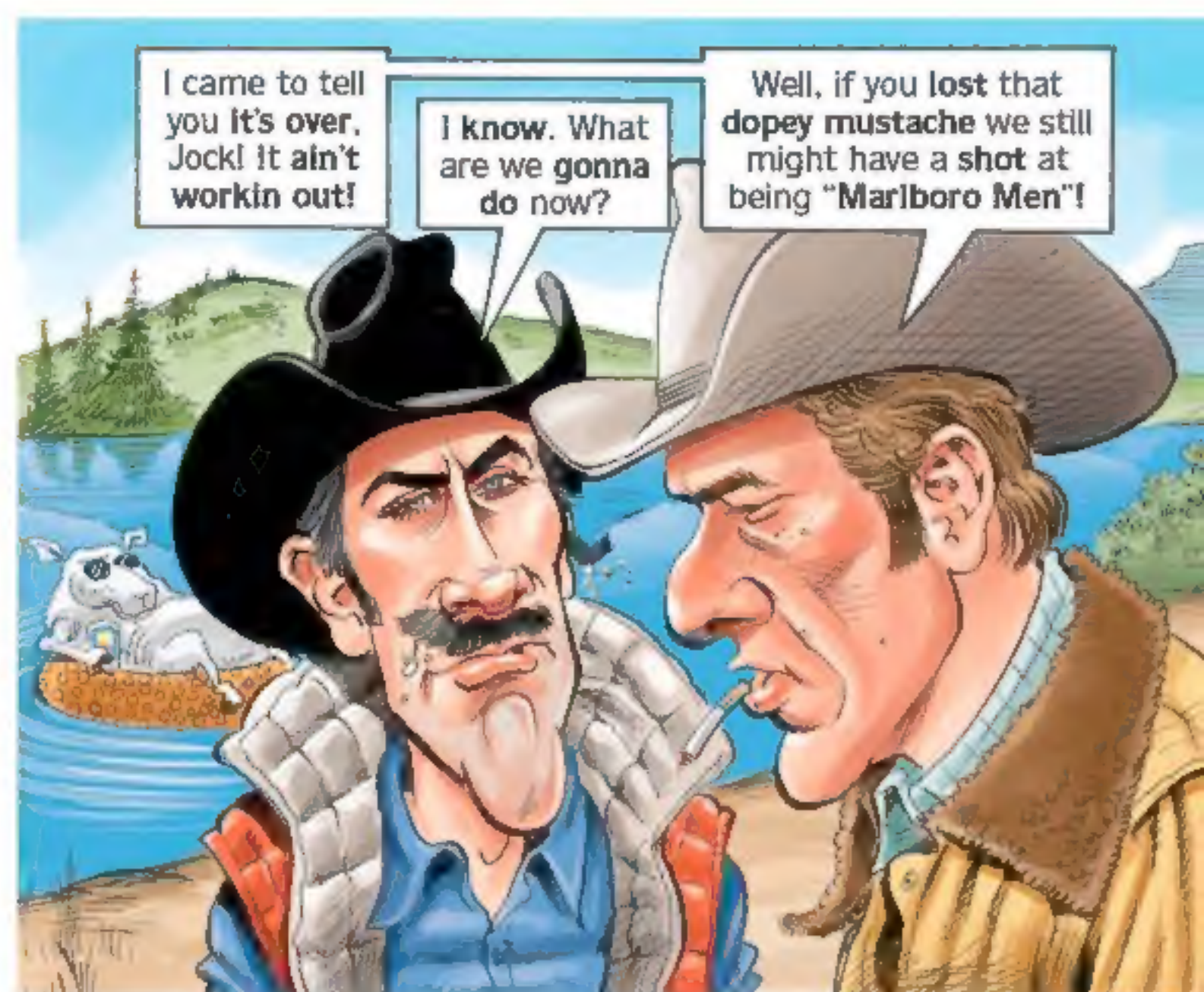
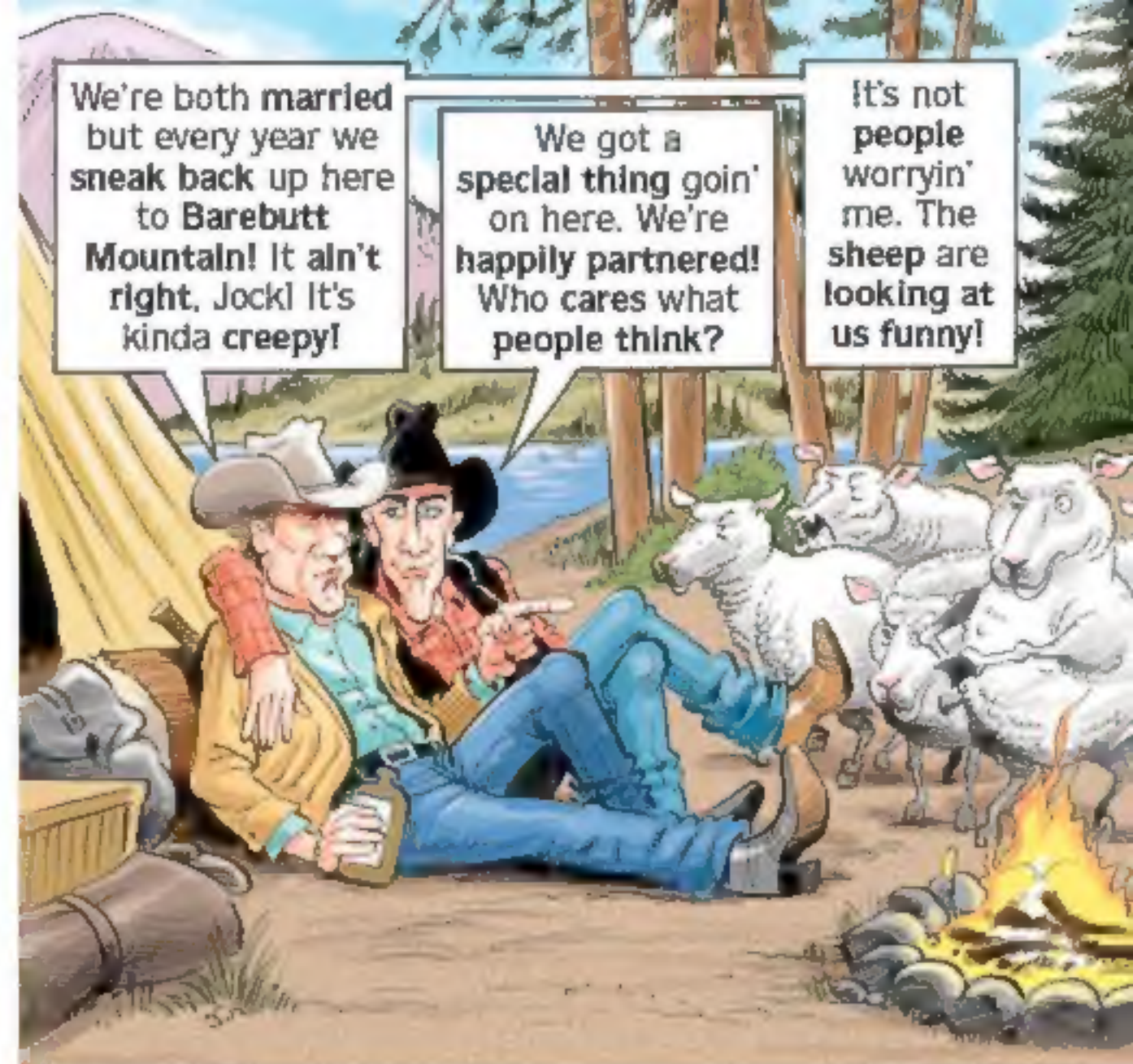
We've got the worst of all possible worlds. We've got two gay husbands hangin' around the house all day — and they're not redecorating it! Talk about frustrated. That's us! We're the original *Desperate Housewives*!



WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN ARTIST: TOM RICHMOND







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